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*Henry Crabb*

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1808



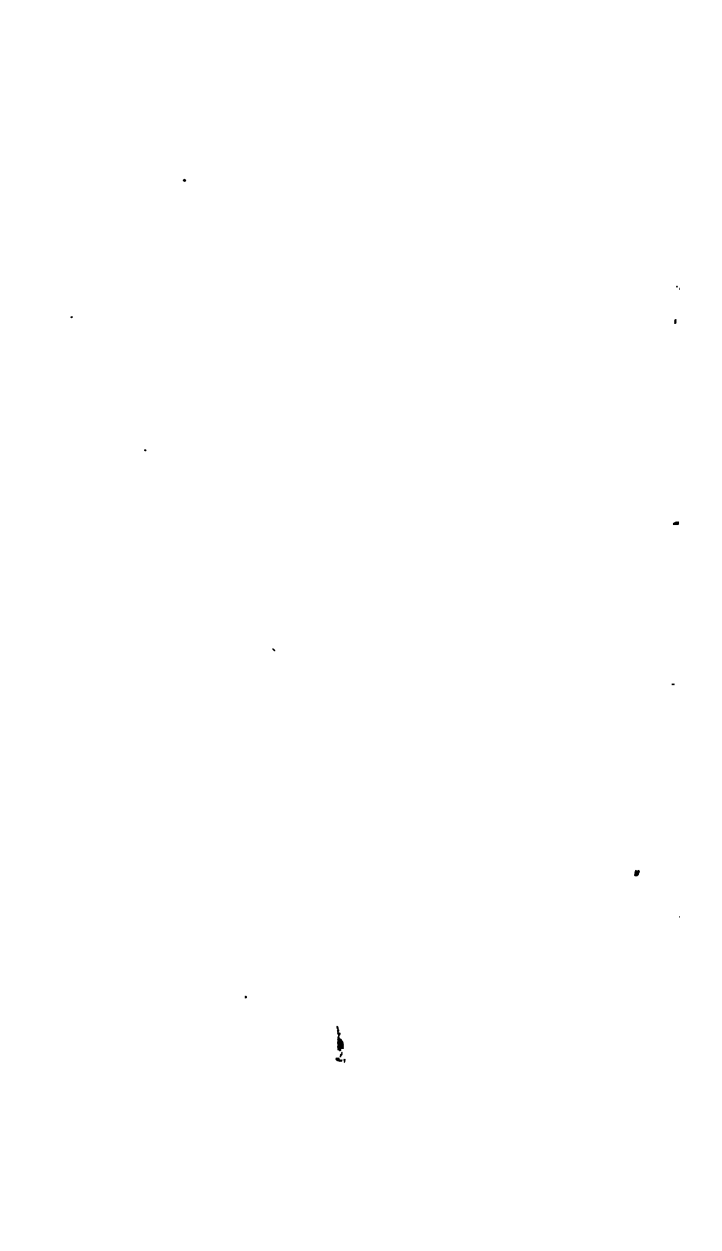
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*Jonathan Swift, D.D.*

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THE  
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

*PREFACES,*

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

*ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F. S. A.*



VOL. II.

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1808.



# TATLER.

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*Gift of the  
Geddes Family  
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# TATLER.

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Nº 38. THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*nostris est farrogo libelli.*

JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

By Mrs. JENNY DISTAFF Half-sister to Mr.  
BICKERSTAFF,

*From my own Apartment, July 6.*

I FIND among my brother's papers the following letter *verbatim*, which I wonder how he could suppress so long as he has, since it was sent him for no other end, but to show the good effect his writings have already had upon the ill customs of the age.

'SIR,

London, June 23.

'The end of all public papers ought to be the benefit and instruction, as well as the diversion of the readers ; to which I see none so truly conducive as your late performances ; especially those tending

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to the roofing out from among us that unchristian-like and bloody custom of duelling ; which that you have already in some measure performed, will appear to the public in the following no less true than heroic story.

‘ A noble gentleman of this city, who has the honour of serving his country as Major of the Trainbands, being at the general mart of stock-jobbers, called Jonathan’s, endeavouring to raise himself all men of honour ought) to the degree of colonel at least ; it happened that he bought the bear of another officer, who, though not commissioned in the army, yet no less eminently serves the public than the other in raising the credit of the kingdom by raising that of the stocks. However, having sold the bear, and words arising about the delivery, the most noble Major, no less scorning to be out-witted in the coffee-house, than to run into the field, according to method, abused the other with the title of rogue, villain, bear-skin man, and the like. Whereupon satisfaction was demanded, and accepted ; so, forth the Major marched, commanding his adversary to follow. To a most spacious room in the sheriff’s house, near the place of quarrel, they come ; where, having due regard to what you have lately published, they resolved not to shed one another’s blood in that barbarous manner you prohibited ; yet, not willing to put up affronts without satisfaction, they stripped, and in decent manner fought full fairly with their wrathful hands. The combat lasted a quarter of an hour ; in which fine victory was often doubtful, and many a dry blow was strenuously laid on by each side, until the Major, finding his adversary obstinate, unwilling to give him further chastisement, with most shrill voice cried out, “ I am satisfied enough ! ” Where-

upon the combat ceased, and both were friends immediately.

‘ Thus the world may see, how necessary it is to encourage those men, who make it their business to instruct the people in every thing necessary for their preservation. I am informed, a body of worthy citizens have agreed on an address of thanks to you for what you have writ on the foregoing subject, whereby they acknowledge one of their highly-esteemed officers preserved from death.

Your humble servant,

A. B.’

I fear the word bear is hardly to be understood among the polite people ; but I take the meaning to be, that one who insures a real value upon an imaginary thing, is said to sell a bear, and is the same thing as a promise among courtiers, or a vow between lovers. I have writ to my brother to hasten to town ; and hope that printing the letters directed to him, which I know not how to answer, will bring him speedily ; and, therefore, I add also the following :

‘ MR. BICKERSTAFF,

July 5, 1709.

‘ You have hinted a generous intention of taking under your consideration the whisperers without business, and laughers without occasion ; as you tender the welfare of your country, I intreat you not to forget or delay so public-spirited a work. Now or never is the time. Many other calamities may cease with the war ; but I dismally dread the multiplication of these mortals under the ease and luxuriousness of a settled peace, half the blessing of which may be destroyed by them. Their mistake lies certainly here, in a wretched belief, that their mimicry passes for real business, or true wit.

'Dear Sir, convince them, that it never was, is, or ever will be, either of them ; nor ever did, does, or to all futurity ever can, look like either of them ; but that it is the most cursed disturbance in nature, which is possible to be inflicted on mankind, under the noble definition of a sociable creature. In doing this, sir, you will oblige more humble servants than can find room to subscribe their names.'

*White's Chocolate-house, July 6.*

In pursuance of my last date from hence, I :  
to proceed on the accounts I promised of several personages among the men, whose conspicuous fortunes, or ambition in showing their follies, have exalted them above their fellows: the levity their minds is visible in their every word and gesture, and there is not a day passes but puts me in mind of Mr. Wycherley's character of a coxcomb: 'He is ugly all over with the affectation of the fine gentleman.' Now though the women may put on softness in their looks, or affected severity, or impertinent gaiety, or pert smartness, their self-love and admiration cannot under any of these disguises appear so invincible as that of the men. You may easily take notice, that in all their actions there is a secret approbation, either in the tone of their voice, the turn of their body, or cast of their eye, which shews that they are extremely in their own favour.

Take one of your men of business, he shall keep you half an hour with your hat off, entertaining you with his consideration of that affair you spoke of to him last, until he has drawn a crowd that observes you in this grimace. Then, when he is public enough, he immediately runs into secrets, and falls a whispering. You and he make breaks with adverbs ; as, 'But however, thus far ;' and then you whisper again, and so on, until they who are about

you are dispersed, and your busy man's vanity is no longer gratified by the notice taken of what importance he is, and how inconsiderable you are; for your pretender to business is never in secret, but in public.

There is my dear lord No-where, of all men the most gracious and most obliging, the terror of valets de chambre, whom he oppresses with good breeding, by inquiring for my good lord, and for my good lady's health. This inimitable courtier will whisper a privy counsellor's lacquey with the utmost goodness and condescension to know when they next sit; and is thoroughly taken up, and thinks he has a part in a secret, if he knows that there is a secret. 'What it is,' he will whisper you, that 'time will discover;' then he shrugs, and calls you back again—'Sir, I need not say to you, that these things are not to be spoken of—and harkye, no names, I would not be quoted. What adds to the jest is, that his emptiness has its moods and seasons, and he will not condescend to let you into these his discoveries, except he is in very good humour, or has seen somebody of fashion talk to you. He will keep his nothing to himself, and pass by and overlook as well as the best of them; not observing that he is insolent when he is gracious, and obliging when he is haughty. Show me a woman so inconsiderable as this frequent character.

But my mind, now I am in, turns to many no less observable: thou dear Will Shoe-string! I profess myself in love with thee! how shall I speak to thee? how shall I address thee? how shall I draw thee? thou dear outside! Will you be combing your wig, playing with your box, or picking your teeth? or choosiest thou rather to be speaking; to be speaking for thy only purpose in speaking, to

show your teeth? Rub them no longer, dear Shoe-string\*: do not premeditate murder: do not for ever whiten. Oh! that for my quiet and his own they were rotten!

But I will forget him, and give my hand to the courteous Umbra. He is a fine man indeed, the soft creature bows below my apron-string, before he takes it; yet, after the first ceremonies, he is as familiar as my physician, and his insignificance makes me half ready to complain to him of all I would to my doctor. he is so courteous, that he carries half the messages of ladies' ails in town to their midwives and nurses. He understands too the art of medicine as far as to the cure of a pimple, or a rash. On occasions of the like importance, he is the most assiduous of all men living, in consulting and searching precedents from family to family; then he speaks of his obsequiousness and diligence in the style of real services. If you sneer at him, and thank him for his great friendship, he bows, and says, 'Madam, all the good offices in my power, while I have any knowledge or credit, shall be at your service.' The consideration of so shallow a being, and the intent application with which he pursues trifles, has made me carefully reflect upon that sort of men we usually call an impertinent: and I am, upon mature deliberation, so far from being offended with him, that I am really obliged to him; for though he will take you aside, and talk half an hour to you upon matters wholly insignificant with the most solemn air, yet I consider, that these things are of weight in his imagination, and he thinks he is communicating what

\* Sir William Whitlocke, knt. Member for Oxon, Benchet of the Middle Temple: he is the learned knight mentioned, Tat. N<sup>o</sup> 43.

for my service. If, therefore, it be a just rule to judge of a man, by his intention, according to the equity of good breeding, he that is impertinently kind or wise, to do you service, ought in return to have a proportionable place both in your affection and esteem; so that the courteous Umbra deserves the favour of all his acquaintance: for though he never served them, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it.

As impotent kindness is to be returned with all our abilities to oblige; so impotent malice is to be treated with all our force to depress it. For this reason, Fly-blow (who is received in all the families in town, through the degeneracy and iniquity of their manners) is to be treated like a knave, though he is one of the weakest of fools: he has by rote, and at second hand, all that can be said of any man of figure, wit, and virtue, in town. Name a man of worth, and this creature tells you the worst passage of his life. Speak of a beautiful woman, and this puppy will whisper the next man to him, though he has nothing to say of her. He is a fly that feeds on the sore part, and would have nothing to live on if the whole body were in health. You may know him by the frequency of pronouncing the particle *but*; for which reason I never heard him spoke of with common charity, without using my *but* against him: for a friend of mine saying the other day, 'Mrs. Distaff has wit, good-humour, virtue, and friendship;' this oaf added, '*But* she is not handsome.' 'Coxcomb! the gentleman was saying what I was, not what I was not.'

*St James's Coffee-house, July 6.*

The approaches before Tournay have been carried on with great success; and our advices from the

camp before that place of the eleventh instant, that they had already made a lodgment on the *gl*. Two hundred boats were come up the Scheldt the heavy artillery and ammunition, which will be employed in dismounting the enemy's defence and raised on the batteries the fifteenth. A body of miners are summoned to the camp, to countermine the works of the enemy. We are convinced of the weakness of the garrison by a circumstance that they called a council of war, to consult whether it was not advisable to march into the citadel, and leave the town defenceless. We are assured, that when the confederate army was advancing towards the camp of Marshal Villars, the general dispatched a courier to his master with a letter, giving an account of their approach, which concluded with the following words: 'The day begins to break, and your Majesty's army is already in order of battle. Before noon, I hope to have the honour of congratulating your Majesty on the success of a great action: and you shall be very satisfied with the Marshal Villars.'

\* \* \* Mrs. Distaff hath received the Dial dated Monday evening, which she has sent forward to Mr. Bickerstaff at Maidenhead: and in the meantime gives her service to the parties.

It is to be noted, that when any part of this paper appears dull, there is a design in it.

N<sup>o</sup> 39. SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines——*

*noſtri eſt ſarrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,  
Our motiey paper ſeizes for its theme.

P.

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Eſquire.

*Grecian Coffee-house, July 7.*

As I am called forth by the immense love I bear to my fellow-creatures, and the warm inclination I feel within me, to ſtem, as far as I can, the pre-torrent of vice and ignorance; ſo I cannot re properly purſue that noble impulse, than by ſhewing forth the excellence of virtue and knowledge in their native and beautiful colours. For this rea-ſon, I made my late excursion to Oxford, where theſe qualities appear in their higheſt luſtre, and the only pretences to honour and diſtinction. Priority is there given in proportion to men's merit in wiſdom and learning; and that juſt order of life is ſo univerſally received among thoſe happy people, that you ſhall ſee an earl walk bare-headed to the ſon of the meaneſt artificer, in reſpect ſeven years more worth and knowledge than the nobleman is poſſeſſed of. In other places they bow to men's fortunes, but here to their underſtandings. It is not to be expreſſed, how pleaſing the order, the diſcipline, the regularity of their lives, is to a philoſopher, who has by many years' experience in the world, learned to contemn every thing but what



is revered in this mansion of select and well-tau spirits. The magnificence of their palaces, greatness of their revenues, the sweetness of th groves and retirements, seem equally adapted the residence of princes and philosophers; and familiarity with objects of splendour, as well places of recess, prepares the inhabitants wi equanimity of their future fortunes, whether n ble or illustrious. How was I pleased, w l i looked round at St. Mary's, and could, in the rac of the ingenious youth, see ministers of state, cham cellors, bishops, and judges. Here only is hun life! Here only the life of man is that of a ratio being! Here men understand, and are employ in works worthy their noble nature. This trai tory being passes away in an employment not i worthy a future state, the contemplation of great decrees of Providence. Each man lives as he were to answer the questions made to Jc 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundatio the earth? Who shut up the sea with doors, a said, Hitherto thou shalt come, and no farther. Such speculations make life agreeable, and dea welcome.

But, alas! I was torn from this noble society l the business of this dirty, mean world, and the care of fortune; for I was obliged to be in London against the seventh day of the term, and accord ingly governed myself by my Oxford almanack \* and came last night; but find, to my great asto nishment, that this ignorant town began the te

\* The humour of this paper is not peculiarly restricted to Oxford Almanack for the year 1709: it is equally applicable to all the Oxford Almanacks before or since that period, be founded on the difference between the University terms and Law terms, just as obvious now as it was then; as may b seen by comparing the Oxford with the London Almanack.

on the twenty-fourth of the last month, in opposition to all the learning and astronomy of the famous University of which I have been speaking; according to which, the term certainly was to commence on the first instant. You may be sure, a man, who has turned his studies as I have, could not be mistaken in point of time; for knowing I was to come to town in term. I examined the passing moments very narrowly, and called an eminent astronomer to my assistance. Upon very strict observation we found, that the cold has been so severe this last winter (which is allowed to have a benumbing quality), that it retarded the earth in moving round, from Christmas to this season, full seven days and two seconds. My learned friend assured me further, that the earth had lately received a shogg from a comet that crossed its vortex: which, if it had come ten degrees nearer to us, had made us lose this whole term. I was indeed once of opinion that the Gregorian computation was the most regular, as being eleven days before the Julian; but am now fully convinced, that we ought to be seven days after the chancellor and judges, and eighteen before the pope of Rome; and that the Oxonian computation is the best of the three.

These are the reasons which I have gathered from philosophy and nature; to which I can add other circumstances in vindication of the account of this learned body who publish this almanack.

It is notorious to philosophers, that joy and grief can hasten and delay time. Mr. Locke is of opinion, that a man in great misery may so far lose his measure, as to think a minute an hour; or in joy make an hour a minute. Let us examine the present case by this rule, and we shall find, that the cause of this general mistake in the British nation has been the great success of the last cam-

paign, and the following hopes of peace. Stock  
 ran so high at the Exchange, that the citizens ha  
 gained three days of the courtiers ; and we ha  
 indeed, been so happy all this reign, that, if  
 University did not rectify our mistakes, we sho  
 think ourselves but in the second year of her pre  
 Majesty. It would be endless to enumerate  
 many damages that have happened by this igno  
 rance of the vulgar. All the recognizances wit  
 the diocese of Oxford have been forfeited, for r  
 appearing on the first day of this fictitious te  
 The University has been nonsuited, in their action  
 against the booksellers, for printing Clarendon  
 quarto. Indeed, what gives me the most qui  
 concern, is the case of a poor gentleman, my frie  
 who was the other day taken in execution by a  
 of ignorant bailiffs. He should, it seems, hav  
 pleaded in the first week of term ; but being  
 master of arts of Oxford, he would not rece  
 from the Oxonian computation. He shewed  
 Broad the almanack, and the very day when  
 term began ; but the merciless, ignorant fellow,  
 against all sense and learning, would hurry l  
 away ; he went indeed quietly enough ; but he  
 taken exact notes of the time of arrest, and s  
 cient witnesses of his being carried into gaol ;  
 has, by advice of the recorder of Oxford, brought  
 his action ; and we doubt not but we shall pay  
 off with damages, and blemish the reputation of  
 Broad. We have one convincing proof, which a  
 that frequent the courts of justice are witnesses  
 the dog that comes constantly to Westminster on  
 first day of the term, did not appear until the  
 day according to the Oxford almanack ; whose in  
 stinct I take to be a better guide than men's erro  
 neous opinions, which are usually l ed by in  
 terest. I judge in this case, as king Char

cond victualled his navy, with the bread which one of his dogs chose of several pieces thrown before rather than trust to the asseverations of the uallers. Mr. Cowper\*, and other learned l, have already urged the authority of this nack, in behalf of their clients. We shall, refore, go on with all speed in our cause; and doubt not but chancery will give at the end what we lost in the beginning, by protracting the term for us until Wednesday come seven-night. And the University orator shall for ever pray, &c.

*From my own Apartment, July 31.*

The subject of duels has, I find, been started with so good success, that it has been the frequent subject of conversation among polite men; and a dialogue of that kind has been transmitted to me *verbatim* as follows. The persons concerned in it are men of honour and experience in the manners of men, and have fallen upon the truest foundation, as well as searched the bottom of this evil.

Mr. Sage. If it were in my power, every man that drew his sword, until in the service, or purely to defend his life, person, or goods from violence (I mean abstracted from all punctos or whims of honour), should ride the wooden horse in the Tilt-yard for such first offence; for the second stand in the pillory; and for the third be prisoner in Bedlam for life.

Col. Plume. I remember that a rencounter or duel was so far from being in fashion among the officers that served in the parliament-army, that on the contrary it was as disreputable, and as great an

\* Spencer Cowper, brother to the first Earl of the name, at that time a celebrated counsellor, and afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

impediment to advancement in the service, as be bashful in time of action.

*Sir Mark.* Yet I have been informed by sc old cavaliers, of famous reputation for brave i gallant men, that they were much more in m among their party than they have been during last war.

*Col. Plume.* That is true too, Sir.

*Mr. Sage.* By what you say, gentlemen, should think that our present military officers compounded of an equal proportion of both th tempers; since duels are neither quite disco tenanced, nor much in vogue.

*Sir Mark.* That difference of temper in r to duels, which appears to have been betwe court and the parliament-men of the sword, not (I conceive) for want of courage in the lat nor of a liberal education, because there were s of the best families in England engaged in party; but gallantry and mode, which glitter ag ably to the imagination, were encouraged by court, as promoting its splendour; and it was as tural that the contrary party (who were to rec mend themselves to the public for men of ser and solid parts) should deviate from every t chimerical.

*Mr. Sage.* I have never read of a duel am the Romans, and yet their nobility used more lib with their tongues than one may do now with being challenged.

*Sir Mark.* Perhaps the Romans were of opin that ill language and brutal manners reflected on those who were guilty of them; and that a r reputation was not at all cleared by cutting the son's throat who had reflected upon it: but the tom of those times had fixed the scandal in action; whereas now it lies in the reproach.

*Sage.* And yet the only sort of duel that one conceive to have been fought upon motives honourable and allowable, was that between *Horatii*, and *Curiatii*.

*Sir Mark.* Colonel Plume, pray, what was the kind of single combat in your time among the officers? I suppose, that as the use of clothes changed, though the fashion of them has been mutable; so duels, though still in use, have had in all times their particular modes of performance.

*Col. Plume.* We had no constant rule, but generally conducted our dispute and tilt according to the last that had happened between persons of reputation among the very top fellows for bravery and gallantry.

*Sir Mark.* If the fashion of quarrelling and tilting was so often changed in your time, Colonel Plume, a man might fight, yet lose his credit for want of understanding the fashion.

*Col. Plume.* Why, Sir Mark, in the beginning of July a man would have been censured for want of courage, or been thought indigent of the true notions of honour, if he had put up words, which, in the end of September following, one could not resent without passing for a brutal and quarrelsome fellow.

*Sir Mark.* But, Colonel, were duels or rencounters most in fashion in those days?

*Col. Plume.* Your men of nice honour, Sir, were for avoiding all censure of advantage which they supposed might be taken in a rencounter; therefore they used seconds, who were to see that all was upon the square, and make a faithful report of the whole combat; but in a little time it became a fashion for the seconds to fight, and I will tell you how it happened.

*Mr. Sage.* Pray do, Colonel Plume, and the method of a duel at that time; and give us some notion of the punctos upon which your nice quarrelled in those days.

*Col. Plume.* I was going to tell you, Mr. Sage that one Cornet Modish had desired his friend Captain Smart's opinion in some affair, but did not follow it; upon which Captain Smart sent Major Adroit (a very topping fellow of those times) to that person that had slighted his advice. The Major never inquired into the quarrel, because it was not the manner then among the very topping fellows but got two swords of an equal length, and then waited upon Cornet Modish, desiring him to choose his sword, and meet his friend Captain Smart. Cornet Modish came with his friend to the place of combat; there the principals put on their pumps and stripped to their shirts, to show that they had nothing but what men of honour carry about their waists, and then engaged.

*Sir Mark.* And did the seconds stand by, Sir?

*Col. Plume.* It was a received custom until that time; but the swords of those days being pretty long, and the principals acting on both sides upon the defensive, and the morning being frosty, Major Adroit desired that the other second, who was also a very topping fellow, would try a thrust or two only to keep them warm, until the principals had decided the matter, which was agreed to by Modish's second, who presently whipt Adroit through the body, disarmed him, and then parted the principals, who had received no harm at all.

*Mr. Sage.* But was not Adroit laughed at?

*Col. Plume.* On the contrary the very topping fellows were ever after of opinion, that no man who deserved that character, could serve as a second, without fighting; and the Smarts and Modishes

their account in it, the humour took without  
on.

*Sage.* Pray, Colonel, how long did that  
continue?

*Plume.* Not long neither, Mr. Sage; for,  
as it became a fashion, the very topping  
thought their honour reflected upon, if they  
proffer themselves as seconds when any of  
ends had a quarrel, so that sometimes there  
dozen of a side.

*Lark.* Bless me! if that custom had con-  
we should have been at a loss now for our  
etty fellows; for they seem to be the proper  
officer, animate, and keep up an army.  
ray, Sir, how did that sociable manuer of  
row out of mode?

*Plume.* Why, Sir, I will tell you: it was  
mong the combatants, that the party which  
d to have the first man disarmed or killed,  
ield as vanquished: which some people  
might encourage the Modishes and Smarts  
relling to the destruction of only the very  
fellows; and as soon as this reflection was  
the very topping fellows thought it an in-  
nce upon their honour to fight at all them-  
Since that time the Modishes and Smarts,  
out all Europe, have extolled the French  
dict.

*Lark.* Our very pretty fellows, whom I take  
successors of the very topping fellows,  
q rel so little fashionable, that they will  
expo to it by any other man's vanity, or  
sei .

*Sage.* But, Colonel, I have observed in  
ccount of duels, that there was a great ex-  
in avoiding all advantage that might pos-  
between the combatants.



Col. *Plume*. That is true, Sir; for the weapons were always equal.

Mr. *Sage*. Yes, Sir; but suppose an active, adroit, strong man had insulted an awkward, or a feeble, or an unpractised sword's man?

Col. *Plume*. Then, Sir, they fought with pistols.

Mr. *Sage*. But, Sir, there might be a certain advantage that way; for a good marksman will be sure to hit his man at twenty yards distance; and a man whose hand shakes (which is common to men that debauch in pleasures, or have not used pistols out of their holsters) will not venture to fire, unless he touches the person he shoots at. Now, Sir, I am of opinion, that one can get no honour in killing a man, if one has it all *rug*, as the gamesters say, when they have a trick to make the game secure, though they seem to play upon the square.

Sir *Mark*. In truth, Mr. *Sage*, I think such a fact must be murder in a man's own private conscience, whatever it may appear to the world.

Col. *Plume*. I have known some men so nice, that they would not fight but upon a cloak with pistols.

Mr. *Sage*. I believe a custom well established would outdo the grand Monarch's edict.

Sir *Mark*. And bullies would then leave off their long swords. But I do not find that a very pretty fellow can stay to change his sword when he is insulted by a bully with a long *Diego*; though his own at the same time be no longer than a pen-knife; which will certainly be the case if such little swords are in mode. Pray, Colonel, how was it between the heaters of your time, and the very topping fellows?

Col. *Plume*. Sir, long swords happened to be generally worn in those times,

*Sage.* In answer to what you were saying, Sir, give me leave to inform you, that your errant (who were the very pretty-fellows of ancient times) thought they could not holily yield, though they had fought their own weapons to the stumps; but would venture with their page's leaden sword, as if it had of enchanted metal. Whence, I conceive, must be a spice of romantic gallantry in the situation of that very pretty fellow.

*Mark.* I am of opinion, Mr. Sage, that nature governs a very pretty fellow; nature, or in sense, your ordinary persons, and some- of fine parts.

*Sage.* But what is the reason, that men of so excellent sense and morals, in other points, unite their understandings with the very pretty in that chimæra of a duel?

*Mark.* There is no disputing against so great a rity.

*Sage.* But there is one scruple, Colonel and I have done. Do not you believe there is some advantage even upon a cloak with which a man of nice honour would scruple in?

*Plume.* Faith, I cannot tell, Sir; but since we may reasonably suppose that, in such a case, when he but one so far in the wrong as to occasion matters to come to that extremity, I think the chance of being killed should fall but on one; and, by their close and desperate manner of fighting, it may very probably happen to both.

*Mark.* Why, gentlemen, if they are men of nice honour, and must fight, there will be no room for foul play, if they threw up cross or pile, could be shot.

N<sup>o</sup> 40. TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1709.*Quicquid agunt homines—**noster est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. i, 85,

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

*Will's Coffee-house, July 11.*

LETTERS from the city of London give an account of a very great consternation that place is in at present, by reason of a late inquiry made at G. hall\*, whether a noble person has parts enough to deserve the enjoyment of the great estate of which he is possessed? The city is apprehensive, that the precedent may go farther than was at first imagined. The person against whom this inquisition is sent by his relations, is a peer of a neighbouring lordship, and has in his youth made some few mistakes by which it is insinuated that he has forfeited his goods and chattels. This is the more astonishing in that there are many persons in the said city who are still more guilty than his lordship, and though they are idiots, do not only possess, but also themselves acquired great estates, contrary to the known laws of this realm, which vest such possessions in the crown.

There is a gentleman in the coffee-house at present exhibiting a bill in chancery against his younger brother, who, by some strange accident, has arrived at the value of half a penny.

\* Richard, the fifth viscount Wenman.

the citizens call an hundred thousand pounds; and in all the time of growing up to that wealth, was never known in any of his ordinary words or actions to discover any proof of reason. Upon this foundation my friend has set forth, that he is illegally master of his coffers, and has writ two epigrams to signify his own pretensions and sufficiency for spending that estate. He has inserted in his plea some things which I fear will give offence; for he pretends to argue, that though a man has a little of the knave mixed with the fool, he is nevertheless liable to the loss of goods; and makes the abuse of reason as just an avoidance of an estate as the total absence of it. This is what can never pass; but witty men are so full of themselves, that there is no persuading them; and my friend will not be convinced, but that upon quoting Solomon, who always used the word fool as a term of the same signification with unjust, and makes all deviation from goodness and virtue to come under the notion of folly; I say, he doubts not but by the force of this authority, let his idiot uncle appear never so great a knave, he shall prove him a fool at the same time.

This affair led the company here into an examination of these points; and none coming here but wits, what was asserted by a young lawyer, that a lunatic is in the care of the chancery, but a fool in that of the crown, was received with general indignation. 'Why that?' says old Renault. 'Why that? Why must a fool be a courtier more than a madman? This is the iniquity of this dull age. I remember the time when it went on the mad side; all your top wits were scourers, rakes, roarers, and demolishers of windows. I knew a mad lord, who was drunk five years together, and was the envy of that age, who is faintly imitated by the dull pretenders to vice and madness in this. Had he lived

to this day, there had not been a fool in fashion the whole kingdom.' When Renault had done speaking, a very worthy man assumed the discourse. 'This is,' said he, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, a proper argument for you to treat of in your article for next place; and if you would send your Pacolet into our brains, you would find, that a little fibre valve, scarce discernible, makes the distinction between a politician and an idiot. We should therefore, throw a veil upon those unhappy instances of human nature, who seem to breathe without the direction of reason and understanding, as we should avert our eyes with abhorrence from such as live in perpetual abuse and contradiction to these noble duties. Shall this unfortunate man be divested of his estate, because he is tractable and indolent, runs in no man's debt, invades no man's bed, nor squanders the estate he owes his children and his character? When one who shows no sense above him, but such practices, shall be esteemed in his senses, and possibly may pretend to the guardianship of a family who is no ways his inferior, but in being wicked? We see old age brings us indifferently in the same impotence of soul, wherein nature has placed this lord.'

There is something very fantastical in the distribution of civil power and capacity among men.

The law certainly gives these persons into the war and care of the crown, because that is best able to protect them from injuries, and the impositions of craft and knavery; that the life of an idiot may not ruin the entail of a noble house, and his weakness may not frustrate the industry or capacity of a founder of his family. But when one of bright parts, as we say, with his eyes open, and all men's eyes upon him, destroys those purposes, there is no remedy. Folly and ignorance are punished! folly

It are tolerated ! Mr. Locke has somewhere distinction between a madman and a fool : the one that from right principles makes a wrong action ; but a madman is one who draws a just action from false principles. Thus the fool who took the fellow's head that lay asleep, and hid it, waited to see what he would say when he found it and missed his head-piece, was in the right first thought, that a man would be surprised at such an alteration in things since he felt it ; but he was a little mistaken to imagine he would wake at all after his head was cut off. A man fancies himself a prince ; but upon his death, he acts suitable to that character ; and the fool is out in supposing he has principalities, he drinks gruel, and lies in straw, yet you see him keep the port of a distressed monarch in his words and actions. These two persons are usually taken into custody : but what must be the half this good company, who every hour of the day are knowingly and wittingly both fools and madmen, and yet have capacities both of forming judgements, and drawing conclusions, with the full use of reason ?

*From my own Apartment, July 11.*

In the evening some ladies came to visit my sister ; and the discourse after very many frivolous and public matters, turned upon the main point of the women, the passion of love. Sappho, who always leads on this occasion, began to show her learning, and told us, that Sir John Suckling once had, upon a parallel occasion, said the most things she ever read. 'The circumstance,' she said, 'is such as gives us a notion of that proportion, which is the duty of men in their honorable desigus upon, or possession of women.

In Suckling's tragedy of Brennoralt he makes a lover steal into his mistress's bedchamber, and draw the curtains; then, when his heart is full of charms, as she lies sleeping, instead of being hurried away by the violence of his desires into thoughts of a warmer nature, sleep, which is the image of death, gives this generous lover reflections of a different kind, which regard rather her safety than his own passion. For, beholding her as she lies sleeping, he utters these words:

"So misers look upon their gold,  
Which, while they joy to see, they fear to lose:  
The pleasure of the sight scarce equalling  
The jealousy of being dispossess'd by others.  
Her face is like the milky way i'th' sky,  
A meeting of gentle lights without name!

"Heav'n! shall this fresh ornament of the world,  
These precious love-lines, pass with other common  
things  
Amongst the wastes of time? what pity 'twere!"

'When Milton makes Adam leaning on his arm beholding Eve, and lying in the contemplation of her beauty, he describes the utmost tenderness and guardian affection in one word:

"Adam, with looks of cordial love,  
Hung over her enamour'd."

'This is that sort of passion which truly deserves the name of love, and has something more generous than friendship itself; for it has a constant care of the object beloved, abstracted from its own interest in the possession of it.'

Sappho was proceeding on the subject, when her sister produced a letter sent to her in the time of absence, in celebration of the marriage state, which is the condition wherein only this sort of passion reigns in full authority. The epistle is as follows

“ DEAR MADAM,

“ Your brother being absent, I dare take the liberty of writing to you my thoughts of that state, which our whole sex either is, or desires to be in. You will easily guess I mean matrimony, which I hear so much decried, that it was with no small labour I maintained my ground against two opponents; but, as your brother observed of Socrates, I drew them into my conclusion, from their own concessions; thus :

“ In marriage are two happy things allow’d,  
A wife in wedding sheets, and in a shroud.  
How can a marriage-state then be accus’d,  
Since the last day’s as happy as the first ?”

“ If you think they were too easily confuted, you may conclude them not of the first sense, by their talking against marriage. Your’s

MARIANA.’

I observed Sappho began to redden at this epistle; and turning to a lady, who was playing with a dog was so fond of as to carry him abroad with her; ‘Nay,’ says she, ‘I cannot blame the men if they have mean ideas of our souls and affections, and wonder so many are brought to take us for companions for life, when they see our endearments so ingly placed: for, to my knowledge, Mr. True would give half his estate for half the affection you have shown to that Shock; nor do I believe you would be ashamed to confess, that I saw you cry, when he had the colic last week with lap-sour milk. What more could you do for your er himself?’ ‘What more!’ replied the lady. ‘There is not a man in England for whom I could ment half so much.’ Then she stifled the animal with kisses, and called him beau, life, dear *monsieur*,



pretty fellow, and what not, in the hurry of impertinence. Sappho rose up ; as she always does at any thing she observes done which discovers a her own sex a levity of mind, that renders it considerable in the opinion of ours.

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Nº 41. THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1709.

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———*Celebrare domestica facta.*

To celebrate domestic deeds.

N.

*White's Chocolate-house, July 12.*

THERE is no one thing more to be lamented in a nation, than their general affectation of every thing that is foreign ; nay, we carry it so far, that we are more anxious for our own countrymen when they have crossed the seas, than when we see them in the same dangerous condition before our eyes at home. else how is it possible, that on the twenty-ninth of the last month, there should have been a battle fought in our very streets of London, and nobody at this end of the town have heard of it? I protest, those who make it my business to inquire after adventures, should never have known this had not the following account been sent me enclosed in a letter. This, it seems is the way of giving out orders to the Artillery-company; and they prepare for a battle of action with so little concern, as only to call ' An exercise of arms.'

‘An Exercise at Arms of the Artillery-company, to be performed on Wednesday, June the twenty-ninth, 1709, under the command of Sir Joseph Woolfe, Knight and Alderman, general; Charles Hopson Esquire, present Sheriff, lieutenant-general; Captain Richard Synge, Major; Major John Shorey, Captain of Grenadiers; Captain William Grayhurst, Captain John Butler, Captain Robert Carellis, Captains.

‘The body marched from the Artillery ground, through Moorgate, Coleman-street, Lothbury, Broad-street, Finch-lane, Cornhill, Cheapside, St. Martin’s, St. Ann’s-lane, halt the pikes under the wall in Noble-street, draw up the firelocks facing the Goldsmiths-hall, make ready and face to the left, and fire, and so ditto three times. Beat to arms, and march round the hall, as up Lad-lane, Gutter-lane, Honey-lane, and so wheel to the right, and make your salute to my lord, and so down St. Ann’s-lane, up Aldersgate-street, Bar-bican, and draw up in Red-cross-street, the right at it. Paul’s-alley in the rear. March off lieutenant-general with half the body up Beech-lane: he sends a sub-division up King’s-head-court, and takes post in it, and marches two divisions round into Red-lion-market, to defend that pass, and succour the division in King’s-head-court; but keeps in White-cross-street, facing Beech-lane, the rest of the body ready drawn up. Then the general marches up Beech-lane, is attacked, but forces the division in court into the market, and enters with three divisions while he presses the lieutenant-general’s body; and at the same time the three divisions force those of the revolvers out of the market, and so all the lieutenant-general’s body retreats into Chiswell-street, and lodges two divisions in Grub-

street; and as the general marches on, they fall his flank, but soon made to give way: but having a retreating-place in Red-lion-court, but could not hold it, being put to flight through Paul's-alley, and pursued by the general's grenadiers, while he marches up and attacks their main body, but opposed again by a party of men as lay in the raven-court; but they are forced also to retire so in the utmost confusion, and at the same time those brave divisions in Paul's-alley ply their fire with grenadoes, that with precipitation they take to the rout along Bunhill-row: so the general marches into the Artillery-ground, and being drawn up, finds the revolting party to have found entrance, and makes a show as if for a battle, and both armies soon engage in form, and fire by platoons.'

Much might be said for the improvement of this system; which, for its style and invention, may instruct generals and their historians, both in fighting a battle, and describing it when it is over. These elegant expressions 'ditto—and so—but soon—but having—but could not—but are—but they—finds the party to have found,' &c. do certainly give great life and spirit to the relation.

Indeed, I am extremely concerned for the lieutenant-general, who, by his overthrow and defeat, is made a deplorable instance of the fortune of war, and vicissitudes of human affairs. He, alas! has lost, in Beech-lane and Chiswell-street, all the glory he lately gained in and about Holborn and St. Giles's. The art of subdividing first and dividing afterwards, is new and surprising; and according to this method, the troops are disposed in King's-head-court and Red-lion-market: nor is the conduct of their leaders less conspicuous in their choice of ground or field of battle. Happy was it, that

greatest part of the achievements of this day was to be performed near Grub-street, that there might not be wanting a sufficient number of faithful historians, who, being eye-witnesses of these wonders, could impartially transmit them to posterity! But when it can never be enough regretted, that we are left in the dark as to the name and title of that extraordinary hero, who commanded the divisions in Paul's-alley; especially because those divisions are justly styled brave, and accordingly were to push the enemy along Bunhill-row, and thereby occasion a general battle. But Pallas appeared in the form of a shower of rain and prevented the slaughter and desolation which were threatened by these extraordinary preparations.

*Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta  
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt!*

VIRG. Georg. iv. 86.

'Yet all those dreadful deeds, this doubtful fray,  
A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay.'

DRYDEN.

*Will's Coffee-house, July 13.*

Some part of the company keep up the old way of conversation in this place, which usually turned on the examination of nature, and an inquiry into the manners of men. There is one in the room so very judicious, that he manages impertinents with utmost dexterity. It was diverting this evening to hear a discourse between him and one of these gentlemen. He told me, before that person joined that he was a questioner, who, according to his description, is one who asks questions, not with a design to receive information, but an affectation to show his uneasiness for want of it. He went on in saying, that there are crowds of that modest am-

bition, as to aim no farther than to demonstrate that they are in doubt. By this time Will Whynot was sat down by us. 'So, gentlemen,' says he, 'but how many days think you shall we be masters of Tournay? Is the account of the action of Vivarois to be depended upon? Could you imagined England had so much money in it as you see it has produced? Pray, Sirs, what do you think? Will the duke of Savoy make an irruption into France? But,' says he, 'time will clear all these mysteries.' His answer to himself gave me the altitude of his head, and to all his questions I thus answered very satisfactorily.—'Sir, have you heard that this Slaughterford \* never owned the fact for which he died? Have the newspapers mentioned that matter? But, pray, can you tell me what method will be taken to provide for these Palatines? But this, as you say, time will clear.' 'Ay, ay,' says he, and whispers me, 'they will never let us into these things beforehand.' I whispered him again, 'We shall know it as soon as there is a proclamation.'—He tells me in the other ear, 'You are in the right of it.' Then he whispered my friend, to know what my name was: then made an obliging bow, and went to examine another table. This led my friend and me to weigh this wandering manner in many other incidents, and he took out of his pocket several little notes or tickets to solicit for votes to employments: as, 'Mr. John Taplash having served all offices, and being reduced to great poverty, desires your vote for singing clerk of this parish. Another has had ten children, all whom his wife has suckled herself; therefore humbly desires to be a school-master.'

\* A fellow hanged for the murder of his sweetheart.

There is nothing so frequent as this way of applying for offices. It is not that you are fit for the place because the place would be convenient that you claim a merit to it. But come to the great Kirlens, who has lately set up a wifery, and to help child-birth, for no other reason, but that he is himself the 'Unborn.' The way is, to hit upon something that will vulgar upon the stare, or touches their comedy, which is often the weakest part about us. I saw a good lady, who has taken her daughters from their old dancing-master, to place them with a new one, for no other reason, but because the new one broke his leg, which is so ill set, that he can never dance more.

*From my own Apartment, July 13.*

It is a frequent mortification to me to receive a rebuke wherein people tell me, without a name, how I meant them in such and such a passage; every accusation is an argument, that there are faults in human life, as fall under our denunciation, and that our discourse is not altogether rational and groundless. But in this case I am sensible as I saw a boy was the other day, who gave every body bills: every plain fellow took it that passed him, and went on his way without further notice: last came one with his nose a little abridged; he checked the lad down, with a 'Why, you son of a—, do you think I am proud?' But Shakspeare made the best apology for this way of censuring the public errors: he makes Jacques, called 'As you like it,' express himself

any, who cries out on pride,  
: can therein tax any private party?  
t woman in the city do I name,

'When that I say, the city woman bears  
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
 Who can come in and say that I mean her,  
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?  
 Or, what is he of basest function,  
 That says his bravery is not on my cost?  
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits  
 His folly to the mettle of my speech.  
 There then! How then? Then let me see wherein  
 My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
 Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,  
 Why then my taxing like wild a goose flies,  
 Unclaim'd of any man.'

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N<sup>o</sup> 42. SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1709.

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——— *Celebrare domestica facta.*

'To celebrate domestic deeds.'

N.

*From my own Apartment, July 15.*

LOOKING over some old papers, I found a  
 treatise, written by my great-grandfather, conc  
 ing bribery, and thought his manner of treating  
 subject not unworthy my remark. He there  
 digression concerning a possibility, that in s  
 circumstances a man may receive an injury, and  
 be conscious to himself that he deserves it. Ther  
 abundance of fine things said on the subject;  
 the whole wrapped up in so much jingle and  
 which was the wit of those times, that it is sc  
 intelligible; but I thought the design was  
 enough in the following sketch of an old ge

man's poetry : for in this case, where two are rivals for the same thing, and propose to obtain it by presents, he that attempts the judge's honesty, by making him offers of reward, ought not to complain when he loses his cause by a better bidder. The good old doggrel runs thus :

'A poor man once a judge besought  
To judge aright his cause,  
And with a pot of oil salutes  
This judger of the laws.

"My friend," quoth he, "thy cause is good."  
He glad away did trudge;  
Anon his wealthy foe did come  
Before this partial judge.

'A hog well fed this churl presents,  
And craves a strain of law;  
The hog received, the poor man's right  
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

'Therewith he cry'd, "O ! partial judge,  
Thy doom has me undone :  
When oil I gave, my cause was good,  
But now to ruin run."

"Poor man," quoth he, "I thee forgot,  
And see thy cause of foil;  
A hog came since into my house,  
And broke thy pot of oil\*."

*Will's Coffee-house, July 15.*

The discourse happened this evening to fall upon characters drawn in plays ; and a gentleman remarked, that there was no method in the world of knowing the taste of an age, or period of time, so good, as by the observations of the persons represented in their comedies. There were several in-

\* From George Whetstone's "English Mirror, &c." London, 1586, 4to.



stances produced, as Ben Jonson's 'bringing fellow smoking, as a piece of foppery ; ' said the gentleman who entertained us on this ject, ' this matter is no where so observable : the difference of the characters of women on stage in the last age, and in this. It is not to supposed that it was a poverty of genius in Sh speare, that his women made so small a figure his dialogues ; but it certainly is, that he women as they then were in life ; for that not in those days that freedom in conversation ; a their characters were only, that they were sisters, daughters, and wives. There were then among the ladies, shining wits, and politi *virtuosæ*, free-thinkers, and disputants ; nay, was then hardly such a creature even as a coquette : but vanity had quite another turn, and the conspicuous woman at that time of day was only best housewife. Were it possible to bring into an assembly of matrons of that age, and introduce the learned lady Woodby into their company, they would not believe the same nation could produce a creature so unlike any thing they ever saw in it.

' But these ancients would be as much astonished to see in the same age so illustrious a pattern to all who love things praise-worthy as the divine As Methinks, I now see her walking in her garb like our first parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators, and bearing celestial conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance the lively picture of her mind, which is the

\* The character of Aspasia was written by Mr. Congreve and the person meant was Lady Elizabeth Hastings. See the authority for this, with an edifying account of this extraordinary lady, and her benefactions, in a book in folio, entitled "Memorials and Characters, &c." London, 1741, printed for John Wilford, p. 78c.

truth, compassion, knowledge, and inno-

ere dwells the scorn of vice, and pity too."

midst of the most ample fortune, and vne-  
f all that behold and know her, without the  
ectation, she consults retirement, the con-  
on of her own being, and that Supreme  
which bestowed it. Without the learning of  
or knowledge of a long course of argu-  
she goes on in a steady course of uninter-  
piety and virtue, and adds to the severity  
vacy of the last age all the freedom and ease

The language and mien of a court she is  
d of in the highest degree ; but the simpli-  
l humble thoughts of a cottage are her more  
e entertainments. Aspasia is a female phi-  
r, who does not only live up to the resigna-  
the most retired lives of the ancient sages,  
to the schemes and plans which they thought  
al, though inimitable. This lady is the most  
conomist, without appearing busy ; the most  
virtuous, without tasting the praise of it ;  
ins applause with as much industry, as others  
roach. This character is so particular, that  
very easily be fixed on her only, by all that  
her ; but I dare say, she will be the last that

t. ! if we have one or two such ladies,  
dozens are there like the restless Polu-  
o is acquainted with all the world but  
; who has the appearance of all, and pos-  
of no one virtue, she has indeed, in her  
e the absence of vice, but her discourse is the  
al history of it ; and it is apparent, when she  
of the criminal gratifications of others, that  
loence is only a restraint, with a certain

mixture of envy. She is so perfectly opposite to character of Aspasia, that as vice is terrible to only as it is the object of reproach, so virtue agreeable only as it is attended with applause.

*St. James's Coffee-house, July 15.*

It is now twelve of the clock at noon, and mail come in; therefore, I am not without hope that the town will allow me the liberty which brother news-writers take, in giving them & may be for their information in another kind, indulge me in doing an act of friendship, by publishing the following account of goods and moveables.

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\* \* This is to give notice, that a magnificent palace, with great variety of gardens, statues, water-works, may be bought cheap in Drury-where there are likewise several castles to be posed of, very delightfully situated; as also grove woods, forests, fountains, and country-seats, with very pleasant prospects on all sides of them; but the moveables of Christopher Rich, Esquire, who breaking up house-keeping, and has many curious pieces of furniture to dispose of which may be between the hours of six and ten in the evening.

THE INVENTORY.

Spirits of right Nantz brandy, for lambent and apparitions.

Three bottles and a half of lightning.

One shower of snow in the whitest French pape

Two showers of a browner sort.

A sea, consisting of dozen large waves; tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged

A dozen and a half of clouds, trimmed with black, and well-conditioned.

A rainbow, a little faded.

A set of clouds after the French mode, streaked with lightning, and furbelowed.

A new moon something decayed.

A pint of the finest Spanish wash, being all that is left out of two hogsheads sent over last winter.

A coach very finely gilt, and little used, with a pair of dragons, to be sold cheap.

A setting-sun, a pennyworth.

An imperial mantle made for Cyrus the Great, and worn by Julius Cæsar, Bajazet, King Harry the Eighth, and Signor Valentiui.

A basket-hilted sword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's night-gown.

Othello's handkerchief.

The imperial robes of Xerxes, never worn but once.

A wild boar killed by Mrs. Tofts and Dioclesian.

A serpent to sting Cleopatra.

A mustard-bowl to make thunder with.

Another of a bigger sort, by Mr. D———s's \* directions, little used.

Six elbow-chairs, very expert in country-dances, with six flower-pots for their partners.

The whiskers of a Turkish Bassa.

The complexion of a murderer in a handbox; consisting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal-black peruke.

A suit of clothes for a ghost, viz. a bloody shirt, a doublet curiously pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the breast.

A bale of red Spanish wool.

\* John Dennis, the celebrated critic.

Modern plots, commonly known by the name of trap-doors, ladders of ropes, vizard-masques, tables with broad carpets over them.

Three oak-cudgels, with one of crab-tree; bought for the use of Mr. Pinkethman.

Materials for dancing; as masques, castanets, and a ladder of ten rounds.

Aurencezebe's scymitar, made by Will. Brown in Piccadilly.

A plume of feathers, never used but by Oedip and the Earl of Essex.

There are also swords, halberds, sheep-hooks, cardinals' hats, turbans, drums, gallipots, a gibbet, a cradle, a rack, a cart-wheel, an altar, an helmet, a back-piece, a breast-plate, a bell, a tub, and a jointed baby.

These are the hard shifts we intelligencers are forced to; therefore our readers ought to excuse us, if a westerly wind, blowing for a fortnight together, generally fills every paper with an order of battle; when we show our martial skill in every line, and according to the space we have to fill, we range our men in squadrons and battalions, or draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever observing that no muster is to be made, but when wind is in a cross-point, which often happens at end of a campaign, when half the men are deserted or killed. The Courant is sometimes ten deep, ranks close: the Post-boy is generally in files, for greater exactness; and the Post-man comes down upon you rather after the Turkish way, sword in hand, pell-mell; without form or discipline; but sure to bring men enough into the field; and wherever they are raised, never to lose a battle for want of numbers.

N<sup>o</sup> 43. TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1709.

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— *Bene nummatus decorat Sua Sola Venusque.*  
HOR.

The goddess of persuasion forms his train,  
And Venus decks the well-bemoney'd swain.

FRANCIS,

*White's Chocolate-house, July 18.*

I WRITE from hence at present to complain, that wit and merit are so little encouraged by people of rank and quality, that the wits of the age are obliged to run within Temple-bar for patronage. There is a deplorable instance of this kind in the case of Mr. D'Urfey, who has dedicated his inimitable comedy, called 'The Modern Prophets,' to a worthy knight, to whom, it seems, he had before communicated his plan, which was, 'To ridicule the ridiculers of our established doctrine.' I have elsewhere celebrated the contrivance of this excellent drama; but was not, until I read the dedication, wholly let into the religious design of it. I am afraid, it has suffered discontinuance at this gay end of the town, for no other reason but the piety of the purpose. There is, however, in this epistle, the true life of panegyric performance; and I do not doubt but if the patron would part with it, I can help him to others with good pretensions to it, viz. of 'unccommon understanding,' who will give him as much as he gave for it. I know perfectly well a noble person, whom these words (which are the body of the panegyric) would fit to a hair.

\* ‘ Your easiness of humour, or rather your harmonious disposition, is so admirably mixed with your composure, that the rugged cares and disturbance that public affairs bring with it, which do so vexatiously affect the heads of other great men in business, &c. does scarce ever ruffle your unclouded brow so much as with a frown. And what above all is praise-worthy, you are so far from thinking yourself better than others, that a flourishing and opulent fortune, which, by a certain natural corruption in its quality, seldom fails to infect other possessors with pride, seems in this case as if on providentially disposed to enlarge your humility.

‘ But, I find, Sir, I am now got into a very large field, where though I could with great ease raise a number of plants in relation to your merit of the plauditory nature; yet, for fear of an author’s general vice, and that the plain justice I have done you should by my proceeding, and other’s mistaken judgment, be imagined flattery, a thing the bluntness of my nature does not care to be concerned with, and which I also know you abominate.’

It is wonderful to see how many judges of the fine things spring up every day by the rise of stock and other elegant methods of abridging the way of learning and criticism. But I do hereby forbid dedications to any persons within the city of London; except Sir Francis †, Sir Stephen, and Sir Bank, will take epigrams and epistles as value received for their notes; and the East India company accept of heroic poems for their sealed bond.

\* An extract from D’Urfey’s dedication.

† Sir Francis and Sir Stephen were evidently bankers of their times; and of those the two most eminent were Sir Francis Child and Sir Stephen Evance. The latter was ruined, it is thought, in the South-sea year

Upon which bottom our publishers have full power to treat with the city in behalf of us authors, to traders to become patrons and fellows of the *Yau Society* \*, as well as to receive certain degrees of skill in the Latin and Greek tongues, according to the quantity of the commodities which they take off our hands.

*Grecian Coffee-house, July 18.*

The learned have so long laboured under the imputation of dryness and dulness in their accounts of their phenomena, that an ingenious gentleman of our society has resolved to write a system of philosophy in a more lively method, both as to the matter and language, than has been hitherto attempted. He read to us the plan upon which he intends to proceed. I thought his account, by way of fable of the worlds about us, had so much vivacity in it, that I could not forbear transcribing his hypothesis, to give the reader a taste of my friend's treatise, which is now in the press.

'The inferior deities, having designed on a day to play a game at football, kneaded together a numberless collection of dancing atoms into the form of seven rolling globes: and, that nature might be kept from a dull inactivity, each separate particle is endued with a principle of motion, or a power of attraction, whereby all the several parcels of matter draw each other proportionably to their magnitudes and distances into such a remarkable variety of different forms, as to produce all the wonderful ap-

\* Mr. Whiston, alluded to in the following part of this paper, was at this time proposed as a member of the Royal Society, and rejected. The pretended account of his hypothesis that follows is mere pleasantry, and not a quotation from his book, or any true account of his 'Theory.'



pearances we now observe in empire, philosophy, and religion. But to proceed :

‘ At the beginning of the game, each of the globes, being struck forward with a vast violence, ran out of sight, and wandered in a straight line through the infinite spaces. The nimble deities pursue, breathless almost, and spent in the eager chace ; each of them caught hold of one, and stamped it with his name ; as, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, and so of the rest. To prevent this inconvenience for the future, the seven are condemned to a precipitation, which in our inferior style we call gravity. Thus the tangential and centripetal forces, by their counter-struggle, make the celestial bodies describe an exact ellipsis.’

There will be added to this an appendix, in defence of the first day of the term according to the Oxford almanack, by a learned knight of this realm, with an apology for the said knight’s manner of dress ; proving, that his habit, according to this hypothesis, is the true modern and fashionable ; and that buckles are not to be worn, by this system, until the tenth of March in the year 1714, which, according to the computation of some of our greatest divines, is to be the first year of the *millennium* ; in which blessed age all habits will be reduced to a primitive simplicity ; and whoever shall be found to have persevered in a constancy of dress, in spite of all the allurements of prophane and heathen habits, shall be rewarded with a never-fading doublet of a thousand years. All points in the system, which are doubted, shall be attested by the knight’s extemporary oath, for the satisfaction of his readers.

*Will’s Coffee-house, July 18.*

We were upon the heroic strain this evening ; and the question was, ‘ What is the true sublime ?’

Many very good discourses happened thereupon: in which a gentleman at the table, who is, it seems, writing on that subject, assumed the argument; and though he ran through many instances of sublimity from the ancient writers, said, 'he had hardly known an occasion wherein the true greatness of soul, which animates a general in action is so well represented, with regard to the person of whom it was spoken, and the time in which it was writ, as in a few lines in a modern poem. There is,' continued he, 'nothing so forced and constrained, as what we frequently meet with in tragedies; to make a man under the weight of great sorrow, or full of meditation upon what he is soon to execute, cast about for a simile to what he himself is, or the thing which he is going to act: but there is nothing more proper and natural for a poet, whose business is to describe, and who is spectator of one in that circumstance, when his mind is working upon a great image, and that the ideas hurry upon his imagination—I say, there is nothing so natural, as for a poet to relieve and clear himself from the burden of thought at that time, by uttering his conception in simile and metaphor. The highest act of the mind of man is to possess itself with tranquillity in imminent danger, and to have its thoughts so free, as to act at that time without perplexity. The ancient authors have compared this sedate courage to a rock that remains immoveable amidst the rage of winds and waves; but that is too stupid and inanimate a similitude, and could do no credit to the hero. At other times they are all of them wonderfully obliged to a Libyan lion, which may give indeed very agreeable terrors to a description, but is no compliment to the person to whom it is applied: eagles, tigers, and wolves, are made use of on the same occasion, and very

had died in the space of ten days. Letters from Lisle, of the twenty-fourth instant, advise, ' great numbers of deserters came daily into that the most part of whom are dragoons. Letters from France say, that the Loire having overflowed banks, hath laid the country under water for hundred miles together.

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N° 44. THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1709.

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—Nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

OVID

' No herb, alas ! can cure the pangs of love.'

*White's Chocolate-house, July 19.*

THIS day, passing through Covent-garden, I stopped in the piazza by Pacolet, to observe what he called the triumph of love and youth. I turned to the object he pointed at, and there I saw a gilt chariot, drawn by fresh prancing horses ; coachman with a new cockade, and the lacquies with insolence and plenty in their countenances. I asked immediately, ' What young heir or lord owned that glittering equipage ? ' But my companion interrupted : ' Do you not see there mourning Æsculapius\* ? ' ' The mourning ? ' I said. ' Yes, Isaac,' said Pacolet, ' he is in mourning, and is the languishing, hopeless lover of the divine Hebe, the emblem of youth and beau-

\* This paper was written in ridicule of a love affair with the late Dr. Radcliffe, who was at this time about sixty,

siderations are now no more, and love has taken place of avarice; or rather is become an avarice of another kind, which still urges him to pursue what he does not want. But, behold the metamorphosis: the anxious mean cares of an usurer are turned into the languishments and complaints of a lover. "Behold," says the aged Æsculapius, "I suffer for my own, great Love, thy empire: pity, Hebe, for which you have made." What have I to do with gilding but on pills? Yet, O fair! for thee I am amidst a crowd of painted deities on my chariot buttoned in gold, clasped in gold, without having any value for that beloved metal, but as it adorns the person, and laces the hat, of thy dying lover. I ask not to live, O Hebe! give me but gentle death: *Εὐθανασία, Εὐθανασία*\*, that is all I desire to explore."

When Æsculapius had finished his complaint, Pacolet went on in deep morals on the incertainty of riches, with this remarkable exclamation: "Wealth! how impotent art thou! and how little dost thou supply us with real happiness, when the usurer himself can forget thee for the love of vice, which is as foreign to his felicity as thou art!"

*Will's Coffee-house, July 19.*

The company here, who have all a delicate taste for theatrical representations, had made a gathering to purchase the moveables of the neighbouring playhouse, for the encouragement of one which is set up in the Hay-market. But the proceedings at auction, by which method the goods have been sold this evening, have been so unfair, that this generous design has been frustrated; for the impo-

\* A Greek word, that signifies easy death, which was the common wish of the emperor Augustus.

le for Cyrus was missing, as also the two dragons: but upon examination it , that a gentleman of Hampshire had ly bought them both, and is gone down try seat; and that on Saturday last he ough Staines, attired in that robe, and y the said dragons, assisted by two only of horses. This theatrical traveller has also rs with Mr. Hall \* to send the faded rain- he scourer's, and when it comes home, to it after him. At the same time Christopher squire, is invited to bring down his setting- elf, and be box keeper to a theatre erected gentleman near Southampton. Thus there nothing but artifice in the management of ir; for which reason I beg pardon of the at I inserted the inventory in my paper; nly protest, I knew nothing of this artful : vending these rarities: but I meant only of the world, in that, and all other things divulge.

ow I am upon this subject, I must do my- ice in relation to an article in a former wherein I made mention of a person who puppet-show in the town of Bath; I was ? naming names, and only just hinted, that larger promises, when he invites people to atic representations than he is able to per- t I am credibly informed, that he makes a

ed *auctioneer* of those times.

stentee of Drury-lane playhouse, which was shut his time by an order from the Lord Chamberlain.

he papers and passages about Powel, the puppet- , relate to the controversy between Hoadly and Blackall, bishop of Exeter, on which they were a banter; it is needless to say that the wit and employed on the side of Hoadly.

prophane, lewd jester, whom he calls Punch, to the dishonour of Isaac Bickerstaff with familiarity; and before all my learned friends place, takes upon him to dispute my title to the appellation of *esquire*. I think I need not say to convince all the world, that this Mr. Powel that is his name, is a pragmatical and vain man to pretend to argue with me on any subject. *certasse feretur*; that is to say, it will be an ill success to him to have it said he contended with me; would have him to know, that I can look into his wires, and know very well the whole trick of the art; and that it is only by these wires that the spectator is cheated, and hindered from seeing that there is a thread on one of his chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at the discretion of the said Powel, who stands behind him, and makes him speak saucily and better. He! to pretend to make prologues to me!—But a man never behaves himself with decency in his own case; therefore I shall comfort myself and never trouble me further with this little fellow, who is himself but a tall puppet that has not brains enough to make even wood speak as it ought to do: and I, that have heard the geese on the board, can despise all that his puppets shall say to speak as long as they live. But *Ex quoque non fit Mercurius*. ‘Every log of wood will make a Mercury.’ He has pretended to write also from the Bath, and says he thought to have preferred giving me an answer until he came to the books; but that my writings might do well in the waters: which are pert expressions, that befit a school-boy better than one that is to teach; and when I have said a civil thing to him, he says ‘Oh! I thank you for that—I am your servant for that.’ Ah! Mr. Powel, these

ities will never run down men of learning: I w well enough your design is to have all men *ta*, like your puppets; but the world is grown wise, and can look through these thin devices. I know your design to make a reply to this: but be sure you stick close to my words; for if you bring me into discourses concerning the government of your puppets, I must tell you, 'I neither am, nor have been, nor will be, at leisure to answer you.' It is really a burning shame this man should be to-  
rd in abusing the world with such represen-  
ons of things: but his parts decay, and he is not  
b more alive than Partridge.

*From my own Apartment, July 14.*

I must beg pardon of my readers, that for this I have, I fear, huddled up my discourse, hav-  
been very busy in helping an old friend of mine out of town. He has a very good estate, and is a man of wit; but he has been three years absent from town, and cannot bear a jest; for which reason I have, with some pains, convinced him, that he can no more live here than if he were a downright bankrupt. He was so fond of dear London, that he began to fret, only inwardly; but being unable to laugh and be laughed at, I took a place in the northern coach for him and his family; and hope he has got to-night safe from all sncerers in his own parlour.

*St. James's Coffee-house, July 20.*

This morning we received by express the agreeable news of the surrender of the town of Tournay on the twenty-eighth instant, N. S. The place was  
ited by the attacks of General Schuylenberg,  
and that of General Lottum, at the same time.  
The action at both those parts of the town was very

obstinate, and the allies lost a considerable in the beginning of the dispute; but the fight continued with so great bravery, that the observing our men to be masters of all the which were necessary for a general attack, by *chamade*, and hostages were received from the and others sent from the besiegers, in order to to a formal capitulation for the surrender of place. We have also this day received advice, Sir John Leake, who lies off Dunkirk, had accepted several ships laden with corn from Baltic; and that the Dutch privateers had fallen with others, and carried them into Holland. French letters advise, that the young son to Duke of Anjou lived but eight days.

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## Nº 45. SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1709.

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*Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam  
In terris*—————

JUV. Sat. vi. 4.

‘ In Saturn’s reign, at nature’s early birth,  
There was that thing call’d chastity on earth.’

DRYDEN.

### *White’s Chocolate-house, July 22.*

THE other day I took a walk a mile or two out of town, and strolling wherever chance led me, I was insensibly carried into a by-road, along which was a very agreeable quickset, of an extraordinary height



surrounded a very delicious seat and garden. At one angle of the edge, I heard a voice cry, 'Sir!'—This raised my curiosity, and I saw the same voice say, but in a gentle tone, 'Come forward, come forward!' I did so, and through the hedge called me by my name, and he went on to the left, and I should be admitted to visit an old acquaintance in distress. The laws of courtesy made me obey the summons without hesitation; and I was let in at the back-gate of a lovely house by a maid-servant, who carried me from room to room until I came into a gallery; at the end of which I saw a fine lady, dressed in the most sumptuous habit, as if she were going to a ball, but with the most abject and disconsolate sorrow in her face that I ever beheld. As I came near, she burst into tears, and cried, 'Sir, do not you know the unhappy Teraminta?' I soon recollected her whole person: 'But,' said I, 'madam, the simplicity of dress, in which I have ever seen you at your good father's house, and the cheerfulness of countenance with which you always appeared, are so unlike the fashion and temper you are now in, that I did not easily recover the memory of you. Your habit was then decent and modest, your looks serene and beautiful: whence then this unaccountable change? Nothing can speak so deep a sorrow as your present aspect; yet your dress is made for jollity and revelling!'—'It is,' said she, 'an unspeakable pleasure to meet with one I know, and to bewail myself to any that is not an utter stranger to humanity.'

'When your friend my father died, he left me to a wide world, with no defence against the insults of fortune; but rather, a thousand snares to entrap me in the dangers to which youth and innocence are exposed, in an age wherein honour and virtue are

become mere words, and used only as they serve to betray those who understand them in their true sense, and obey them as the guides and motives of their being. The wickedest of all men living, abandoned Decius, who has no knowledge of good art or purpose of human life, but as it is the satisfaction of his appetites, had opportunity of frequently seeing and entertaining me at a place where mixed company boarded, and where he put himself for the base intention which he has brought to pass. Decius saw enough in me to satisfy his brutal desires, and my circumstances gave hopes of accomplishing them. But all the glittering expectations he could lay before me, joined by the private terrors of poverty itself, could not for several months prevail upon me; yet, however I hated his intention, I still had a secret satisfaction in courtship, and always exposed myself to his solicitations. See here the bane of our sex! Let the flattery be never so apparent, the flatterer never so ill thought of, his praises are still agreeable, and we contribute to our own deceit. I was, therefore, ever fond of all opportunities and pretences of being in his company. In a word, I was at last ruined by him, and brought to this place, where I have been ever since immured; and from the fatal day after my fall from innocence, my worshipper became my master and my tyrant.

‘ Thus you see me habited in the most gorgeous manner, not in honour of me as a woman he loves, but as this attire charms his own eye, and urges him to repeat the gratification he takes in me, as the servant of his brutish lusts and appetites. I know not where to fly for redress: but am here pining away life in the solitude and severity of a nun, but the conscience and guilt of an harlot. I live in this lewd practice with a religious awe of my minister of

ness, upbraided with the support I receive from for the inestimable possession of youth, of innocence, of honour, and of conscience. I see, Sir, discourse grows painful to you; all I beg of you to paint it in so strong colours, as to let Decius I am discovered to be in his possession, that I be turned out of this detestable scene of regularity, and either think no more, or sin no more. If your writings have the good effect of gaining my enlargement, I promise you I will atone for this petty step, by preferring an innocent, laborious poverty to all the guilty affluence the world can offer me.'

*Will's Coffee-house, July 21.*

To show that I do not bear an irreconcilable hatred to my mortal enemy, Mr. Powel at Bath, I do him the honour to publish to the world, that plays represented by puppets are permitted in our universities, and that sort of drama is not wholly thought unworthy the *critique* of learned heads; but, as I have been conversant rather with the greater ode, as I think the critics call it, I must be so humble as to make a request to Mr. Powel, and desire him to apply his thoughts to answering the difficulties with which my kinsman, the author of the following letter, seems to be embarrassed.

'To my honoured kinsman, ISAAC BICKERSTAFF,  
Esquire.

From Mother Gourdon's at Hedington, near Oxon, June 16.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'Had the family of the Beadlestaffs, whereof I, though unworthy, am one, known of your being lately at Oxon, we had in our own name, and in the

university's, as it is our office, made you a comment: but your short stay here robbed us of an opportunity of paying our due respects, and your receiving an ingenious entertainment, with which we at present divert ourselves and strangers. puppet-show at this time supplies the want of an act. And since the nymphs of this city are appointed of a luscious music-speech, and the conladies of hearing their sons or brothers speak very yet the vocal machines, like them, by the help of a prompter, say things as much to the benefit of the audience, and almost as properly as their own. licence of a *Terræ Filius* is refined to the well-satire of Punchenello. Now, cousin Bickerstaff, though Punch has neither a French night-cap, nor long pockets, yet you must own him to be a pretty fellow, a very pretty fellow: nay, since he seldom leaves the company without calling himself son of a whore, demanding satisfaction, and duelling, he must be owned a smart fellow, too. Yet by some incencies towards the ladies, he seems to be of a character distinct from any you have yet seen upon the stage. A young gentleman who sat next me (I had the curiosity of seeing this entertainment) in a tufted gown, red stockings, and long wig (which he pronounced to be tantamount to red heels, and a dangling cane) was enraged when Punch disturbed a soft love scene with his ribaldry. He would oblige us mightily by laying down some rules for adjusting the extravagant behaviour of this manzoor of the play, and by writing a treatise on some sort of dramatic poetry, so much favoured, and a little understood, by the learned world.

‘ From its being conveyed in a cart after the Arabian manner, all the parts being recited by one son, as the custom was before *Æschylus*, and the behaviour of Punch, as if he had won the

I may possibly deduce its antiquity, and settle chronology, as well as some of our moderns. In its natural transitions from mournful cry; as from the hanging of a lover to dancing upon the rope; from the stalking of a ghost to a 's presenting you with a jig, you may discover a decorum, as is not to be found elsewhere in our tragi-comedies. But I forget myself; it is not for me to dictate: I thought fit, dear cousin, to give you these hints, to show you that the Beadle do not walk before men of letters to no purpose; and that though we do but hold up the train of arts and sciences, yet, like other pages, we are r and then let into our ladies' secrets. I am your affectionate kinsman,

BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF.'

*From my own Apartment, July 22.*

I am got hither safe, but never spent time with so little satisfaction as this evening; for you must know, I was five hours with three merry, and two honest fellows. The former sang catches; and the latter even died with laughing at the noise they made. 'Well,' says Tom Bellfrey, 'yon scholars, Mr. Bickerstaff, are the worst company in the world.'—'Ay,' says his opposite, 'you are dull to-night; prythee be merry.' With that I huzzaed, and took a jump across the table, then came clever upon my legs, and fell a-laughing. 'Let Mr. Bickerstaff alone,' says one of the honest fellows; 'when he is in a good humour, he is as good company as any man in England.' He had no sooner spoke but I snatched his hat off his head, and clapped it upon my own, and burst out a-laughing again: upon which we all fell a-laughing for half an hour. One of the honest fellows got behind me

in the interim, and hit me a sound slap on the back upon which he got the laugh out of my hands ; it was such a twang on my shoulders, that I can be much merrier than I. I was half angry ; resolved to keep up the good-humour of the company ; and after hollowing as loud as I could possibly, I drank off a bumper of claret, that made me stare again. ‘ Nay,’ says one of the honest fellows, ‘ Mr. Isaac is in the right, there is no conversation in this ; what signifies jumping, or hitting one another on the back ? let us drink about.’ I did so from seven of the clock until eleven ; and now I am come hither, and, after the manner of the wise Pythagoras, begin to reflect upon the passages of the day. I remember nothing but that I am bruised to death ; and as it is my way to write down all the good things I have heard in the conversation, to furnish my paper, I can from now only tell you my sufferings and my bangs.

I named Pythagoras just now, and I protest to you, as he believed men after death entered into other species, I am now and then tempted to think other animals enter into men, and could name several on two legs, that never discover any sentiment above what is common with the species of a lower kind ; as we see in these bodilywits with whom I was to-night, whose parts consist in strength and activity ; but their boisterous mirth gives me great impatience for the return of such happiness as I enjoyed in a conversation last week. Among others in that company we had Florio, who never interrupted any man living when he was speaking ; or ever ceased to speak but others lamented that he had done. His discourse ever arises from the fullness of the matter before him, and not from ostentation or triumph of his understanding ; for though he seldom delivers what he need fear being re-

he speaks without having that end in view ; forbearance of calumny or bitterness is owing to his good-nature than his discretion ; for on he is esteemed a gentleman perfectly fit for conversation, in whom a general good-mankind takes off the necessity of caution and suspicion.

And at the same time that evening the best companion that can be, a good-natured old man. This person in the company of young men, is valued with veneration for his benevolence ; and is valued for the good qualities of which he is but reaps an acceptance from the pardon he pardons other men's faults : and the ingenuous sort with whom he converses, have so just a regard to him, that he rather is an example, than a pattern to their behaviour. For this reason, as Severus pretends to be a man of pleasure before the young men never set up for wisdom because he is so ; so that you never meet, where he is, any monsters of conversation, who are grave or old before their years. He never converses but with the best of nature and good sense, where all that is said is only the effect of a communicable temper, and not of emulation to excel their companions. The natural desire of superiority being a contradiction to the spirit which makes a just conversation, the essence of which is mutual good will. Hence I take it for a rule, that the natural, and unacquired man, is the companion. Learning, industry, and good breeding are all but subqualities in society, and are of no value, they are subservient to benevolence, and tend to a manner of being or appearing equal to the rest of the company ; for conversation is commonly an assembly of men, as they are men, and they are distinguished by fortune : therefore

he who brings his quality with him into conversation, should always pay the reckoning; for he came to receive homage, and not to pay it to his friends——But the din about my ears from the clamour of the people I was with this evening, carried me beyond my intended purpose, which was to explain upon the order of merry fellows; I think I may pronounce of them, as I heard Senecio, with the spice of the wit of the French say, viz. ‘That a merry fellow is the safest and lowest in the world.’

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N<sup>o</sup> 46. TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1709.

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*Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur,  
Majestas et amor.*——

OVID. Met. li. 88.

——‘Love but ill agrees with kingly pride.’

*White’s Chocolate-house, July 25.*

WE see every day volumes written against that tyrant of human life called Love; and yet there is no help found against his cruelties, or barrier against the inroads he is pleased to make into the mind of man. After this preface, you will expect I am going to give particular instances of what I have asserted. That expectation cannot be raised too high for the novelty of the history, and manner of life of the emperor Aurengezebe, who has resided for some years in the cities of London and Westminster with the air and mien indeed of his imperial qu



ty, but the equipage and appointment only of a  
ate gentleman. This potentate, for a long series  
, appeared from the hour of twelve until  
or two at a coffee-house near the Exchange,  
had a seat, (though without a canopy) sacred to  
elf, where he gave diurnal audiences concern-  
commerce, politics, tare and tret, usury, and  
statement, with all things necessary for helping the  
ssed, who are willing to give one limb for the  
better maintenance of the rest; or such joyous  
youths, whose philosophy is confined to the present  
hour, and were desirous to call in the revenue of the  
next half-year to double the enjoyment of this.  
Long did this growing monarch employ himself  
after this manner: and as alliances are necessary to  
all great kingdoms, he took particularly the interests  
of Lewis the XIVth into his care and protection.  
When all mankind were attacking that unhappy  
monarch, and those who had neither valour nor wit  
to oppose against him would be still showing their  
impotent malice, by laying wagers in opposition to  
his interests; Aurengezebe ever took the part of his  
contemporary, and laid immense treasures on his  
side in defence of his important magazine of  
Toulon. Aurengezebe also had all this while a  
constant intelligence with India; and his letters  
were answered in jewels, which he soon made bril-  
liant, and caused to be affixed to his imperial  
castor, which he always wears cocked in front, to  
show his defiance; with an heap of imperial snuff  
in the middle of his ample visage, to show his sa-  
gacity. The zealots of this little spot called Great  
Britain fell universally into this emperor's policies,  
and paid homage to his superior genius, in forfeiting  
their coffers to his treasury.

But wealth and wisdom are possessions too solemn  
not to give weariness to active minds, without the

relief (in vacant hours) of wit and love, which the proper amusements of the powerful and wise. This emperor, therefore, with great regality, every day at five in the afternoon, leaves money-changers, his publicans, and little hoards of wealth, to their low pursuits, and ascends chariot, to drive to Will's; where the taste is fined, and a relish given to men's possession, by polite skill in gratifying their passions and appetites. There it is that the emperor has learned to live to love, and not, like a miser, to gaze only on ingots or his treasures; but, with a nobler faction to live the admiration of others, for splendour and happiness in being master of them. But a prince is no more to be his own caterer in love, than in his food; therefore Aurengezebe has ever in waiting two purveyors for his dishes, and his wenches for his retired hours, by whom the scene of his diversion is prepared in the following manner:

There is near Covent-garden a street known by the name of Drury, which, before the days of Christianity, was purchased by the queen of Paphos, and is the only part of Great Britain where the tenure of vassalage is still in being. All that long course of building is under particular districts or ladyships, after the manner of lordships in other parts, over which matrons of known abilities preside, and have, for the support of their age and infirmities, certain taxes paid out of the rewards of the amorous labours of the young. This seraglio of Great Britain is disposed into convenient alleys and apartments, and every house, from the cellar to the garret, inhabited by nymphs of different orders, that persons of every rank may be accommodated with an immediate consort, to allay their flames, and partake of their cares. Here it is that, when

Aurengezebe thinks fit to give a loose to dalliance, surveyors prepare the entertainment; and what is it more august is, that every person condescended in the interlude has his set part, and the e sends beforehand word what he designs to, and directs also the very answer which shall be e to him.

It has been before hinted, that this emperor has a continual commerce with India; and it is to be noted that the largest stone that rich earth has produced is in our Aurengezebe's possession.

But all things are now disposed for his reception. At his entrance into the seraglio, a servant delivers him his beaver of state and love, on which is fixed this inestimable jewel as his diadem. When he is seated, the purveyors, Pandarus and Nuncio, marching on each side of the matron of the house, introduce her into his presence. In the midst of the room, they bow altogether to the diadem. When the matron——

'Whoever thou art, as thy awful aspect speaks thee a man of power, be propitious to this mansion of love, and let not the severity of thy wisdom disdain, that by the representation of naked innocence, or pastoral figures, we revive in thee the memory at least of that power of Venus, to which all the wise and the brave are some part of their lives devoted.' Aurengezebe consents by a nod, and they go out backward.

After this, an unhappy nymph, who is to be supposed just escaped from the hands of a ravisher, with her tresses dishevelled, runs into the room with a dagger in her hand, and falls before the emperor.

'Pity, oh! pity, whoever thou art, an unhappy virgin, whom one of thy train has robbed of her innocence; her innocence, which was all her

portion——Or rather let me die like the men-  
able Lucretia.’—Upon which she stabs her-  
self. The body is immediately examined after the man-  
ner of our coroners. Lucretia recovers by a cu-  
re right Nantz ; and the matron, who is her next  
relation, stops all process at law.

This unhappy affair is no sooner over but a  
mad woman breaks into the room, calls for  
duke, her lord, her emperor. As soon as she  
sees Aurengezebe, the object of all her fury and  
she calls for petticoats, is ready to sink with  
shame and is dressed in all haste in new attire at his  
command. This unexpected accident of the mad woman  
Aurengezebe curious to know, whether others  
are in their senses can guess at his quality.  
The whole convent is examined  
by one. The matron marches in with a  
country girl—‘ Pray, Winifred,’ says she, ‘  
do you think that fine man with those jewels  
and pearls is?’—‘ I believe,’ says Winifred, ‘ it is  
the landlord—It must be the esquire himself.’—  
The emperor laughs at her simplicity—‘ Go, fool,’  
says the matron : then turning to the emperor—‘  
His greatness will pardon her ignorance !’ After  
several others of different characters are in-  
structed to mistake who he is, in the same manner :  
the whole sisterhood are called together, and  
the emperor rises, and cocking his hat, declares,  
that he is the Great Mogul, and they his concubines. A  
general murmur goes through the whole as-  
sembly and Aurengezebe, certifying that he keeps the  
state rather than use, tells them, they are per-  
mitted to receive all men into their apartments ; then  
he proceeds through the crowd, among whom he  
shows medals shaped like half-crowns, and returns to  
his chariot.

This being all that passed the last day in which Aurengezebe visited the women's apartments, I told Pacolet concerning the foundation of such amusements in old age: to which he answered, 'You may remember, when I gave you an account of my good fortune in being drowned on the thirtieth day of my human life, I told you of the disasters I should otherwise have met with before I arrived at the end of my *stamen*, which was sixty years. I may now add an observation to you, all who exceed that period, except the latter part of it is spent in the exercise of virtue and continuation of futurity, must necessarily fall into an indecent old age; because with regard to all the enjoyments of the years of vigour and manhood, childhood returns upon them: and as infants ride on sticks, build houses in dirt, and make ships in gutters by a faint idea of things they are to act hereafter; so old men play the lovers, potentates, and emperors, from the decaying image of the more perfect performances of their stronger years: therefore be sure to insert *Æsculapius* and *Aurengezebe* in your next bill of mortality of the metaphorically defunct.'

*Will's Coffee-house, July 24.*

As soon as I came hither this evening, no less than ten people produced the following poem, which they all reported 'was sent to each of them by the penny-post from an unknown hand. All the battle-writers in the room were in debate, who could be the author of a piece so martially written; and every body applauded the address and skill of the author in calling it a postscript: it being the nature of a postscript to contain something very material which was forgotten, or not clearly expressed in the letter itself. Thus the verses being occasioned by a

march without beat of drum, and that circumstance being no ways taken notice of in any of the stanza the author calls it a postscript ; not that it is a postscript, but figuratively, because it wants a postscript. Common writers, when what they mean is not expressed in the book itself, supply it by a face ; but a postscript seems to me the more proper way of apology ; because otherwise a man makes excuse before the offence is committed. All heroic poets were guessed at for its author ; though we could not find out his name, yet he repeated a couplet in Hudibras, which spoke of his qualifications :

‘ I’t’h’ midst of all this warlike rabble,  
Crowdero march’d, expert and able.’

The poem is admirably suited to the occasion for to write without discovering your meaning bears a just resemblance to marching without beat of drum.

‘ On the march to Tournay without beat of drum

‘ The BRUSSELS POSTSCRIPT.

‘ Could I with plainest words express  
That great man’s wonderful address,  
His penetration, and his tow’ring thought;  
It would the gazing world surprise,  
To see one man at all times wise,  
To view the wonders he with ease has wrought.  
‘ Refining schemes approach his mind,  
Like breezes of a southern wind,  
To temperate a sultry glorious day  
Whose fannings, with an useful pride,  
Its mighty heat do softly guide,  
And, having clear’d the air, glide silently away.  
‘ Thus his immensity of thought  
Is deeply form’d, and gently wrought,

His temper always softening life's disease ;  
 That Fortune, when she does intend  
 To rudely frown, she turns his friend,  
 Admires his judgment, and applauds his ease.

‘ His great address in this design  
 Does now, and will for ever shine,  
 And wants a Waller but to do him right ;  
 The whole amusement was so strong,  
 Like fate he doom'd them to be wrong,  
 And Tournay's took by a peculiar flight.

‘ Thus, Madam, all mankind behold  
 Your vast ascendant, not by gold,  
 But by your wisdom and your pious life ;  
 Your aim no more, than to destroy  
 That which does Europe's ease annoy,  
 And supersede a reign of shame and strife.’

*St. Jame's Coffee-house, July 24.*

My brethren of the quill, the ingenious society of news-writers, having with great spirit and elegance already informed the world, that the town of Tournay capitulated on the twenty-eighth instant ; there is nothing left for me to say, but to congratulate the good company here, that we have reason to hope for an opportunity of thanking Mr. Withers next winter in this place, for the service he has done his country. No man deserves better of his friends than that gentleman, whose distinguishing character it is, that he gives his orders with the familiarity, and enjoys his fortune with the generosity, of a fellow-soldier. His grace the duke of Argyle had also an eminent part in the reduction of this important place. That illustrious youth discovers the peculiar turn of spirit and greatness of soul, which only make men of high birth and quality useful to their country ; and considers nobility as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought

to be obtained. *But*, that our military glory is arrived at its present height, and that men of all ranks so passionately affect their share in it, is certainly owing to the merit and conduct of our glorious general: for as the great secret in chemistry, though not in nature, has occasioned many useful discoveries; and the fantastic notion of being wholly disinterested in friendship has made men do a thousand generous actions above themselves; so, though the present grandeur and fame of the duke Marlborough is a station of glory to which no man hopes to arrive, yet all carry their actions to a higher pitch, by having that great example laid before them.

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N° 47. THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1708.

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*Quicquid agunt homines* ———  
*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
 Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

*White's Chocolate-house, July 29.*

MY friend Sir Thomas has communicated to me his letters from Epsom of the twenty-fifth instant, which give, in general, a very good account of the present posture of affairs in that place; but that the tranquillity and correspondence of the company begins to be interrupted by the arrival of Sir



Trippet \*, a fortune-hunter, whose follies gross to give diversion; and whose vanity is led to let him be sensible that he is a public

If people will indulge a splenetic humour, possible to be at ease, when such creatures as scandal of our species set up for gallantryatures. It will be much more easy, therefore, to laugh Sir Taffety into reason, than convert his foppery by any serious contempt. I remember a gentleman that made it a maxim to open his mind even run into the way of bullies, to avoid violence. The rule will hold as well with fools: they are never mortified, but when they receive and despise them; otherwise they are mortified, that it is your ignorance makes them your good graces; or, that it is only want of wit prevents their being amiable where they are used and avoided. But Sir Taffety is a fop of a sanguine complexion, that I fear it will be hard for the fair-one he at present pursues to get out of the chace, without being so tired, as, for a season, to fall into the mouth of the mongrel that follows from. But the history of Sir Taffety is as long as his character.

It happened that, when he first set up for a fortune-hunter, he chose Tunbridge for the scene of his operations, where were at that time two sisters upon a marriage design. The knight believed of course that the eldest must be the better prize; and consequently he sailed that way. People that want sense and are in an egregious manner want modesty, made our hero triumph in making his amours as was possible. The adored lady was no

John Cromwell, Esq. who died in 1728, was the original character here delineated under the name of Sir Trippet.

less vain of his public addresses. An attorney one cause is not half so restless as a woman with lover. Wherever they met, they talked to other aloud, chose each other partner at ball, dined at the most conspicuous part of the service the church, and practised, in honour of each other, all the remarkable particularities which are usual to persons who admire one another, and are contumacious to the rest of the world. These two lovers seemed as much made for each other as Adam and Eve, and all pronounced it a match of nature's own making; but the night before the nuptials, so universally approved, the younger sister, envious of good fortune even of her sister, who had been present at most of their interviews, and had an extraordinary taste for the charms of a fop, as there are a set of women made for that order of men; the young man, I say, unable to see so rich a prize pass by her, discovered to Sir Taffety, that a coquet air, much wit and tongue, and three suits, was all the portion of his mistress. His love vanished that moment, himself and equipage the next morning. It is uncertain where the lover has been ever since engaged; but certain it is, he has not appeared in his character as a follower of love and fortune until he arrived at Epsom, where there is at present a young lady of youth, beauty, and fortune, who has alarmed all the vain and the impertinent to infest that quarter. At the head of this assembly, Sir Taffety shines in the brightest manner, with all the accomplishments which usually ensnare the heart of a woman; with this particular merit, which often is of great service, that he is laughed at for her sake. The friends of the fair-one are in much pain for the sufferings she goes through from the perseverance of this hero; but they may be much more so from the danger of his succeeding, toward which they give a

hand, if they dissuade her with bitterness ;  
 there is a fantastical generosity in the sex to ap-  
 preate creatures of the least merit imaginable, when  
 see the imperfections of their admirers are be-  
 marks of derision for their sakes ; and there is  
 it so frequent, as that he, who was con-  
 siderable to a woman in her own judgment, has  
 lost her by being too violently opposed by others.

*Grecian Coffee-house, July 27.*

the several capacities I bear, of astrologer, ci-  
 vil, and physician, I have with great application  
 the public emolument : to this end serve all  
 calculations, speculations, and whatever other  
 affairs I undertake, whether nocturnal or diurnal.  
 This motive am I induced to publish a never-  
 failing medicine for the spleen ; my experience in  
 this distemper came from a very remarkable cure on  
 my worthy friend Tom Spindle, who, through  
 excessive gaiety, had exhausted that natural stock  
 of blood and spirits he had long been blessed with ; he  
 sunk and flattened to the lowest degree imagi-  
 nable, sitting whole hours over the ' Book of  
 Years' and ' Pilgrim's Progress ;' his other con-  
 siderations never rising higher than the colour of  
 his face, or the regularity of his pulse. In this  
 situation I found him, accompanied by the learned  
 Drachm, and a good old nurse. Drachm had  
 ribbed magazines of herbs, and mines of steel.  
 He discovered the malady, and descanted on the  
 nature of it, until I convinced both the patient and  
 nurse, that the spleen is not to be cured by me-  
 dicine, but by poetry. Apollo, the author of phy-  
 sionomy with diffusive rays, the best of poets as  
 as of physicians ; and it is in this double ca-  
 pacity that I have made my way ; and have found  
 that easy, flowing numbers are oft superior to

our noblest medicines. When the spirit and nature sunk, the muse, with sprightly monious notes, gives an unexpected turn of grain of poetry ; which I prepare without mercury. I have done wonders in this ! the spleen is like the tarantula, the effects malignant poison are to be prevented by remedy but the charms of music ; for you understand, that as some noxious animals antidotes for their own poisons, so there is equally unaccountable in poetry ; for the sometimes a disease, it is to be cured only Now I, knowing Tom Spindle's constitution that he is not only a pretty gentleman, but pretty poet, found the true cause of his was a violent grief, that moved his affection strongly ; for during the late treaty of had writ a most excellent poem on that subject when he wanted but two lines in the last finishing the whole piece, there comes new French tyrant would not sign. Spindle days took his bed, and had lain there still, I been sent for. I immediately told him the great probability the French would now sue for peace. I saw immediately a new life in him and I knew that nothing could help him so well, as hearing verses which he would worse than his own. I read him, the Brussels Postscript ; after which I recited heroic lines of my own, which operated soon on the *tympanum* of his ear, that I doubt have kept out all other sounds for a fortnight. I have reason to hope, we shall see him at day before his poem.

This, you see, is a particular secret I have kept out, viz. that you are not to choose your remedy for his knowledge in your distemper, but that

self. Therefore I am at hand for all m-  
 arising from poetical vapours, beyond which  
 I pretend. For being called the other day to  
 a love, I took indeed their three guineas, and  
 then my advice, which was to send for Æs-  
 culapius \*. Æsculapius, as soon as he saw the  
 it, cries out, 'It is love! it is love! Oh! the  
 ill pulse! These are the symptoms a lover  
 ; such sighs, such pangs, attend the uneasy  
 nor can our art, or all our boasted skill  
 —Yet, O fair! for thee'—Thus the sage ran-  
 dom owned the passion which he pitied, as well  
 that he felt a greater pain than ever he cured :  
 which he concluded. 'All I can advise, is  
 to use charms and beauty will give new life and  
 vigour, and turn the course of nature to its better  
 effect.' This is the new way ; and thus Æscu-  
 lapius left his beloved powders, and writes a  
 receipt for a wife at sixty. In short, my friend fol-  
 lowed the prescription, and married youth and  
 beauty in its perfect bloom

'Supine in Sylvia's snowy arms he lies,  
 And all the busy cares of life defies :  
 Each happy hour is fill'd with fresh delight,  
 While peace the day, and pleasure crowns the night.'

*From my own Apartment, July 27.*

Tragical passion was the subject of the discourse  
 where I last visited this evening ; and a gentleman  
 who knows that I am at present writing a very deep  
 tragedy, directed his discourse in a particular man-  
 ner to me. 'It is the common fault,' said he,  
 of you gentlemen who write in the buskin style,  
 that you give us rather the sentiments of such who

Dr. Radcliffe.

behold tragical events, than of such who b  
in them themselves. I would advise all w  
tend this way, to read Shakspeare with ca  
they will soon be deterred from putting fo  
is usually called tragedy. The way of  
writers in this kind is rather the descriptio  
the expression of sorrow. There is no me  
these attempts, and you must go to the very  
of the heart, or it is all mere language; :  
writer of such lines is no more a poet, than  
is a physician for knowing the names of dist  
without the causes of them. Men of sense :  
fessed enemies to all such empty labours :  
who pretends to be sorrowful, and is not, is a  
yet more contemptible than he who pretens  
merry and is not. Such a tragedian is only  
lin drunk.' The gentleman went on wit  
warmth ; but all he could say had little eff  
me : but when I came hither, I so far obse  
counsel, that I looked into Shakspeare. T  
gedy I dipped into was ' Henry the Four  
the scene where Morton is preparing to te  
thumberland of his son's death, the old :  
not give him time to speak, but says,

' The whiteness of thy cheeks  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand ;  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night,  
And would have told him half his Troy was b  
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,  
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.'

The image in this place is wonderfully no  
great ; yet this man in all this is but rising :  
his great affliction, and is still enough him  
you see, to make a simile. But when he is  
of his son's death, he is lost to all patien

up all the regards of this life; and since the  
of evils is fallen upon him, he calls for it upon  
world.

‘ Now let not nature’s hand  
Keep the wild flood confin’d; let order die,  
And let the world no longer be a stage,  
To feed contention in a lingering act;  
But let one spirit of the first born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the wide scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead.’

Reading but this one scene has convinced me,  
the, who describes the concern of great men,  
have a soul as noble, and as susceptible of  
a thoughts, as they whom he represents: I shall  
refore lay by my drama for some time, and turn  
thoughts to cares and griefs, somewhat below  
t of heroes, but no less moving. A misfortune,  
per for me to take notice of, has too lately hap-  
ied: the disconsolate Maria has three days kept  
chamber for the loss of the beauteous Fidelia,  
lap-dog. Lesbia herself did not shed more  
rs for her sparrow. What makes her the more  
icerned, is, that we know not whether Fidelia  
s killed or stolen; but she was seen in the par-  
ur window when the train-bands went by, and  
rer since. Whoever gives notice of her, dead  
alive, shall be rewarded with a kiss of her  
ly.

Nº 48. SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1709.

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—*Virtutem verba putant, ut  
Lucum ligna*—

HOR. Ep. vi. 31.

‘ They look on virtue as an empty name.’

*From my own Apartment, July 29.*

THIS day I obliged Pacolet to entertain me in matters which regarded persons of his own character and occupation. We chose to take our walk on Tower-hill: and as we were coming from thence, in order to stroll as far as Garraway’s\*, observed two men, who had but just landed coming from the water-side. I thought there was something uncommon in their mien and aspect; though they seemed by their visage to be related yet there was a warmth in their manner, as if they differed very much in their sentiments of the subject on which they were talking. One of them seemed to have a natural confidence, mixed with an ingenuous freedom, in his gesture; his dress very plain but very graceful and becoming: the other, in the midst of an over-bearing carriage, betrayed, by frequently looking round him, a suspicion that he was not enough regarded by those he met, or that he feared they would make some attack upon him. This person was much taller than his companion.

\* Garraway kept a coffee-house at that time, opposite the Royal Exchange, probably in the place where there is now a coffee-house well known by the same name.



ed to that height the advantage of a feather  
 at, and heels to his shoes so monstrously  
 at he had three or four times fallen down,

not been supported by his friend. They  
 full stop as they came within a few yards of  
 ice were we stood. The plain gentleman  
 to Pacolet, the other looked upon him with  
 displeasure; upon which I asked him who  
 both were; when he thus informed me of their  
 ; and circumstances :

u may remember, Isaac, that I have often  
 u, there are beings of a superior rank to  
 id; who frequently visit the habitations of  
 i order to call them from some wrong pur-  
 i which they are actually engaged, or divert  
 om methods which will lead them into errors  
 future. He that will carefully reflect upon  
 currences of his life will find he has been  
 nes extricated out of difficulties, and re-  
 favours where he could never have expected  
 nefits; as well as met with cross events from  
 nseen hand, which has disappointed his best-  
 signs. Such accidents arrive from the inter-  
 s of aërial beings, as they are benevolent or  
 to the nature of man; and attend his steps  
 racks of ambition, of business, and of plea-  
 Before I ever appeared to you in the manner  
 ow, I have frequently followed you in your  
 ; walks; and have often, by throwing some  
 t in your way, as the passing by of a fu-  
 or the appearance of some other solemn ob-  
 given your imagination a new turn, and  
 d a night you have destined to mirth and  
 into an exercise of study and contemplation.  
 he old soldier who met you last summer in  
 . fields, and pretended that I had broken my  
 leg, and could not get home; but I snapped

it short off, on purpose that you might fall in reflections you did on that subject, and take n your hack. If you remember, you made y very merry on that fracture, and asked me w I thought I should next winter feel cold in t of that leg! as is usually observed, that those limbs are sensible of pains in the extreme even after those limbs are cut off. However keeping you then in the story of the battle Boyne prevented an assignation, which would led you into more disasters than I then related.

‘To be short; those two persons whom yonder are such as I am; they are not r but are mere shades and figures; one is Alethes, the other Verisimilis. Their office the guardians and representatives of conscien honour. They are now going to visit the parts of the town, to see how their interests world decay or flourish, and to purge the from the many false imputations they dai with in the commerce and conversation o You observed Verisimilis frowned when he me. What he is provoked at is, that I t one day, though he strutted and dressed, much ostentation, if he kept himself within bounds, he was but a lacquey, and wore o gentleman’s livery whom he is now with frets him to the heart: for you must know pretended a long time to set up for himself, among a crowd of the more unthinking part kind, who take him for a person of the fi lity; though his introduction into the wo wholly owing to his present companion.’

This encounter was very agreeable to was resolved to dog them, and desired ra accompany me. I soon perceived what he in the gesture of the persons; for when they

other in discourse, the well-dressed man cast down his eyes, and discovered that he had a painful superiority over him. After her discourse, they took leave. The plain man went down towards Thames-street, in the presence, at least, at the oaths taken at my house; and the other made directly for the city. It is incredible how great a change immediately appeared in the man of fashion when he got rid of his uneasy companion: he tucked the cock of his hat a-new, settled his neck, and had an appearance that attracted a great inclination for him and his interests in all that he did. 'For my part,' said I to Pacolet, 'I do not but think you are mistaken in calling him of the lower quality: for he looks more noble than the other. Do not your eyes are upon him, as he advances! how he gazes at his stature, aspect, address, and air.' Pacolet only smiled, and shook his head, leaving me to be convinced by my own observation. We kept on our way after him till we came to Exchange-alley, where the plain man again came up to the other; and they went on together after the manner of eminent merchants, as if ready to receive application; but I observed no man talk to either of them. They both laughed at as a fop; and I heard many say against the other, as a whimsical sort of a man, and a great enemy to trade. They crossed together, and came into the full Exchange. The plain man bowed, and gave themselves airs in the presence to so fine a man as Verisimilis, who, I had heard, had great interest in all princes' courts: the other was taken notice of by several, as one who had been seen somewhere long before. One more particularly said, he had formerly been a man of

consideration in the world ; but was so unlikel that they who dealt with him, by some strange fatuation or other, had a way of cutting off their own bills, and were prodigiously slow in improving their stock. But as much as I was curious to serve the reception these gentlemen met with at the Exchange, I could not help being interrupted by one that came up towards us, to whom everybody made their compliments. He was of common height, and in his dress there seemed to be great care to appear no way particular, except a certain exact and feat manner of behaviour and circumspection. He was wonderfully careful that his shoes and clothes should be without the least speck upon them ; and seemed to think, that such an accident depended his very life and for. There was hardly a man on the Exchange who did not a note upon him ; and each seemed very well satisfied that their money lay in his hands, without demanding payment. I asked Pacolet, what gentleman that was, who was so universally addressed to, yet made too familiar an appearance to command that extraordinary deference ? Pacolet answered, ‘ This person is the dæmon or genius of credit ; his name is Umbra. If you observe, he follows Alethes and Verisimilis at a distance ; and indeed has no foundation for the figure he makes in the world, but that he is thought to keep their cash ; though, at the same time, none who trust him would trust the others for a groat.’ As the company rolled about, the three spectres were jumbled into one place : when they were so, and all thought there was an alliance between them, they immediately drew upon them the business of the whole Exchange. But their affairs soon increased to such an unwieldly bulk, that Alethes took his leave, and said, ‘ he would not engage further than he had an

fund to answer.' Verisimilis pretended, he had revenues large enough to go down to the bottom, yet it was below one of his feet to condescend to trade in his own name; so he also retired. I was extremely troubled the glorious mart of London left with no other support but him of credit. But Pacolet told me, that traders had nothing to do with the honour or success of their correspondents, provided they had a general behaviour in the world, which would not hurt their credit or their purses: for, 'you may, in this one tract of building of London and Westminster, see the imaginary motion which the greatest affairs move, as well as rolling over the face of the earth. For though the real governor, as well as legislator of the nation, he has very little business but to make up laws; and is only a general referee, to whom all men pretend to appeal, but is satisfied with determinations no further than they promote his interest. Hence it is, that the soldier and the statesman model their actions according to Verisimilis's example, and the merchant according to that of him. Among these men, honour and credit are valuable possessions in themselves, or pursued as a principle of justice; but merely as they are able to advance ambition and to commerce. But the world will never be in any manner of order or tranquility, until men are firmly convinced, that conscience, honour, and credit, are all in one interest; and that without the concurrence of the former, the latter are but impositions upon ourselves and others. The force these delusive words have is not in the transactions of the busy world only, but they have also their tyranny over the fair sex. Were we to ask the unhappy Lais, what pangs of remorse she suffers in preferring the consideration of her honour

to her conscience has given her? she could tell y<sup>e</sup> that it has forced her to drink up half a gallon winter of Tom Dassapas's potions; that she pines away for fear of being a mother; and k<sup>e</sup> not but, the moment she is such, she shall murderess: but if conscience had as strong a ro<sup>u</sup> upon the mind as honour, the first step to l<sup>o</sup> happy condition had never been made; she still been innocent, as she is beautiful. W<sup>h</sup> so enlightened and studious of their own good, act by the dictates of their reason and refl<sup>ect</sup> and not the opinion of others, conscience wou<sup>ld</sup> the steady ruler of human life: and the words tr<sup>ue</sup> law, reason, equity, and religion, would be but sy<sup>n</sup>-onymous terms for that only guide which mal<sup>l</sup> pass our days in our own favour and approbation.

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N<sup>o</sup> 49. TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1709,

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*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. i. 83, 84.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 1.*

THE imposition of honest names and words upo<sup>n</sup> improper subjects, has made so regular a confusio<sup>n</sup> among us, that we are apt to sit down with o<sup>u</sup>r errors, well enough satisfied with the methods w<sup>h</sup>

fallen into, without attempting to deliver ourselves from the tyranny under which we are reduced by such innovations. Of all the laudable virtues of human life, none have suffered so much in this kind, as love; under which revered name a brutal desire called lust is frequently concealed and hid; though they differ as much as a matron from a prostitute, or a companion from a buffoon. One day was bewailing this misfortune with much indignation, and upbraided me for some time since quoted those excellent lines the satirist :

‘To an exact perfection they have brought  
The action love, the passion is forgot.’

‘How could you,’ said he, ‘leave such a hint so coldly? How could Aspasia and Sempronia enter into your imagination at the same time, and you never declare to us the different receptions you gave them?’

The figures which the ancient mythologists and poets put upon Love and Lust in their writings are very instructive. Love is a beauteous blind child, armed with a quiver and a bow, which he plays with, and shoots around him, without design or direction; to intimate to us, that the person beloved has no intention to give us the anxieties we meet with, but that the beauties of a worthy object are like the charms of a lovely infant; they cannot but attract your concern and fondness, though the child so regarded is as insensible of the value you put upon it, as it is that it deserves your benevolence. On the other side, the sages figured Lust in the form of a satyr: of shape, part human, part bestial; to signify that the followers of it prostitute the reason of a man to pursue the appetites of a beast. This satyr is made to haunt the paths and coverts

of the wood-nymphs and shepherdesses, to lie on the banks of rivulets, and watch the purling stream as the resorts of retired virgins; to show, that less desire tends chiefly to prey upon innocence and has something so unnatural in it, that it is its own make, and shuns the object it loved, as it has made it like itself. Love, therefore, is a child that complains and bewails its inability to itself, and weeps for assistance, without an immediate reflection or knowledge of the food it wants. Lust, a watchful thief, which seizes its prey and lays snares for its own relief; and its principal object being innocent, it never robs, but it murders at the same time.

From this idea of a Cupid and a Satyr, we may settle our notions of these different desires, and accordingly rank their followers. Aspasia, therefore, be allowed to be the first of the beautiful order of Love, whose unaffected freedom, and conscious innocence, give her the attendance of the Graces in all her actions. That awful distance which we bear toward her in all our thoughts, and that cheerful familiarity with which we approach her, are certain instances of her being the truest object of love of any of her sex. In an accomplished lady, love is the constant effect, because it is never the design. Yet, though her looks carry much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour, and to love her is a liberal education; for, it is the nature of all love to create an imitation of the beloved person in the lover, a regard for Aspasia naturally produces decency of manners, and a better conduct of life, in her admirers. If, therefore, giggling Leucippe could but see her train of admirers assembled, and Aspasia move by them, she would be mortified at the veneration with which



ren by Leucippe's own unthinking equi-  
the passions have long taken leave of their  
ings.

ty is esteemed a conjunction of the good  
necessary to a virtuous man, so love is the  
oposition of all the accomplishments that  
ine gentleman. The motive of a man's  
n in all his actions; and such as have the  
boy for their inspirer have a simplicity of  
and a certain evenness of desire, which  
the lamp of life in their bosoms; while  
are instigated by the satyr are ever tor-  
jealousies of the object of their wishes;  
re what they scorn, and as often con-  
id knowingly embrace where they are mu-  
flerent.

the generous husband, and Limberham,  
eeper are noted examples of the different  
ich these desires produce in the mind.  
who is the wife of Florio, lives in the  
enjoyment of new instances of her hus-  
endship, and sees it the end of all his  
o make her life one series of pleasure and  
; and Amanda's relish of the goods of life  
nakes them pleasing to Florio: they be-  
elves to each other, when present, with  
apparent benevolence, which transports  
ure; and they think of each other in ab-  
a confidence unknown to the highest  
; their satisfactions are doubled, their  
med, by participation.

other hand, Corinna\*, who is the mis-  
mberham, lives in constant torment: her

ons here alluded to under the names of Corinna  
am, were Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, junior, and  
well, Esquire.

equipage is an old woman, who was what C is now ; an antiquated footman, who was to Limberham's father ; and a chambermaid is Limberham's wench by fits, out of a princ politics to make her jealous and watchful rinna. Under this guard, and in this conversation, and her own gorgeous dress, make envy of all the strolling ladies in the town. Corinna knows she herself is but part of Limberham's household stuff, and is as capable of being disposed of elsewhere, as any other moveable ; while her keeper is persuaded by his spies, that an enemy has been within his doors since his last ; no Persian prince was ever so magnificently beautiful : a kind look or falling tear is worth a brocade, a sigh is a jewel, and a smile is a cup of plate. All this is shared between Corinna and her guard in his absence. With this generosity and industry does the unhappy Limberham purchase the constant tortures of jealousy, the devouring of spending his estate, and the opportunity of enriching one by whom he knows he is himself despised. These are the ordinary and common pleasures which attend keepers ; and Corinna is a woman of common size of wickedness, were you to see what passes under the roof where the fair Messalina reigns with her humble adorer.

Messalina is the professed mistress of marriage ; she has left the bed of her husband, and he has begotten numerous offspring, to give a loose to wantonness and fulness of desire. Wretched Nocturnal ! feeble keeper ! How the poor creature from his gait, and skuttles from place to place, to patch his necessary affairs in painful daylight ; he may return to the constant twilight presence of that scene of wantonness, Messalina's bed-chamber.

W does he, while he is absent from thence, con-  
 in his imagination the breadth of his porter's  
 ers, the spruce night-cap of his valet, the  
 attendance of his butler ! any of all whom he  
 ws she admits, and professes to approve of. This,  
 is the gallantry, this the freedom of our fine  
 nen ; for this they preserve their liberty, and  
 p clear of that bugbear, marriage. But he does  
 understand either vice or virtue, who will not  
 w, that life without the rules of morality is a  
 rward, uneasy being, with snatches only of plea-  
 ; but under the regulation of virtue, a reason-  
 e and uniform habit of enjoyment. I have seen  
 play of old Haywood's a speech at the end of  
 act, which touched this point with much spirit.  
 makes a married man in the play, upon some en-  
 ring occasion, look at his spouse with an air of  
 dness, and fall into the following reflection on  
 condition :

Oh marriage ! happiest, easiest, safest state ;  
 Let debauchees and drunkards scorn thy rites,  
 Who, in their neauseous draughts and lusts, profane  
 Both thee and Heav'n, by whom thou wert ordain'd,  
 How can the savage call it loss of freedom,  
 Thus to converse with, thus to gaze at  
 A faithful, beauteous friend ?  
 Blush not, my fair one, that thy love applauds thee,  
 Nor be it painful to my wedded wife  
 That my full heart o'erflows in praise of thee.  
 Thou art by law, by interest, passion, mine :  
 Passion and reason join in love of thee.  
 Thus, through a world of calumny and fraud,  
 We pass both unreprouch'd, both undeceiv'd ;  
 While in each other's interest and happiness,  
 We without art all faculties employ,  
 And all our senses without guilt enjoy.

Nº 50. THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 17

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*Quicquid agunt homines* —————  
*nostris est farrago libelli.*  
 JUV. Sat. l. 28

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
 Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 2,*

THE HISTORY OF ORLANDO THE FAIR.

WHATEVER malicious men may say of our Lab-  
 orations, we have no design but to produce un-  
 known merit, or place in a proper light the actions  
 of our contemporaries who labour to distinguish  
 themselves, whether it be by vice or virtue. For  
 we shall never give accounts to the world of any  
 thing, but what the lives and endeavours of the  
 persons of whom we treat, make the basis of their  
 fame and reputation. For this reason, it is to be  
 hoped that our appearance is reputed a public be-  
 nefit; and though certain persons may turn what  
 we mean for panegyric into scandal, let it be an-  
 swered once for all, that if our praises are really  
 designed as raillery, such malevolent persons owe  
 their safety from it, only to their being too incon-  
 siderable for history. It is not every man who deals  
 in rats-bane, or is unseasonably amorous that can  
 adorn story, like *Æsculapius*\*; nor every stock-  
 jobber of the India company can assume the port,  
 and personate the figure of Aurengzebe. My noble

\* Dr. Radcliffe.

or, Mr. Shakspeare, who was of the race of  
 ffs, was not more fond of the memorable Sir  
 Falstaff than I am of those worthies: but  
 tins have an admirable admonition expressed  
 e words to wit, *Ne quid nimis*, which for-  
 y indulging myself on those delightful sub-  
 and calls me to do justice to others, who  
 no less figures in our generation: of such,  
 st and most renowned is, that eminent hero,  
 over Orlando \* the handsome, whose disap-  
 ents in love, in gallantry, and in war, have  
 ed him from public view, and made him vo-  
 ly enter into a confinement to which the un-  
 il age would otherwise have forced him. Ten  
 and more are wholly passed since Orlando  
 appeared in the metropolis of this island: his  
 t noble, his wit humorous, his person charm-  
 But to none of these commendatory advan-  
 was his title so undoubted, as that of his  
 . His complexion was fair, but his coun-  
 e manly; his stature of the tallest, his shape  
 ost exact: and though in all his limbs he had  
 ortion as delicate as we see in the works of  
 st skilful statuaries, his body had a strength  
 mness little inferior to the marble of which  
 mages are formed. This made Orlando the  
 sal flame of all the fair sex; innocent virgins  
 for him, as Adonis; experienced widows, as  
 les. Thus did this figure walk alone the  
 and ornament of our species, but of course  
 ry of all who had the same passions without  
 perior merit, and pretences to the favour of

bert Fielding, Esq. commonly known then by the  
 'Beau Fielding, a handsome and very comely gentle-  
 much distinguished in the 'Annals of Gallantry' at that

that enchanting creature, woman. However generous Orlando believed himself for the world, and not to be engrossed by any partial affection. He sighed not for Delia, for Chloris, Chloe, for Betty, nor my lady, nor for his chamber-maid, nor distant baroness: with his mistress, and the whole sex his seraglio. Form was always irresistible: and if we confess that not one of five hundred can bear the least view of your from a lady without being exalted above himself; if also we must allow, that a smile from a side-box, has made Jack Spruce half mad; we will not think it wonderful that Orlando's requests touched his brain: so it certainly did, and Orlando became an enthusiast in love; and in his address, contracted something out of the ordinary course of breeding and civility. However powerful as he was, he would still add to the advantages of his person that of a profession in the ladies always favour, and immediately commenced soldier. Thus equipped for love and honour, our hero seeks distant climes and adventures, and leaves the despairing nymphs of Great Britain to the courtships of beaux and wittlings till his turn. His exploits in foreign nations and have not been regularly enough communicated to us, to report them with that veracity, which we profess in our narrations: but after many years of arms (which those who were witnesses to have suppressed out of envy, but which we had faithfully related from his own mouth in the public streets) Orlando returns home full, loaded, with years. Beaux born in his age made it their business to decry his furniture, dress, his manner; but all such rivalry he suppressed (as the philosopher did the sceptic, who argued there was no such thing as motion) by o

14. The beauteous Villaria \*, who only was  
 | for his paramour, became the object of his  
 ion. His first speech to her was as follows :

‘ MADAM,

‘ It is not only that nature has made us two the  
 accomplished of each sex, and pointed to us to  
 obey her dictates in becoming one ; but that there  
 also an ambition in following the mighty persons  
 you have favoured. Where kings and heroes, as  
 great as Alexander, or such as could personate  
 Alexander, have bowed, permit your general to lay  
 his laurels.’

According to Milton ;

The Fair with conscious majesty approv'd  
 His pleased reason.——

Fortune having now supplied Orlando with no-  
 ies for his high taste of gallantry and pleasure,  
 equipage and economy had something in them  
 re sumptuous and gallant than could be received  
 our degenerate age ; therefore his figure, though  
 dly graceful, appeared so exotic, that it as-  
 embled all the Britons under the age of sixteen,  
 who saw his grandeur, to follow his chariot with  
 shouts and acclamations ; which he regarded with  
 he contempt which great minds affect in the midst  
 of applauses. I remember, I had the honour to see  
 him one day stop, and call the youths about him to  
 whom he spake as follows :

‘ Good bastards—Go to school, and do not lose  
 your time in following my wheels : I am loth to hurt  
 you, because I know not but you are all my own  
 offspring: hark ye, you sirrah with the white hair,

\* Barbara, daughter and heiress to William Villiers lord  
 iscount Grandison of the kingdom of Ireland.

I am sure you are mine : there is half a crown. Tell your mother, this, with the half crown I sent her when I got you, comes to five shillings. 'Tis the best cost me all that, and yet thou art good for nothing. Why, you young dogs, did you never see a man before?' 'Never such a one as you, noble general,' replied a truant from Westminster. 'Sirrah, I believe thee ; there is a crown for thee. Drive on, coachman.'

This vehicle, though sacred to love, was adorned with doves ; such an hieroglyphic denoted too languishing a passion. Orlando therefore gave the eagle, as being of a constitution which inclined him rather to seize his prey with talons, than to follow for it with murmurs.

*From my own Apartment, August 2.*

I have received the following letter from Mr Powel of Bath, who, I think, runs from the point between us ; which I leave the whole world to judge.

' TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

' Sir,

Bath, July 28.

' Having a great deal of more advantageous business at present on my hands, I thought to have deferred answering your Tatler of the twenty-first instant until the company was gone, and season over ; but having resolved not to regard any imperfections of your paper, except what relate particularly to me, I am the more easily induced to answer you, as I shall find time to do it. First, lest you should think yourself neglected, which I have reason to believe you would take very ill. Secondly, partly because it will increase my fame, and consequently my audience, when all the



ty shall see with how much wit and raillery I  
you—I do not care a farthing for you. Third-  
rtly because being without books, if I do not  
much learning, it will not be imputed to my  
ne.

I have travelled Italy, France, and Spain, and  
fully comprehend whatever any German artist in  
the world can do; yet cannot I imagine, why you  
should endeavour to disturb the repose and plenty  
which, though unworthy, I enjoy at this place. It  
cannot be, that you take offence at my prologues  
and epilogues, which you are pleased to miscall  
foolish and abusive. No, no, until you give a  
better, I shall not forbear thinking that the true  
reason of your picking a quarrel with me was, be-  
cause it is more agreeable to your principles, as well  
as more to the honour of your assured victory, to  
attack a governor. Mr. Isaac, Mr. Isaac I can see  
into a mill-stone as far as another, as the saying is;  
you are for sowing the seeds of sedition and disobe-  
dience among my puppets, and your zeal for the  
good old cause would make you persuade Punch to  
pull the string from his chops, and not move his jaw  
when I have a mind he should harangue. Now, I  
appeal to all men if this be not contrary to that un-  
accountable and uncontrollable dominion, which by  
the laws of nature I exercise over them; for all  
sorts of wood and wire were made for the use and  
benefit of man; I have therefore an unquestionable  
right to frame, fashion, and put them together  
as I please; and having made them what they are,  
my puppets are my property, and therefore my  
slaves; nor is there in nature any thing more just,  
than the homage which is paid by a less to a more  
excellent being; so that by the right, therefore, of  
a superior genius, I am their supreme moderator,

although you would insinuate, agreeably to levelling principles, that I am myself but a puppet, and can therefore have but a co-ordinate jurisdiction with them. I suppose, I have not sufficiently made it appear, that I have a paternal power to keep a puppet show; and this right I will maintain in my prologues on all occasions.

‘And therefore, if you write a defence of self against this my self-defence, I admonish you to keep within bounds; for every day will no propitious to you as the twenty-ninth of April perhaps my resentment may get the better of my generosity, and I may no longer scorn to fight with who is not my equal, with unequal weapons; are such things as *scandalums magnatumum*; therefore, take heed hereafter how you write such as I cannot easily answer, for that will put me to great passion.

‘I order you to handle only these two positions, to which our dispute may be reduced: first, whether I have not an absolute power, whenever I please, to light a pipe with one of my legs, or warm my fingers with his whole ear; the second, whether the devil would not fight with Punch, should he by word or deed oppose my sovereign will and pleasure? and then, perhaps, if I can find leisure for it, give you the substance of a second letter.

‘But if you intend to tell me of the original puppet-shows; and the several changes and alterations that have happened in them since Titus and I do not care who, that is *Noli me ta* I have solemnly engaged to say nothing of which I cannot approve. Or, if you talk of certain contracts with the mayor and burgesses, or fees to the constables, for the privilege of acting, I will

a single word about any such matters ; but  
 re you to be mumbled by the learned and  
 sus author of a late book, who knows  
 is to be said and done in such cases.  
 w snuffing the cards and dealing to Ti-  
 but if he wins the game, I will send him  
 at back-gammon with you ; and then he  
 you that *deuce-ace* makes five.

so, submitting myself to be tried by my  
 and allowing any jury of twelve good  
 true, to be that country ; not excepting  
 as Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff to be of the pan-  
 you are neither good nor true: I bid you  
 farewell ; and am, Sir,

Your loving friend,

POWELL.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

r cuts for the historical part. of this paper,  
 almost finished, by an engraver lately ar-

Paris, and will be sold at all the toy-  
 London and Westminster.

N<sup>o</sup> 51. SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, .

*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*nostrum est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. 25

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme, P.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 5.*

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF  
ORLANDO THE FAIR\*.

FORTUNE being now propitious to the gay **O** he dressed, he spoke, he moved as a man m supposed to do in a nation of pygmies, and equal value for our approbation or dislike. usual for those who profess a contempt world, to fly from it, and live in obscurity ; lando with a greater magnanimity, c and appeared in it to tell them so. It, his exalted mien met with an unwelcome recep he was sure always to double the cause which the distaste. You see our beauties affect a ge nce in the ornament of their hair, and adjust their head-dresses, as conscious that they add whatever they wear. Orlando had not only t humour in common with other beauties, but a had a neglect whether things became him, or i in a world he contemned. For this reason, a no particularity appeared in all his economy, 1 ture, and equipage. And to convince the pr little race, how unequal all their measures were

\* See p. 89.

ediluvian, as he called himself, in respect of  
 acts which now appear for men, he some-  
 times in an open tumbril, of less size than or-  
 der, to show the largeness of his limbs, and the  
 bulk of his personage, to the greater advantage.  
 In her seasons, all his appointments had a magni-  
 ficence, as if it were formed by the genius of 'Tri-  
 umph' of old, which showed itself in doing ordi-  
 nary things, with an air of pomp and grandeur.

He therefore called for tea by beat of drum ;  
 He got ready to shave him by a trumpet to-  
 day ; and water was brought for his teeth, when  
 he was changed to boots and saddle.

All these glorious excesses from the common  
 sense, did the happy Orlando live and reign in an  
 interrupted tranquillity, until an unlucky acci-  
 dent brought to his remembrance, that one evening  
 he was married before he courted the nuptials of

Several fatal memorandums were pro-  
 duced to revive the memory of this accident ; and  
 his happy lover was for ever banished her pre-  
 sence to whom he owed the support of his just  
 gallantry. But distress does not debase

him ; it only changes the scene, and gives  
 him glory by that alteration. Orlando there-  
 fore raves in a garret, and calls to his neigh-  
 bours to pity his dolours, and to find redress  
 for his happy lover. All high spirits, in any great  
 degree of mind, are inclined to relieve themselves  
 by the renowned porter of Oliver had not  
 been around his cell in his college of Bed-

Orlando in his present apartment. And  
 inserting poetry in the midst of prose be-  
 comes a licence among correct writers not to be  
 denied, it is hoped the necessity of doing it, to  
 give just idea of the hero of whom we treat, will  
 for the liberty we shall hereafter take, to

print Orlando's soliloquies in verse and prose, a the manner of great wits, and such as those whom they are nearly allied.

*Will's Coffee-house, August 5.*

A good company of us were this day to see, rather to hear, an artful person do several feats activity with his throat and windpipe. The thing wherewith he presented us, was a ring of bells, which he imitated in a most miraculous manner; after that, he gave us all the different notes a pack of hounds, to our great delight and astonishment. The company expressed their applause with much noise; and never was heard such a harmony of men and dogs: but a certain plump, merry fellow, from an angle of the room, fell a crowing like a cock so ingeniously, that he won our hearts from the other operator in an instant. As soon as I saw him, I recollected I had seen him on the stage and immediately knew it to be Tom Mirrour\*, comical actor. He immediately addressed himself to me, and told me, 'he was surprised to see a virtuoso take satisfaction in any representations below that of human life;' and asked me, 'whether I thought this acting of bells and dogs was to be considered under the notion of wit, humour, or satire? Were it not better,' continued he, 'to have some particular picture of man laid before your eyes, that might incite your laughter?' He had no sooner spoke the word, but he immediately quitted his natural shape, and talked to me in a very different air and tone from what he had used before: upon which, all that sat near us laughed; but I saw no distortion in his countenance, or any thing that ap-

\* Mr. Richard Estcourt commonly called *Dick Estcourt*, celebrated for his mimic powers, in which he was inimitable.

peared to me disagreeable. I asked Pacolet, 'what meant that sudden whisper about us? for I could not take the jest.' He answered, 'The gentleman you were talking to assumed your air and countenance so exactly, that all fell a-laughing to see how little you knew yourself, and how much you were enamoured with your own image. But that person,' continued my monitor, 'if men would make the right use of him, might be as instrumental to their reforming errors in gesture, language, and speech, as a dancing-master, linguist, or orator. You see he laid yourself before you with so much address, that you saw nothing particular in his behaviour: he has so happy a knack of representing errors and imperfections, that you can bear your faults in him, as well as in yourself: he is the first mimic that ever gave the beauties, as well as the deformities, of the man he acted. What Mr. Dryden said of a very great man, may be well applied to him:

—————"He seems to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

You are to know that this pantomime may be said to be a species of himself: he has no commerce with the rest of mankind, but as they are the objects of imitation; like the Indian fowl, called the mock-bird, who has no note of his own, but hits every sound in the wood as soon as he hears it; so that *Mirroure* is at once a copy and an original. Poor *Mirroure's* fate, as well as talent, is like that of the bird we just now spoke of; the nightingale, the linnet, the lark, are delighted with his company; but the buzzard, the crow, and the owl, are observed to be his mortal enemies. Whenever *Sophonius* meets *Mirroure*, he receives him with civility and respect, and well knows a good copy of

himself can be no injury to him ; but Bathillon shuns the street where he expects to meet him ; for he, that knows his every step and look is constrained and affected, must be afraid to be rivalled in his action, and of having it discovered to be unnatural, by its being practised by another as well as himself.

*From my own Apartment, August 5.*

Letters from Coventry and other places have been sent to me, in answer to what I have said in relation to my antagonist Mr. Powell ; and advise me, with warm language, to keep to subjects more proper for me than such high points. But the writers of these epistles mistake the use and service I proposed to the learned world by such observations : for you are to understand, that the title of this paper gives me a right in taking to myself, and inserting in it, all such parts of any book or letter which are foreign to the purpose intended, or professed, by the writer : so that suppose two great divines should argue, and treat each other with warmth, and levity unbecoming their subject or character, all that they say unfit for that place is very proper to be inserted here. Therefore, from time to time, in all writings which shall hereafter be published, you shall have from me extracts of all that shall appear not to the purpose ; and for the benefit of the gentle reader, I will show what to turn over unread, and what to peruse. For this end I have a mathematical sieve preparing, in which I will sift every page and paragraph ; and all that falls through I shall make bold with for my own use. The same thing will be as beneficial to speech ; for all superfluous expressions in talk fall to me also : as when a pleader at the bar designs to be extremely impertinent and troublesome, and cries, ‘ Under favour of the court——with sub.



on, my lord—I humbly offer’——and, ‘ I  
 k I have well considered this matter; for I  
 would be very far from trifling with your lordship’s  
 time, or trespassing upon your patience—however,  
 thus I will venture to say’—— and so forth. Or  
 else when a sufficient self-conceited coxcomb is  
 bringing out something in his own praise, and be-  
 gins, ‘ Without vanity, I must take this upon me  
 to assert.’ There is also a trick which the fair sex  
 have, that will greatly contribute to swell my vo-  
 lumes : as, when a woman is going to abuse her  
 best friend, ‘ Pray,’ says she, ‘ have you heard  
 what is said of Mrs. such-a-one? I am heartily  
 sorry to hear any thing of that kind of one I have  
 so great a value for ; but they make no scruple of  
 telling it ; and it was not spoken of to me as a  
 secret, for now all the town rings of it.’ All such  
 flowers in rhetoric, and little refuges for malice,  
 are to be noted, and naturally belong only to  
 Tatlers. By this method you will immediately find  
 folios contract themselves into octavos, and the la-  
 bour of a fortnight got over in half a day.

*St. James’s Coffee-house, August 5.*

Last night arrived a mail from Lisbon, which  
 gives a very pleasing account of the posture of af-  
 fairs in that part of the world, the enemy having  
 been necessitated wholly to abandon the blockade  
 of Olivenza. These advices say, that Sir John  
 Jennings is arrived at Lisbon. When that gentle-  
 man left Barcelona, his Catholic Majesty was taking  
 all possible methods for carrying on an offensive war.  
 It is observed with great satisfaction in the court of  
 Spain, that there is very good intelligence between  
 the general officers : Count Staremberg and Mr.  
 Stanhope acting in all things with such unanimity,  
 that the public affairs receive great advantages from

their personal friendship, and esteem to each and mutual assistance in promoting the service of the common cause.

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\*.\* This is to give notice, that if any bodied Palatine will enter into the bonds of money with Betty Pepin, the said Palatine settled in a freehold of forty shillings per annum in the county of Middlesex.

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Nº 52. THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 17

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*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*nostri est farrogo libelli.*

JUV. Sat. i. 85

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

DELAMIRA resigns her FAN.

LONG had the crowd of the gay and young at suspense, as to their fate in their passion with the beautiful Delamira; but all their hopes are vanished, by the declaration that she has made in her choice to take the happy Archibald\* for her companion for life. Upon her making this

\* The Honourable Lord Archibald Hamilton of Melrose, son to William third duke of Hamilton, was probably the Archibald here meant, who about this time married Lady Hamilton, youngest daughter of James Earl of Abercorn.

expense of sweet powder and jessamine are considerably abated; and the mercers and milliners complain of her want of public spirit, in not concealing longer a secret which was so much the benefit of trade. But so it has happened; and no one was in confidence with her in carrying on this treaty, put the matchless Virgulta, whose despair of ever entering the matrimonial state made her some nights before Delamira's resolution was published to the world, address herself to her in the following manner:

‘Delamira! you are now going into that state of life wherein the use of your charms is wholly to be applied to the pleasing only one man. That swimming air of your body, that janty bearing of your head over one shoulder, and that inexpressible beauty in your manner of playing your fan, must be lowered into a more confined behaviour; to show, that you would rather shun than receive addresses for the future. Therefore, dear Delamira, give me those excellences you leave off, and acquaint me with your manner of charming: for I take the liberty of our friendship to say, that when I consider my own stature, motion, complexion, wit, or breeding, I cannot think myself any way your inferior; yet do I go through crowds without wounding a man, and all my acquaintance marry round me, while I live a virgin unasked, and I think unregarded.’

Delamira heard her with great attention, and, with that dexterity which is natural to her, told her, that ‘all she had above the rest of her sex and contemporary beauties, was wholly owing to a fan (that was left her by her mother, and had been long in the family), which whoever had in possession, and used with skill, should command the hearts of all her beholders: and since,’ said she

smiling, 'I have no more to do with extending conquests or triumphs, I will make you a present of this inestimable rarity.' Virgulta made her expressions of the highest gratitude for so unbounded a confidence in her, and desired she would teach her what was peculiar in the management of the utensil, which rendered it of such general use while she was mistress of it.' Delamira said, 'You see, madam, Cupid is the principal figure painted on it; and the skill in playing the flute in your several motions of it, to let him appear as little as possible; for honourable lovers fly to deavours to ensnare them; and your Cupid must hide his bow and arrow, or he will never be successful in his game. You may observe,' continued she, 'in all public assemblies, the sexes seem to surround themselves, and draw up to attack each other eye-shot: that is the time when the fan, and all the armour of a woman, is of most use for defence; for our minds are construed by the appearance of that little instrument, and our thoughts are in a state of composure or agitation, according to the motion of it. You may observe, when Will Peregrine comes into the side-box, Miss Gatty flutters her fan, the fly does its wings round a candle; while her sister, who is as much in love with him as she is as grave as a vestal at his entrance; and the consequence is accordingly. He watches half the time for a glance from her sister, while Gatty looks down and neglected. I wish you heartily success in the management of it, as I have. If you think fit to go on where I left off, I will give you a short account of the execution I have had with it.

'Cymon, who is the dullest of mortals, though a wonderful great scholar, does not pause, but seems to take a nap with his eyes

en every other sentence in his discourse ;  
 ave I made a leader in assemblies ; and one  
 on the shoulder as I passed by him has raised  
 to a downright impertinent in all conversations.  
 ury Will Sampler is become as lethargic by this  
 and, as Cymon is sprightly. Take it, good  
 and use it without mercy ; for the reign of  
 ty never lasted full three years, but it ended  
 riage, or condemnation to virginity. As you  
 therefore, the one, and hope for the other, I  
 ct an hourly journal of your triumphs ; for I  
 it by certain tradition, that it was given to the  
 who wore it, by an enchantress, with this re-  
 kable power, that it bestows a husband in half a  
 on her who does not overlook her proper mi-  
 ; but assigns to a long despair the woman who  
 well offered, and neglects that proposal. May  
 cation attend your charms, and your charms slip  
 occasion ! Give me, I say, an account of the  
 gress of your forces at our next meeting ; and you  
 ll hear what I think of my new condition. I  
 ould meet my future spouse this moment. Fare-  
 ll. Live in just terror of the dreadful words,  
 E WAS.'

*From my own Apartment, August 8.*

I had the honour this evening to visit some ladies,  
 ere the subject of the conversation was modesty ;  
 ick they commended as a quality quite as be-  
 ming in men as in women. I took the liberty to  
 y, 'it might be as beautiful in our behaviour as in  
 irts, yet it could not be said, it was as successful  
 life ; for as it was the only recommendation in  
 em, so it was the greatest obstacle to us, both  
 love and business.' A gentleman present was of  
 y mind, and said, that ' we must describe the  
 ference between the modesty of women and that

of men, or we should be confounded in comparisons upon it; for this virtue is to be regulated with respect to our different ways of life. A woman's province is to be careful in her conduct and chaste in her affections: the man's, to labour in the improvement of his fortune, and readily undertake whatever is consistent with his request for that end.' Modesty, therefore, in a woman has a certain agreeable fear in all she enters and in men it is composed of a right judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From this it is, that a discreet man is always a modest one. It is to be noted that modesty in a man is never allowed as a good quality, but a weakness which suppresses his virtue, and hides it from the world when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself. A French author says very justly, that modesty is to the other virtues in a man, what the nose is in a picture to the parts of the thing represented. It makes all the other beauties conspicuous which would otherwise be but a wild heap of confusion. This shade in our actions must, therefore, be justly applied; for if there be too much, our good qualities, instead of showing them to advantage.

Nestor in Athens was an unhappy instance of this truth; for he was not only in his profession the greatest man of that age, but had given more of it than any other man ever did; yet, for that natural freedom and audacity which is necessary in commerce with men, his personal modesty overthrew all his public actions. Nestor was in his days a skilful architect, and in a manner the inventor of the use of mechanic powers; which he brought to so great perfection, that he knew not what foundation would bear such a weighty structure: and they record of him, that he

ally exact, that, for the experiment's sake, an edifice of great beauty, and seeming but contrived so as to bear only its own and not to admit the addition of the least

This building was beheld with much admiration by all the *Virtuosi* of that time; but fell in no other pressure, but the settling of a crown on the top of it. Yet Nestor's modesty, that his art and skill were soon discovered or want of that manner with which men of high support and assert the merit of their own successes. Soon after this instance of his art, was, by the treachery of its enemies, burned round. This gave Nestor the greatest occasion

ever a builder had to render his name immortal and his person venerable: for all the new monuments according to his disposition, and all the monuments of the glories and distresses of that age were erected by that sole artist: nay, all temples as well as houses, were the effects of his hand and labour; insomuch that it was said by the sage, 'Sure Nestor will now be famous, his habitations of gods as well as men, are the effects of his contrivance.' But this bashful quality cast a damp upon his great knowledge, which has an effect upon men's reputations as poverty; it was said, 'the poor man saved the city, but the poor man's labour was forgot;' so here we see the modest man built the city, and the modest man's skill was unknown.'

we see, every man is the maker of his own fortune; and what is very odd to consider, he must himself measure be the trumpeter of his own fame: men are to be tolerated who directly praise themselves; but they are to be endued with a sort of persuasive eloquence, by which they shall be always

capable of expressing the rules and arts w  
they govern themselves.

Varillus was the man of all I have read o  
happiest in the true possession of this quality  
desty. My author says of him, modesty in  
rillus is really a virtue, for it is a voluntary  
and the effect of good sense. He is naturally  
and enterprising; but so justly discreet,  
never acts or speaks any thing, but those v  
hold him know he has forbore much more t  
has performed or uttered, out of deference  
persons before whom he is. This makes  
truly amiable, and all his attempts successfu  
as bad as the world is thought to be by those  
are perhaps unskilled in it, want of success  
actions is generally owing to want of ju  
what we ought to attempt, or a rustic  
which will not give us leave to undertake v  
ought. But how unfortunate this diffident te  
to those who are possessed with it, may be l  
in the success of such as are wholly unacqu  
with it.

We have one peculiar elegance in our lan  
above all others, which is conspicuous in the  
'fellow.' This word, added to any of our  
jectives, extremely varies, or quite alters the  
of that with which is it joined. 'Thus though  
modest man,' is the most unfortunate of all men  
yet 'a modest fellow' is as superlatively ha  
'A modest fellow' is a ready creature, who, v  
great humility, and as great forwardness, visits  
patrons at all hours, and meets them in all places  
and has so moderate an opinion of himself, that h  
makes his court at large. If you will not give him  
a great employment, he will be glad of a little one.  
He has so great a deference for his benefactor



nt, that as he thinks himself fit for any  
ne can get, so he is above nothing which is

He is like the young bachelor of arts,  
came to town recommended to a chaplain's  
; but none being vacant, modestly accepted  
of a postillion.

We have very many conspicuous persons of this  
rtaking yet modest turn: I have a grandson  
is very happy in this quality: I sent him  
time of the last peace into France. As soon  
he landed at Calais, he sent me an exact ac-  
at of the nature of the people, and the policies  
the king of France. I got him since chosen a  
of a corporation: the modest creature,  
oon as he came into the common-council, told  
or burgess, he was perfectly out of the orders  
meir house. In other circumstances he is so  
r hly 'modest a fellow' that he seems to  
in only to things he understands. He is  
nuzen only at court, and in the city a courtier.  
in a word, to speak the characteristical difference  
between 'a modest man' and 'a modest fellow ;'  
the modest man is in doubt in all his actions; a  
modest fellow never has a doubt from his cradle  
to his grave.

N<sup>o</sup> 53 THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1709

*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JCV, Sat. 1. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 10.*

### THE CIVIL HUSBAND.

THE fate and character of the inconstant O y is a just excuse for the little notice taken by his v dow of his departure out of this life, which v equally troublesome to Elmira, his faithful spouse and to himself. That life passed between th after this manner, is the reason the town has j now received a lady with all that gaiety, after having been a relict but three months, which old women hardly assume under fifteen, after such disaster. Elmira is the daughter of a rich and worthy citizen, who gave her to Osmyn, with a portion which might have obtained her an alliance with our noblest houses, and fixed her in the eye of the world where her story had not been now to be related for her good qualities had made her the object of universal esteem among the polite part of mankind from whom she has been banished and immured until the death of her gaoler. It is now full fifteen years since that beautiful lady was given into the hands of the happy Osmyn, who, in the sense of all the world, received at that time a present more valuable than the possession of both the Indies. Sh

is then in her early bloom, with an understanding discretion very little inferior to the most experienced matrons. She was not beholden to the whims of her sex, that her company was preferable to many Osmyn could meet with abroad; for were she said considered without regard to her being a woman, it might stand the examination of the severest judges. She had all the beauty of her own sex, with all the conversation-accomplishments of ours. But Osmyn very soon grew surfeited with the charms of her person by possession, and of her mind by want of taste; for he was one of that loose sort of men, who have but one reason for setting any value upon the fair sex; who consider even brides but as new women, and consequently neglect them when they cease to be such. All the merit of Elmira could not prevent her becoming a mere wife within few months after her nuptials; and Osmyn had so little relish for her conversation, that he complained of the advantages of it. 'My spouse,' said he to one of his companions, 'is so very discreet, so good, so virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her person is rather the object of esteem than of love; and there is such a thing as a merit which causes rather distance than passion.' But there being no medium in the state of matrimony, their life began to take the usual gradations to become the most irksome of all beings. They grew in the first place very complaisant; and having at heart a certain knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, apologies were made for every little circumstance which they thought betrayed their mutual coldness. This lasted but few months, when they shewed a difference of opinion in every trifle; and, as a sign of certain decay of affection, the word 'perhaps,' was introduced in all their discourse. 'I have a mind to go to the park,'

says she ; ‘ but, *perhaps*, my dear, you will take the coach on some other occasion.’ He ‘ was very willingly carry her to the play ; but *per* she had rather go to lady Centaur’s and play ombre.’ They were both persons of good discerning, and soon found that they mortally loved each other, by their manner of hiding it. Certainly it is, that there are some genios which are capable of pure affection, and a man is born with talents for it as much as for poetry or any other science.

Osmyn began too late to find the imperfection of his own heart ; and used all the methods in the world to correct it, and argue himself into return of desire and passion for his wife, by the contemplation of her excellent qualities, his great obligation to her, and the high value he saw all the world set upon her. But such is man’s unhappy condition, that though the weakness of the heart has a prevailing power over the strength of the head, yet the strength of the head has but a feeble force against the weakness of the heart. Osmyn therefore, struggled in vain to revive departed passion ; and for that reason resolved to retire to one of his estates in the country, and pass away his hours in wedlock in the noble diversions of the field : and the fury of a disappointed lover, made an oath to leave neither stag, fox, or hare living, during the days of his wife. Besides that country-sports would be an amusement, he hoped also, that his spirit would be half killed by the very sense of seeing his wife in town no more, and would think her life ended soon as she left it. He communicated his design to Elmira, who received it, as now she did all things like a person too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the circumstance of place. This unexpected signification made Osmyn resolve to be as obliging

as possible; and if he could not prevail upon self to be kind, he took a resolution at least to sincerely, and communicate frankly to her the akness of his temper, to excuse the indifference his behaviour. He disposed his household in the way to Rutland, so as he and his lady travelled only in the coach, for the convenience of discourse. They had not gone many miles out of town, when Osmyn spoke to this purpose:

‘My dear, I believe I look quite as silly now I am going to tell you I do not love you, as when I first told you I did. We are now going into the country together, with only one hope for making this life agreeable, survivorship: desire is not in our power; mine is all gone for you. What shall we do to carry it with decency to the world, and hate one another with discretion?’

The lady answered, without the least observation on the extravagance of his speech:

‘My dear, you have lived most of your days in a court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted with that sort of life. In courts, you see good-will is spoken with great warmth, ill-will covered with great civility. Men are long in civilities to those they hate, and short in expressions of kindness to those they love. Therefore, my dear, let us be well-bred still; and it is no matter, as to all who see us, whether we love or hate: and to let you see how much you are beholden to me for my conduct, I have both hated and despised you, my dear, his half year; and yet neither in language or behaviour has it been visible but that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go out of town to divert life in pursuit of beasts, and conversation with men just above them; so, my life, from this moment, I shall read all the learned cooks who ever writ; study broths, plasters, and con-

serves, until from a fine lady I become a woman. We must take our minds a note lower, or we shall be tortured by jealousy, or Thus, I am resolved to kill all keen passions, employing my mind on little subjects, and let the easiness of my spirit; while you, my dear, much ale, exercise, and ill company, are so as to endeavour to be as contemptible, as necessary for my quiet I should think you.'

At Rutland they arrived, and lived with great secret impatience for many successive years. Osmyn thought of a happy expedient to give his affairs a new turn. One day he took Elmira and spoke as follows:

'My dear, you see here the air is so temperate and serene; the rivulets, the groves, and the country extremely kind to nature, that we are stronger and firmer in our health since we left the town; there is no hope of a release in this place: you will be so kind as to go with me to my estate in the hundreds of Essex, it is possible some kind of relief may one day or other relieve us. If you will descend to accept of this offer, I will add that estate to your jointure in this county.'

Elmira, who was all goodness, accepted the offer, and removed accordingly, and has left her spouse at that place to rest with his fathers.

This is the real figure in which Elmira is to be beheld in this town: and not thought of as an indecorum, in not professing the sense, and wearing the habit of sorrow, for one who robbed all the endearments of life, and gave her only common civility instead of complacency of dignity of passion, and that constant assent to her soft desires and affections, which all feelings will but none can express.

*Will's Coffee-house, August 10.*

Mr. Trueman, who is a mighty admirer of dramatic poetry, and knows I am about a tragedy never meets me, but he is giving admonitions and hints for my conduct. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said he, 'I was reading last night your second act you were so kind to lend me: but I find you depend mightily upon the retinue of your hero to make him magnificent. You make guards, and ushers and courtiers, and commons, and nobles, march before; and then enters your prince, and says, they cannot defend him from his love. Why, prythee, Isaac, who ever thought they could? Place me your loving monarch in a solitude, let him have no sense at all of his grandeur, but let it be eaten up with his passion. He must value himself as the greatest of lovers, not as the first of princes: and then let him say a more tender thing than ever man said before—for his *feather* and *eagle's beak* are nothing at all. The man is to be expressed by his sentiments and affections, and not by his fortune or equipage. You are also to take care, that at his first entrance he says something, which may give us an idea of what we are to expect in a person of his way of thinking. Shakspeare is your pattern. In the tragedy of *Cæsar* he introduces his hero in his night-gown. He had at that time all the power of Rome: deposed consuls, subordinate generals, and captive princes might have preceded him; but his genius was above such mechanical methods of shewing greatness. Therefore, he rather presents that great soul debating upon the subject of life and death with his intimate friends, without endeavouring to prepossess his audience with empty show and pomp. When those who attend him talk of the many omens which had appeared that day, he answers:

“ Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come, when it will come.”

‘ When the hero has spoken this sentiment, is nothing that is great, which cannot be expected from one, whose first position is the contempt of death to so high a degree, as to make his exit at death wholly indifferent, and not a part of his care, that of heaven and fate.’

*St. James’s Coffee-house, August 10.*

Letters from Brussels, of the fifteenth instant N. S. say, that major-general Ravignan returned on the eighth, with the French king’s answer to the intended capitulation for the citadel of Tournay which is, that he does not think fit to sign the capitulation, except the allies will grant a cessation of arms in general, during the time in which all acts of hostility were to have ceased between the citadel and the besiegers. Soon after the receipt of this news, the cannon on each side began to play. There are two attacks against the citadel, commanded by general Lottum and general Schuylemberg, which are both carried on with great success; and it is no doubted but the citadel will be in the hands of the allies before the last day of this month. Letters from Ipres say, that, on the ninth instant, part of the garrison of that place had mutinied in two bodies, each consisting of two hundred; who being dispersed the same day, a body of eight hundred appeared in the market-place at nine the night following, and seized all manner of provisions but were with much difficulty quieted. The governor has not punished any of the offenders, the



disfaction being universal in that place ; and it ought the officers foment those disorders, that ministry may be convinced of the necessity of those troops, and supplying them with pro-

These advices add, that, on the fourteenth, the marquis d'Este passed express through Brussels to the duke of Savoy, with advice that the army of the royal highness had forced the retrenchments of the enemy in Savoy, and defeated that body of which guarded those passes under the command of the marquis de Thouy.

#### 54. SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1709.

*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*nostrum est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 12.*

Of the Government of Affection.

When labour was pronounced to be the portion of man, the doom reached the affections of his mind, as his person, the matter on which he was engaged, and all the animal and vegetable world about him. There is, therefore, an assiduous care and attention to be bestowed upon our passions and emotions ; for they, as they are the excrescences of the soul, like our hair and beards, look horrid or

becoming, as we cut, or let them grow. All grave preface is meant to assign a reason in nature for the unaccountable behaviour of Duumvir, husband and keeper. Ten thousand follies an unhappy man escaped, had he made a compact with himself to be upon his guard, and not permitted a vagrant eye to let in so many different inclinations upon him, as all his days he has been perplexed with. But indeed, at present, he has brought himself to be confined only to one prevailing mist between whom and his wife, Duumvir passes hours in all the vicissitudes which attend passion and affection, without the intervention of reason. Laura his wife, and Phillis his mistress, are all whom he has had, for some months, the least of amorous commerce. Duumvir has passed the noon of life; but cannot withdraw from those entertainments which are pardonable only before that state of our being, and which after that season are rather punishments than satisfactions: for pallid appetite is humorous, and must be gratified with sauce rather than food. For which end Duumvir is provided with a haughty, imperious, expensive, and fantastic mistress, to whom he retires from the conversation of an affable, humble, discreet, and affectionate wife. Laura receives him after absence with an easy and unaffected complacency; but to him she calls insipid: Phillis rates him for his absence and bids him return from whence he came; this calls spirit and fire: Laura's gentleness is thought mean; Phillis's insolence, sprightly. Were you see him at his own home, and his mistress's lodgings; to Phillis he appears an obsequious lover to Laura an imperious master. Nay, so unjust the taste of Duumvir, that he owns Laura has no quality, but that she is his wife; Phillis no good one, but that she is his mistress. And he has his

often said, were he married to any one else, he would rather keep Laura than any woman living ; allows, at the same time, that Phillis, were she a woman of honour, would have been the most inhuman breathing. The other day Laura, who has a voice like an angel, began to sing to him. 'Come, madam,' he cried, 'we must be past all gaieties.' Phillis has a note as rude and as low as that of a milk-maid : when she begins to sing, 'Well,' says he, 'there is such a pleasing simplicity in all that wench does.' In a word, the sensitive part of his heart being corrupted, and his true taste that way wholly lost, he has contracted a prejudice to all the behaviour of Laura, a general partiality in favour of Phillis. It is in the power of the wife to do a pleasing thing, and in the mistress to commit one that is disagreeable. There is something too melancholy in the reflection on this circumstance to be the subject of raillery. He said a sour thing to Laura at dinner the other day ; upon which she burst into tears. 'What the devil, madam,' says he, 'cannot I speak in my own house?' He answered Phillis a little abruptly at supper the same evening, upon which she threw his periwig into the fire.' 'Well,' said he, 'thou art a brave termagant jade : do you know, hussy, that fair wig cost forty guineas?' Oh, Laura ! is it for this that the faithful Cromius sighed for you in vain ? How is thy condition altered, since crowds of youth hung on thy eye, and watched its glances ? It is not many months since Laura was the wonder and pride of her own sex, as well as the desire and passion of ours. At plays and at balls, the just turn of her behaviour, the decency of her virgin charms, chastised, yet added to diversions. At public devotions, her winning modesty, her resigned carriage, made virtue and re-

figion appear with new ornaments, and in the tural apparel of simplicity and beauty. In our conversations, a sweet conformity of manners, an humility, which heightened all the complaisance of good-breeding and education, gave her slaves than all the pride of her sex ever women wish for. Laura's hours are now spent in the sad reflection on her choice, and that dejection, almost inseparable from the sex, or believing she could reclaim one that had so often snared others; as it now is, it is not even in the power of Duumvir himself to do her justice: though beauty and merit are things real and independent on taste and opinion, yet agreeable and arbitrary, and the mistress has much the advantage of the wife. But whenever fate is so kind to her and her spouse as to end her days, with an equal passion for Phillis, and indifference for Laura, has a second wife in view, who may avenge the injuries done to her predecessor. Aglaura is the destined lady, who has lived in assemblies, has ambition and play for her entertainment, and thinks of a man, not as the object of love, but the tool of interest or pride. If ever Aglaura comes to the empire of this inconstant, she will endear the memory of her predecessor. But in the mean time it is melancholy to consider, that the virtue of a woman is like the merit of a poet, never justly valued until after death.

*From my own Apartment, August 11.*

As we have professed that all the actions of men are our subject, the most solemn are not to be omitted, if there happens to creep into their behaviour any thing improper for such occasions. Therefore the offence mentioned in the following epistles, though it may seem to be committed in

sacred from observation, is such, that it is our  
to remark upon it : for though he who does  
himself only guilty of an indecorum, he oc-  
is a criminal levity in all others who are pre-  
t it.

*' St. Paul's Church Yard, August 11.*

**' MR. BICKERSTAFF,**

**' It being mine as well as the opinion of many  
s, that your papers are extremely well fitted to  
a any irregular or indecent practice, I present  
following as one which requires your correction.  
self and a great many good people who frequent  
e divine service at St. Paul's have been a long  
scandalized by the imprudent conduct of  
entor \* in that cathedral. This gentleman, you  
t know, is always very exact and zealous in his  
votion, which I believe nobody blames; but then  
is accustomed to roar and bellow so terribly loud  
the responses, that he frightens even us of the  
ngregation who are daily used to him : and one  
our petty canons, a punning Cambridge scholar,  
ls his way of worship a bull-offering. His harsh,  
tuneable pipe is no more fit than a raven's to join  
th the music of a choir ; yet nobody having been  
ough his friend, I suppose, to inform him of it,  
never fails, when present, to drown the har-  
ony of every hymn and anthem, by an inundation  
sound beyond that of the bridge at the ebb of the  
le, or the neighbouring lions in the anguish of  
eir hunger. This is a grievance, which, to my  
rtain knowledge, several worthy people desire to  
e redressed ; and if, by inserting this epistle in  
ur paper, or by representing the matter your own**

\* Dr. William Stanley, Dean of St. Paul's.

way, you can convince Stentor, that discord in a choir is the same sin that schism is in the church in general, you would lay a great obligation upon him, and make some atonement for certain of your paragraphs, which have not been highly approved by us. I am, Sir,

‘ Your most humble servant,

‘ JEOFFRY CHANTICLEER.

It is wonderful that there should be such a general lamentation, and the grievance so frequent, and yet the offender never know any thing of it. I have received the following letter from my kind friend at the Herald's-office, near the same place.

‘ DEAR COUSIN

‘ This office, which has had its share in the impartial justice of your censures, demands to present your vindication of its rights and privileges. There are certain hours when our young heralds are exercised in the faculties of making proclamations and other vociferations, which of right belong only to utter: but at the same hours Stentor at Paul's church, in spite of the coaches, carts, and don cries, and all other sounds between us, raises his throat to so high a key, that the most noise of our order is utterly unheard. If you please to serve upon this, you will ever oblige, &c.’

There have been communicated to me some ill consequences from the same cause; as, the turning of coaches by sudden starts of the horses as they passed that way, women pregnant frightened, and heirs to families lost; which are public dishonours though arising from a good intention; but I have hoped, after this admonition, that Stentor would avoid an act of so great supererogation, as to speak without a voice.

t I am diverted from prosecuting Stentor's relation, by an account, that the two faithfuls, Lisander and Coriana, are dead; for, no ago than the first day of the last month, they eternal fidelity to each other, and to love death. Ever since that time, Lisander has twice a day at the chocolate-house, visits in y circle, is missing four hours in four-and-ty, and will give no account of himself. These undoubted proofs of the departure of a lover; consequently Coriana is also dead as a mistress. have written to Stentor, to give this couple three calls at the church-door, which they must hear if they are living within the bills of mortality; and if they do not answer at that time, they are from that it added to the number of my defunct.

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Nº 55. TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1709.

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—*Paulo majora canamus.*

VIRG. Ecl. iv. 1.

“ —Begin a loftier strain.”

*White's Chocolate-house, August 15.*

WHILE others are busied in relations which concern the interest of princes, the peace of nations, and revolutions of empire; I think, though these are very great subjects, my theme of discourse is sometimes to be of matters of a yet higher consideration. The slow steps of providence and nature, and strange events which are brought about in an in-

stant, are what, as they come within our view. observation, shall be given to the public. S things are not accompanied with show and ne and therefore seldom draw the eyes of the w tentive part of mankind; but are very proper once to exercise our humanity, please our im nations, and improve our judgments. It may therefore, be useless to relate many circumstances which were observable upon a late cure done u a young gentleman who was born blind, and on twenty-ninth of June last received his sight, at age of twenty years, by the operation of an oc This happened no farther off than Newingt and the work was prepared for in the follow manner.

The operator, Mr. Grant, having observed eyes of his patient, and convinced his friends, relations, among others the reverend Mr. Cas minister of the place, that it was highly prob that he should remove the obstacle which preve the use of his sight; all his acquaintance, who any regard for the young man, or curiosity to present when one of full age and understanding ceived a new sense, assembled themselves on occasion. Mr. Caswell, being a gentleman p cularly curious, desired the whole company, in the blindness should be cured, to keep silence: let the patient make his own observations, wit the direction of any thing he had received by other senses, or the advantage of discovering friends by their voices. Among several others, mother, brethren, sisters, and a young gentlewo for whom he had a passion, were present. work was performed with great skill and dexte When the patient first received the dawn of l there appeared such an ecstacy in his action, th seemed ready to swoon away in the surprise of



wonder. The surgeon stood before him with instruments in his hands. The young man observed him from head to foot; after which he surveyed himself as carefully, and seemed to compare to himself; and observing both their hands, did to think they were exactly alike, except the instruments, which he took for parts of his hands. When he had continued in his amazement some time, his mother could not longer bear the agonies of so many passions as thronged upon her; she fell upon his neck, crying out, 'My son! my son!' The youth knew her voice, and could speak no more than, 'Oh me! are you my mother?' and fainted. The whole room, you will easily conceive, were very affectionately employed in recovering him; but, above all, the young gentlewoman who loved him, and whom he loved, shrieked in the loudest manner. That voice seemed to have a sudden effect upon him as he recovered, and he shewed a double curiosity in observing her as she spoke and called to him; until at last he broke out, 'What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me, the thing I have heard so often of? Is this the light? Is this seeing? Were you always thus happy, when you said you were glad to see each other? Where is Tom, who used to lead me? But I could now, methinks, go any where without him.' He offered to move, but seemed afraid of every thing around him. When they saw his difficulty, they told him, 'until he became better acquainted with his new being, he must let the servant still lead him.' The boy was called for, and presented to him. Mr. Caswell asked him, 'What sort of thing he took Tom to be before he had seen him?' He answered, 'he believed there was not so much of him as himself; but he fancied him the same sort of creature.' The noise of this

sudden change made all the neighbourho to the place where he was. As he saw the thickening, he desired Mr. Caswell to tell many there were in all to be seen. The smiling, answered him, that 'it would be proper for him to return to his late condition, suffer his eyes to be covered, until they had strength : for he might remember well enough by degrees he had from little and little the strength he had at present in his ability and moving; and that it was the same with his eyes, which,' he said, 'would lose the use of continuing to him that wonderful truth was now in, except he would be content to leave aside the use of them, until they were strong enough to bear the light without so much as he knew, he underwent at present.' With reluctance he was prevailed upon to have them bound; in which condition they kept him in his room, until it was proper to let the organs see objects without further precaution. In the time of this darkness, he bewailed himself in the most distressed manner; and accused all by complaining that 'some incantation had wrought upon him, and some strange magic had deceive him into an opinion that he had eyes when they called sight.' He added, 'that the impressions then let in upon his soul would distract him, if he were not so at that time. At another time, he would strive to name persons he had seen among the crowd as if he were couched, and would pretend to speak, in terms of his own making, of what he had at that time observed. But on the sixth instance he thought fit to unbind his head, and the man whom he loved was instructed to do so accordingly; as well to endear herself

a circumstance, as to moderate his ecstasies the persuasion of a voice which had so much over him as hers ever had. When this beautiful young woman began to take off the binding of his eyes, she talked to him as follows:

• Mr. William, I am now taking the binding off, though when I consider what I am doing, I tremble with the apprehension, that, though I have from my very childhood loved you, dark as you were, and though you had conceived so strong a love for me, you will find there is such a thing as beauty, which may ensnare you into a thousand passions of which you are now innocent, and take you from me for ever. But, before I put myself to that hazard, tell me in what manner that love, you always professed to me, entered into your heart; for its usual admission is at the eyes.'

The young man answered, ' Dear Lidia, if I am to lose by sight the soft pantings which I have always felt when I heard your voice; if I am no more to distinguish the step of her I love when she approaches me, but to change that sweet and frequent pleasure for such an amazement as I knew the little time I lately saw; or if I am to have anything besides which may take from me the sense I have of what appeared most pleasing to me at that time, which apparition it seems was you; pull out these eyes, before they lead me to be ungrateful to you, or undo myself. I wished for them but to see you; pull them out, if they are to make me forget you.'

Lidia was extremely satisfied with these assurances; and pleased herself with playing with his perplexities. In all his talk to her, he shewed but very faint ideas of any thing which had not been received at the ears; and closed his protestation to her, by saying, that if he were to see Valentia and Barcelona, whom he supposed the most esteemed of

all women, by the quarrel there was about th  
would never like any but Lidia.

*St. James's Coffee-house, August 15.*

We have repeated advices of the entire de  
the Swedish army near Pultowa, on the tw  
seventh of June, O. S. and letters from Berlin  
the following account of the remains of the Sw  
army since the battle; prince Menzikoff, bei  
dered to pursue the victory, came up with the Sw  
dish army, which was left to the command of  
neral Lewenhaupt, on the thirtieth of June, C.  
on the banks of the Boristhenes; wherupon  
sent general Lewenhaupt a summons to submit  
self to his present fortune: Lewenhaupt im  
ately dispatched three general officers to that princ  
to treat about a capitulation; but the Sw  
though they consisted of fifteen thousand men, wer  
in so great want of provision and ammunition, tha  
they were obliged to surrender themselves at dis  
cretion. His Czarish majesty dispatched an expi  
to general Goltz, with an account of these paru  
culars, and also with instructions to send out de  
tachments of his cavalry, to prevent the king o  
Sweden's joining his army in Poland. That princ  
made his escape with a small party by swim  
over the Boristhenes; and it was thought he de  
signed to retire into Poland by the way of Vol  
hinia. Advices from Bern of the eleventh instan  
say, that the general diet of the Helvetic body hel  
at Baden concluded on the sixth; but the deputie  
of the six cantons, who are deputed to determin  
the affair of Tockenbourg, continue their applicatio  
to that business, notwithstanding some new diff  
culties started by the abbot of St. Gall. Letter  
from Geneva, of the ninth, say that the duke o  
Savoy's cavalry had joined count Thaun, as ha

two imperial regiments of hussars ; and that his highness's army was disposed in the following manner : the troops under the command of count de Saxe are extended from Conflans to St. Peter signi. Small parties are left in several posts from Little St. Bernard, to preserve the communication with Piedmont by the valley of Aosta. Some forces are also posted at Taloir, and the castle of Doin, on each side of the lake of Geneva. General Rhebinder is encamped in the town of Oulx with ten thousand foot, and some regiments of horse : his troops are extended from the town to mount Genevre, so that he may easily march into Dauphine on the least motion of the enemy ; but the duke of Berwick takes all necessary precautions to prevent such an enterprize. The general's head quarters are at Francin ; and he hath disposed his army in several parties, to preserve a communication with the Maurienne and Savoy. He hath no provisions for his army but in Savoy ; Provence and Dauphine being unable to supply him with necessaries. He left two regiments of dragoons at Annen, who suffered very much in the late action at Tessions, where they lost an hundred, who were killed on the spot, four standards and three hundred prisoners, among whom were forty officers. The last letters from the duke of Marlborough's camp at Orchies, of the twentieth instant, advise that Monsieur Ravignon is returned from the French court with an account that the king of France had refused to ratify capitulation for the surrender of the citadel of May, the approaches have been carried on with great vigour and success : our miners have discovered several of the enemy's mines, who have dug divers others, which did little execution ; for the better security of the troops, both

assaults are carried on by the cautious way of ping. On the eighteenth, the confederate made a general forage without any loss. M Villars continues in his former camp, and m himself with great diligence in casting up new behind the old on the Scarp. The duke of b borough and prince Eugene designed to begin a neral review of the army on the twentieth.

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N<sup>o</sup> 56. THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines—  
nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. i. 83, 86.

Whatever good is done, whatever ill—  
By human kind shall this collection fill.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 17.*

THERE is a young foreigner committed to my care, who puzzles me extremely in the questions he asks about the persons of figure we meet in public places. He has but very little of our language, and therefore I am mightily at a loss to express to him things for which they have no word in that tongue to which he was born. It has been often my answer upon his asking who such a fine gentleman is? That he is what we call a sharper: and he wants my explication. I thought it would be very unjust to tell him, he is the same the French call *Coquin*;

latins *Nebulo* ; or the Greeks, Πάσσαλ \* : for, om is the most powerful of all laws, and in order of men we call sharpeners are received at us, not only with permission, but favour, might it unjust to use them like persons upon dishonourment ; besides that it would be an unnamable dishonour to our country, to let him show us with an opinion, that our nobility and gentry keep company with common thieves and cheats : I told him, ‘ they were a sort of tame hussars, that were allowed in our cities, like the wild ones in our camp ; who had all the privileges belonging to us, at the same time were not tied to our discipline laws.’ Aletheus, who is a gentleman of too much virtue for the age he lives in, would not let the matter be thus palliated ; but told my pupil, that he was to understand that distinction, quality, merit, and industry, were laid aside among us by the incursions of these civil hussars ; who had so much countenance, that the breeding and honour of the age turned their way to the ruin of trade and economy in all places where they are admitted.’ But Sophronius, who never falls into heat on any subject, but applies proper language, temper, and skill, with which the thing in debate is to be treated, told the youth, ‘ that gentleman had spoken nothing but what was literally true ; but fell on it with too much earnestness to give a true idea of that sort of people he was declaiming against, or to remedy the evil which he bewailed : for the acceptance of these men being an ill which had crept into the conversation-part of our lives, and not into the constitution itself, it must be corrected where it arises : and consequently is to be amended only by rejecting raillery and derision upon the persons who

\* The word ‘ rascal,’ printed in Greek characters.

are guilty, or those who converse with them. the sharpers,' continued he, 'at present are formerly under the acceptance of pick-pockets but are by custom erected into a real and veritable body of men, and have subdued us to so very peculiar a deference to them, that though they are to be men without honour or conscience, none is called a debt of honour so indisputably as to them. You may lose your honour to them, but there is none against you: as the priesthood in Roman Catholic countries can purchase what they please for the church, but they can alienate nothing from it. It is from this toleration, that sharpers are found among all sorts of assemblies and companies, and every talent amongst men is made use of by some one or other of the society, for the good of their common cause: so that an unexpected young gentleman is as often ensnared by his standing as his folly; for who could be unwilling to hear the eloquent Dromio explain the constitution, talk in the key of Cato, with the severity of one of the ancient sages, and debate the great question of state in a common chocolate or coffee-house? who could, I say, hear this generous clamator, without being fired at his noble zeal, and becoming his professed follower, if he might be admitted? Monoculus's gravity would be no disadvantage to a beginner in conversation; and the force of his eloquence would equally catch one who has never seen an old gentleman so very wise, and so little severe. Many other instances of extraordinary men among the brotherhood might be produced; but every man, who knows the town, can supply himself with such examples without being named.'—Will Vafer, who is skilful at pointing out the ridiculous side of a thing, and playing in a new and proper light, though he very



thought fit to enter into this subject. He  
 y lost certain loose sums, which half the in-  
 his estate will bring in within seven years :  
 which, he proposes to marry, to set all  
 He was, therefore, indolent enough to speak  
 matter with great impartiality. ‘ When I  
 round me,’ said this easy gentleman, ‘ and  
 r in a just balance us *bubbles*, elder brothers,  
 support our dull fathers contrived to depend  
 certain acres, with the rooks, whose ancestors  
 em the wide world ; I cannot but admire  
 aternity, and condemn my own. Is not Jack  
 y much to be preferred to the knight he has  
 d ? Jack has his equipage, his wenches, and  
 lowers : the knight, so far from a retinue,  
 is almost one of Jack’s. However, he is  
 ou see, still ; a florid outside.—His habit  
 the man—And since he must unbutton, he  
 not be reduced outwardly ; but is stripped to  
 per coat. But though I have great temptation  
 I will not at this time give the history of the  
 side ; but speak the effects of my thoughts,  
 he loss of my money, upon the gaining peo-  
 This ill fortune makes most men contem-  
 and given to reading ; at least it has hap-  
 so to me ; and the rise and fall of the family  
 arpers in all ages has been my contem-  
 1.’

ed, all times have had of this people : Homer,  
 excellent heroic poem, calls them Myrmi-  
 who were a body that kept among them-  
 and had nothing to lose ; therefore never  
 either Greek or Trojan, when they fell in  
 ray, upon a party. But there is a memorable  
 which gives us an account of what broke that  
 body, and made both Greeks and Trojans  
 s of the secret of their warfare and plunder

There is nothing so pedantic as many quot therefore I shall inform you only, that in the talion there were two officers called Thersit Pandarus: they were both less renowned for beauty than their wit; but each had this particular happiness, that they were plunged over the ears in the same water which made Achilles invulnerable; and had ever after certain gifts, which the rest of the world were never to enjoy.

Others, they were never to know they were mortal, dreadful to the sight of all mortals, never to be confident of their own abilities, never to blush, and never to be wounded but by each other. Though historians say, gaming began among the Greeks to divert hunger, I could cite many authors to prove it had its rise at the siege of Troy; and that Ulysses won the sevenfold shield at hazard. Be that as it may, the ruin of the corps of the Myrmidons proceeded from a breach between Thersit and Pandarus. The first of these was lead, the second a squadron, wherein the latter was but a man; but having all the good qualities necessary for a partisan, he was the favourite of his commander. But the whole history of the several changes in the order of sharpers, from those Myrmidons to modern men of address and plunder, will be better understood if we consult some ancient manuscripts.

If we make these inquiries, we shall diurnally communicate them to the public, that the Knights of Industry may be better understood by the people of England. These sort of men, in former times, were sycophants and flatterers only, and were armed with arts of life to capacitate them for the conversation of the rich and great; but now they bubble courts the impostor, and pretends at most to be but his equal. To clear up the causes in such revolutions, and the d

ct between fools and cheats, shall be one of  
 abours for the good of this kingdom. How  
 fore, pimps, footmen, fidlers, and lackeys,  
 elevated into companions in this present age,  
 be accounted for from the the influence of the  
 met Mercury on this island; the ascendancy of  
 h sharper over Sol, who is a patron of the  
 uses and all honest professions, has been noted by  
 e learned Job Gadbury \*, to be the cause, that  
 unning and trick are more esteemed than art and  
 ence.' It must be allowed also, to the memory

Mr. Partridge, late of Cecil-street in the  
 rand, that in his answer to an horary question,  
 : what hour of the night to set a fox-trap in June  
 05? he has largely discussed, under the cha-  
 racter of Reynard, the manner of surprising all  
 rpers as well as him. But of these great points,  
 ter more mature deliberation.

*St. James's Coffee-house, August 17.*

‘ To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

SIR,

‘ We have nothing at present new, but that we  
 erstand by some owlers †, old people die in  
 ce. Letters from Paris, of the tenth instant,  
 .s. say, that Monsieur d’Andre, Marquis d’Orai-  
 died at eighty-five: Monsieur Brumars, at one  
 ed and two years, died for love of his wife,  
 io was ninety-two at her death, after seventy  
 ars cohabitation. Nicholas de Boutheiller, parish-  
 acher of Sasseville, being a bachelor, held out to

\* Gadbury was an almanack-maker and astrologer.

† Owler signifies one who carries contraband goods; the  
 rd is perhaps derived from the necessity of carrying on an  
 it trade by night.

one hundred and sixteen. Dame Claud de Ma relict of Monsieur Peter de Monceaux, Grand A diencer of France, died on the seventeenth, one hundred and seven. Letters of the sevente say, Monsieur Chrestien de Lamoignon died on seventh instant, a person of great piety and virtu but having died young, his age is concealed for n sons of state. On the fifteenth, his Most Chr Majesty, attended by the Dauphin, the duke Burgundy, the duke and duchess of Berry, a at the procession which he yearly performs in n mory of a vow made by Lewis the Thirteenth, 1638. For which act of piety his majesty receiv absolution of his confessor, for the breach of all convenient vows made by himself. I am, sir, yo most humble servant,

‘ HUMPHREY KIDNEY.’

*From my own Apartment, August 17.*

I am to acknowledge several letters which I lately received ; among others, one subscribed r lanthropos, another Emilia, both which shall honoured. I have a third from an officer in army, wherein he desires I would do justice to many gallant actions which have been done by of private characters, or officers of lower statu during this long war ; that their families may b the pleasure of seeing we lived in an age, whe men of all orders had their proper share in f and glory. There is nothing I should undert with greater pleasure than matters of this ki if therefore they, who are acquainted with s facts, would please to communicate them, by ters directed to me at Mr. Morpew’s, no p should be spared to put them in a proper and tinguishing light.

\* This is to admonish Stentor, that it was admiration of his voice, but my publication, which has lately increased the number of his  
rs.

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Nº 57. SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines——  
nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill——*  
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

*Will's Coffee-house, August 19.*

WAS this evening representing a complaint sent me out of the country from Emilia. She says, her neighbours there have so little sense of what a refined lady of the town is, that she, who was a celebrated wit in London, is in that dull part of the world in so little esteem, that they call her in their style a tongue-pad. Old Truepenny bid me advise her to keep her wit until she comes to town, and admonish her, that both wit and breeding are local; for a fine court lady is as awkward among country housewives, as one of them would appear in a drawing-room. It is therefore the most useful knowledge one can attain at, to understand among what sort of men we make the best use; for if there be a place where the beautiful accomplished Emilia is unacceptable, it is cer-

tainly a vain endeavour to attempt pleasing in conversations. Here is Will Ubi, who is so thin after the reputation of a companion, that his company is for any body that will accept of it; and want of knowing whom to choose for, himself never chosen by others. There is a certain character of behaviour which makes a man desirable; which if he transgresses, his wit will have the same fate with Delia's beauty, which no one regards, because all know it is within their power. The course Emilia can take is, to have less humility for if she could have as good an opinion of herself for having every quality, as some of her neighbours have of themselves with one, she would inspire them with a sense of her merit, and make her carriage, which is now the subject of their derision, the sole object of their imitation. Until she arrived at this value of herself she must be contented with the fate of that uncommon creature woman too humble.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 19.*

Since my last, I have received a letter from Trump, to desire that I would do the fraternity of gamesters the justice to own, that there are many vicious sharpers, who are not of their class. At the same time he presented me with the picture of Coppersmith, in little, who, he says, is at times worth half a plumb\*, by means much more than by false dice. I must confess, there appears some reason in what he asserted; and he met me since, and accosted me in the following manner: 'It is wonderful to me, Mr. Bickerstaff, that you can pretend to be a man of penetration, and yet upon us Knights of the Industry as the wicked

\* A plumb is a term in the city for 100,000*l*.

nortals, when there are so many who live in the  
 ant practice of baser methods unobserved. You  
 t, though you know the story of myself and  
 worth Briton, but allow I am an honest man  
 Will Coppersmith, for all his great credit  
 ng the Lombards. I get my money by men's  
 ues, and he gets his by their distresses. The de-  
 ming merchant communicates his griefs to him,  
 d he augments them by extortion. If, therefore,  
 gard is to be had to the merit of the persons we  
 jure, who is the more blameable, he that op-  
 esses an unhappy man, or he that cheats a foolish  
 e? All mankind are indifferently liable to adverse  
 rokes of fortune; and he who adds to them,  
 hen he might relieve them, is certainly a worse  
 bject, than he who unburdens a man whose pros-  
 erity is unwieldy to him. Besides all which, he  
 borrows of Coppersmith does it out of ne-  
 ssity; he that plays with me does it out of  
 choice.'

I allowed Trump there are men as bad as him-  
 self, which is the height of his pretensions: and  
 must confess that Coppersmith is the most wicked  
 impudent of all sharpers: a creature that cheats  
 with credit, and is a robber in the habit of a friend.  
 The contemplation of this worthy person made me  
 reflect on the wonderful successes I have observed  
 in of the meanest capacities meet with in the  
 world, and recollect an observation I once heard a  
 ge man make; which was 'That he had ob-  
 served that in some professions, the lower the un-  
 dstanding, the greater the capacity.' I remem-  
 ber instanced that of a banker, and said, that  
 the fewer appetites, passions, and ideas a man  
 , he was the better for his business.'

There is little Sir Tristram, without connexion  
 his speech, or so much as common sense, has

arrived by his own natural parts at one greatest estates among us. But honest Sir Tram knows himself to be but a repository for he is just such an utensil as his iron chest, or rather be said to hold money, than possess it. is nothing so pleasant as to be in the conversation these wealthy proficient. I had lately the to drink half a pint with Sir Tristram, Harpersmith, and Giles Twoshoes. These were one another credit in discourse, according to purses; they jest by the pound, and make as as they honour bills. Without vanity, I thought myself the prettiest fellow of the company; had no manner of power over one muscle in faces, though they smirked at every word by each other. Sir Tristram called for a tobacco; and telling us 'tobacco was a pot bid the drawer bring him the other half Twoshoes laughed at the knight's wit, without deration; I took the liberty to say, 'it was pun.' 'A pun!' said Coppersmith; 'you be a better man by ten thousand pounds if you pun like Sir Tristram.' With that they all out together. The queer cur's maintained the of dialogue until we had drunk our quart ap half-pints. All I could bring away with that Twoshoes is not worth twenty thousand pounds for his mirth, though he was as insipid as either the others, had no more effect upon the company than if he had been a bankrupt.

*From my own Apartment, August 19.*

I have heard, it had been advised by a divine to his inferior clergy, that, instead of bro opinions of their own, and uttering doctrines may lead themselves and hearers into error would read some of the most celebrated ser-



by others for the instruction of their con-  
s. In imitation of such preachers at se-  
and, I shall transcribe from Bruyere one of  
st elegant pieces of raillery and satire which I  
ever read. He describes the French as if  
ing of a people not yet discovered, in the air  
style of a traveller.

\* I have heard talk of a country, where the old  
en are gallant, polite, and civil: the young men,  
the contrary, stubborn, wild, without either  
manners or civility. They are free from passion for  
n at the age when in other countries they be-  
to feel it, and prefer beasts, victuals, and ridi-  
cious amours before them. Amongst these people,  
is sober who is never drunk with any thing but  
ine; the too frequent use of it having rendered it  
flat and insipid to them: they endeavour by bran-  
y, or other strong liquors, to quicken their taste,  
already extinguished, and want nothing to complete  
their debauches, but to drink aqua-fortis. The  
women of that country hasten the decay of their  
beauty, by their artifices to preserve it: they paint  
their cheeks, eye-brows, and shoulders, which they  
lay open, together with their breasts, arms, and  
ears, as if they were afraid to hide those places  
which they think will please, and never think they  
show enough of them. The physiognomies of the  
people of that country are not at all neat, but con-  
fused and embarrassed with a bundle of strange hair,  
which they prefer before their natural: with this  
they weave something to cover their heads, which  
descends down half way their bodies, hides their  
features, and hinders you from knowing men by  
their faces. This nation has, besides this, their  
god and their king. The grandees go every day,  
at a certain hour, to a temple they call a church:  
at the upper end of that temple there stands an

altar consecrated to their God, where the  
celebrates some mysteries, which they call  
cred, and tremendous. The great men ma  
circle at the foot of the altar, standing  
backs to the priest and the holy mysteries,  
faces erected towards their king, who is s  
knees upon a throne, and to whom they  
direct the desires of their hearts, and all  
votion. However, in this custom there  
remarked a sort of subordination ; for  
appear adoring their prince, and their princ  
God. The inhabitants of this region c  
it is from forty-eight degrees of latitude,  
than eleven hundred leagues by sea,  
Iroquois and Hurons.'

Letters from Hampstead say, there is a  
arrived there, of a kind which is utterly n  
fellow has courage, which he takes him  
obliged to give proofs of every hour he li  
ever fighting with the men, and contrad  
women. A lady, who sent to me, superse  
with this description out of Suckling :

'I am a man of war and might,  
And know thus much that I can fight,  
Whether I am i'th' wrong or right,

Devoutly.

No woman under heaven I fear,  
New oaths I can exactly swear ;  
And forty healths my brain will bear,  
Most stoutly.'

Nº 58. TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. 65, 66.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 22.*

POOR CYNTHIO, who does me the honour to talk to me now and then very freely of his most secret thoughts, and tells me his most private frailties, owned to me, that though he is in his very prime of life, love had killed all his desires, and he was now as much to be trusted with a fine lady, as if he were eighty. 'That one passion for Clarissa has taken up,' said he, 'my whole soul; and all my idle flames are extinguished, as you may observe ordinary fires are often put out by the sunshine.'

This was a declaration not to be made but upon the highest opinion of a man's sincerity; yet as such a subject of raillery as such a speech would be, is is certain, that chastity is a nobler quality, and as much to be valued in men as in women. The mighty Scipio, 'who,' as Bluffe says in the Comedy, 'was a pretty fellow in his time,' was of his mind, and is celebrated for it by an author of good sense. When he lived, wit, and humour, and raillery, and public success, were at as high a pitch at Rome, as at present in England; yet, I believe, there was no man in those days thought that

general at all ridiculous in his behaviour in following account of him.

Scipio, at four-and-twenty years of age, gained a great victory ; and a multitude of prisoners of each sex, and all conditions, fell into his possession : among others, an agreeable virgin in early bloom and beauty. He had too sensibility to see the most lovely of all objects without being moved with passion : besides which, there was an obligation of honour or virtue to restrain him towards one who was his by the fortune of war. But a noble indignation, and a sudden blush which appeared in her countenance, when the conqueror cast his eyes upon her, raised his curiosity to know her story. He was informed, that she was a lady of the highest condition in that country, who had contracted to Indibilis, a man of merit and fortune. The generous Roman soon placed himself in the condition of that unhappy man, who was to be married, charming a bride ; and though a youth, a beauty, a lover, and a conqueror, immediately resigned all the invitations of his passion, and the use of his power to restore her to her destined band. With this purpose he commanded her to be attended by her parents and relations, as well as her husband, to attend him at an appointed time. When they were all assembled, and were waiting for the general, my author turned to himself the different concern of an unhappy man, a despairing lover, and a tender mother, and the several persons who were so related to the captive. But, for fear of injuring the delicacy of the circumstances with an old translation, I shall not tell you that Scipio appears to them, and sets his prisoner into their presence. The Romans were as noble as they were seemed to allow them a little too much triumph over the conquered ;

Scipio approached, they all threw themselves on their knees, except the lover of the lady : observing in him a manly sullenness, was inclined to favour him, and spoke to him

WOT

not in the manner of the Romans to use all they justly may : we fight not to ravage or break through the ties of humanity. I am contented with your worth, and your interest only : fortune has made me your master ; I am contented to be your friend. This is your wife, Cynthia, and may the gods bless you with her ! I will leave it from Scipio to purchase a loose and dissipated pleasure at the rate of making an honest man a slave.

His heart was too full to make him any more ; but he threw himself at the feet of the general, and wept aloud. The captive lady fell into a swoon ; and they both remained so, until they burst into the following words : ' O di-  
 ! the gods have given you more than human strength. O glorious leader ! O wondrous youth ! that obliged virgin give you, while she is the gods for your prosperity, and thinks down from them, raptures, above all the pleasures which you could have reaped from the ruin of her injured person ?' The temperate general answered him without much emotion, and, ' Father, be a friend to Rome,' retired. An hundred thousand was offered as her ransom ; but he sent her husband, and, smiling, said, ' This is a price what I have given him already ; but let me know, that chastity at my age is a much more difficult virtue to practise than generosity.'

Scipio was very much taken with my wife ; but told me, ' this was a virtue that bore but a very inconsiderable figure in our

days. However, I took the liberty to say, 'we ought not to lose our ideas of things, though we had debauched our true relish in our pastime; for, after we have done laughing, solid virtue must keep its place in men's opinions: and though the present custom made it not so scandalous as it ought to be, it should not ensnare innocent women, and triumph in the hood; such actions, as we have here related, should not be accounted true gallantry, and rise to the height of our esteem, the farther they are removed from imitation.'

*Will's Coffee-house, August 22.*

A man would be apt to think, in this late town, that it were impossible a thing so expensive as speaking hard words should be practised by one that had ever seen good company; but, there were a standard in our minds as well as in the streets; you see very many just where they were twenty years ago, and more they cannot, will not arrive. Were it not thus, the noble Martius would not be the only man in England whom nobody can understand, though he talks more than any man else.

Will Dactyle the epigrammatist, Jack Commagranian, Nick Cross-grain who writes epigrams, and myself, made a pretty company at the corner of this room; and entered very peaceably upon a subject fit enough for us, which was an examination of the force of the particle *For*. Martius joined us. He, being well known to all, asked 'what we were upon? for he had in mind to consummate the happiness of the evening which had been spent among the stars of the magnitude, among the men of letters; and therefore to put a period to it as he had commenced. he should be glad to be allowed to participate of the pleasure of our society.' I told him the sub-

h, gentlemen,' said Martius, 'your subject  
 ble : and if you will give me leave to elevate  
 onversation, I should humbly offer, that you  
 l enlarge your inquiries to the word For-as-  
 n; for though I take it, said he, 'to be but  
 word, yet the participle Much implying quantity,  
 particle As similitude, it will be greater, and  
 ore like ourselves, to treat of For-as-much.' Jack  
 omma is always serious, and answered, 'Martins,  
 must take the liberty to say, that you have fallen  
 to all this error and profuse manner of speech by  
 certain hurry in your imagination, for want of  
 eing more exact in the knowledge of the parts of  
 peech; and it is so with all men who have not well  
 tudied the particle For. You have spoken For  
 without making any inference, which is the great  
 use of that particle. There is no manner of force  
 your observation of quantity and similitude in the  
 syllables As and Much. But it is ever the fault of  
 men of great wit to be incorrect; which evil they  
 run into by an indiscreet use of the word For.  
 Consider all the books of controversy which have  
 been written, and I will engage you will observe,  
 that all the debate lies in this point, Whether they  
 brought in For in a just manner; or forced it in for  
 their own use, rather than as understanding the use  
 of the word itself? There is nothing like familiar  
 instances: you have heard the story of the Irishman,  
 who reading, "Money for live hair," took a lodging,  
 and expected to be paid for living at that house.  
 If this man had known, For was in that place of a  
 quite different signification from the particle To,  
 he could not have fallen into the mistake of taking  
 it for what the Latins call *Vivere*, or rather  
*abitare*.'

Martius seemed at a loss; and, admiring his pro-  
 found learning, wished he had been bred a scholar,

for he did not take the scope of his discourse. In a wise debate, of which we had much more, we reflect upon the difference of their capacity and wonder that there could be as it were a sity in men's genius for nonsense; that one should bluster, while another crept, in absurdities. Martius moves like a blind man, lifting his legs higher than the ordinary way of stepping; and Comma like one who is only short-sighted, picking his way when he should be marching on. Want of learning makes Martius a brisk entertaining fool, and gives him a full scope; but that which Comma has, calls learning, makes him diffident, and curbs his natural misunderstanding to the great loss of men of raillery. This conversation confirmed me in the opinion, that learning usually does but prove in us what nature endowed us with. He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

*St. James's Coffee-house, August 22.*

We have undoubted intelligence of the death of the king of Sweden; and that prince, who for several years had hovered like an approaching tempest, was looked up at by all the nations of Europe, who seemed to expect their fate according to the course he should take, is now, in all probability, an happy exile, without the common necessities of life. His Czarish majesty treats his prisoners with great gallantry and distinction. Count Rhensfeldt has had particular marks of his majesty's esteem for his merit and services to his master; but Count Piper, whom his majesty believes author of the most violent counsels into which his prince entered, is disarmed, and entertained accordingly. That



battle was ended at nine in the morning; and Swedish generals dined with the Czar that day, and received assurances, that they should find no discovery was not unacquainted with the laws of honour and humanity.

59. THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1709.

*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*noster est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. i. 25, 26.

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 24.*

It has gained to himself an immortal renown  
in curing the manners, desires, passions, and inclinations  
of men, by fables of beasts and birds. I shall  
in my future accounts of our modern heroes  
and vits, vulgarly called sharpers, imitate the method  
of that delightful moralist; and think, I can  
represent those worthies more naturally than  
the shadow of a pack of dogs; for this set  
n are, like them, made up of finders,  
ers, and setters. Some search for the prey,  
s pursue, others take it, and if it be worth it,  
all come in at the death, and worry the car-

It would require a most exact knowledge of  
land and the harbours where the deer lie, to re-  
call all the revolutions in the chase.

But I am diverted from the train of my of the fraternity about this town, by le Hampstead, which give me an account, late institution there, under the name of shop; which is, it seems, secretly support person who is a deep practitioner in the out of tenderness of conscience has, under of his maid Sisly, set up this easier way of ancing and alienating estates from one another. He is so far from having an in with the rest of the fraternity, that all the cheats, who appear there, are out-face partners in the bank, and driven off by the of superior brass. This notice is given silly faces that pass that way, that they n decoyed in by the soft allurements of a who is the sign to the pageantry. At the Signior Hawksly, who is the patron of hold, is desired to leave off this interloper or admit as he ought to do, the Knights industry to their share of the spoil. But matter is only by way of digression. The return to our worthies.

The present race of terriers and hounds starve, were it not for the enchanted Act has kept the whole pack for many successive hunting seasons. Actæon has long tracted soil; but had the misfortune in his youth under the power of sorcery, and has since, some parts of the year, a deer, and parts a man. While he is a man, such is of magic, he no sooner grows to such a fatness, but he is again turned into a hunted until he is lean; upon which he his human shape. Many arts have been many resolutions taken by Actæon himself how such methods as would break the encl

all have hitherto proved ineffectual. I have  
 re, by midnight watchings and much care,  
 out, that there is no way to save him from  
 's of his hounds, but to destroy the pack,  
 by astrological prescience, I find I am  
 ned to perform. For which end I have sent out  
 familiar, to bring me a list of all the places  
 ere they are harboured, that I may know where  
 sound my horn, and bring them together, and  
 is an account of their haunts and their marks,  
 ast another opportunity.

*Will's Coffee-house, August 24.*

I author of the ensuing letter, by his name,  
 d quotations he makes from the ancients,  
 a sort of spy from the old world, whom we  
 ought to be careful of offending; there-  
 re I must be free, and own it a fair hit where he  
 ses me, rather than disoblige him.

‘SIR,

‘Having a peculiar humour of desiring to be  
 newhat the better or wiser for what I read, I am  
 vays uneasy when, in any profound writer, for I  
 wd no others, I happen to meet with what I can-  
 t understand. When this falls out, it is a great  
 rance to me that I am not able to consult the  
 r himself about his meaning, for commen-  
 ors are a sect that has little share in my esteem :  
 r elaborate writings have, among many others,  
 a advantage; that their author is still alive, and  
 dy, as his extensive charity makes us expect, to  
 plain whatever may be found in them too sublime  
 vulgar understandings. This, sir, makes me  
 ume to ask you, how the Hampstead hero's cha-  
 racter could be perfectly new when the last letters  
 ne away, and yet sir John Suckling so well

acquainted with it sixty years ago? I hope, you will not take this amiss: I can assure you have a profound respect for you, which makes write this with the same disposition with Longinus bids us read Homer and Plato. When reading, says he, any of those celebrated authors we meet with a passage to which we cannot reconcile our reasons, we ought firmly to be that were those great wits present to answer themselves, we should to our wonder be convinced that we only are guilty of the mistakes we attributed to them. If you think fit to remove scruple that now torments me, it will be an encouragement to me to settle a frequent correspondence with you; several things falling in my way which would not, perhaps, be altogether foreign to your purpose, and whereon your thoughts would be very acceptable to your most humble servant,

OBADIAH GREENHAT.

I own this is clean, and Mr. Greenhat has convinced me that I have writ nonsense, yet am I not at all offended at him.

*Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.*

HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. 11.

‘I own th’ indulgence—Such I give and take.’

FRANCIS.

This is the true art of raillery, when a man turns another into ridicule, and shews at the same time he is in good humour, and not urged on by malice against the person he rallies. Obadiah Greenhat has hit this very well: for to make an apology to Isaac Bickerstaff, an unknown student and horary historian, as well as astrologer, and with a grave face to say, he speaks of him by the same rule with which he would treat Homer or Plato, is t

him in company where he cannot expect to be a figure; and make him flatter himself, that only being named with them which renders most ridiculous.

He is not known, and I am now passed my grand character, being sixty-four years of age, according to my way of life; or rather, if you will allow me to say so, in an old gentleman, according to my way of life.

I say, as old as I am, I have not been acquainted with many of the Greenhats. There is indeed, one Zedekiah Greenhat, who is lucky also in his way. He has a very agreeable manner; for

he has a mind thoroughly to correct a man, and never takes from him any thing, but he allows something for it; or else he blames him for

wherein he is not defective, as well as for errors wherein he is. This makes a weak man

where he is in jest in the whole. The other day I told Beau Prim, who is thought impotent, that his mistress had declared she would not have him because he was a sloven, and had committed a

crime. The beau bit at the banter, and said very easily, 'he thought to be clean was as much as necessary; and that as to the rape, he won-

der what witchcraft that should come to her; but it had indeed cost him a hundred pounds to finish the affair.'

The Greenhats are a family with small voices and strong arms, therefore they have power with none of their friends: they never call after those who are away from them, or pretend to take hold of you if you resist. But it has been remarkable, that all who have shunned their company, or not listened to them, have fallen into the hands of such as have picked out their brains, or broken their bones. I have looked over our pedigree upon the receipt of a pedigree, and find the Greenhats are a-kin to the

Staffs. They descend from Maudlin, the left-handed wife of Nehemiah Bickerstaff, in the reign of Harry the Second. And it is remarkable, they are all left-handed, and have always been expert at single rapier. A man must be very much used to their play to know how to defend himself, for their posture is so different from that of the right-handed, that you run upon their sword if you push forward: and they are in with you if you offer to fall back without keeping your guard.

There have been also letters lately sent to me which relate to other people: among the rest, some of whom I have heretofore declared to be so, are deceased. I must not therefore break through my promise so far, as to speak ill of the dead. This maxim tends to all but the late Partridge, who still defies his death. I am informed indeed by several, that he walks; but I shall with all convenient speed visit him.

*St. James's Coffee-house, August 24.*

We hear from Tournay, that on the night between the twenty-second and twenty-third, the French went on with their works in the enemy's mine, and levelled the earth which was taken out of it. The next day, at eight in the morning, when the French observed we were relieving our trenches, they sprung a larger mine than any they had sprung during the siege, which killed only four private sentinels. The ensuing night we had three and two officers killed, as also seven men wounded. Between the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, we repaired some works which the enemy had ruined. On the next day, some of the enemy's magazines blew up; and it is thought they were destroyed.

ome of their men, who are impatient  
hips of the present service. There  
hing remarkable for two or three days  
a deserter who came out of the citadel  
-seventh, says, the garrison is brought  
necessity ; that ther bread and water  
bad ; and that they were reduced to  
h. The manner of fighting in this  
vered a gallantry in our men unknown  
s ; their meeting with adverse parties  
l, where every step is taken with ap-  
of being blown up with mines below  
shed by the fall of the earth above  
this acted in darkness, has something  
errible than is ever met with in any  
f a soldier's duty. However, this is  
th great checrfulness. In other parts  
e have also good prospects : Count  
ken Annecy, and the Count de Merci  
Franche Compté, while his Electoral  
uch superior in number to Monsieur  
so that both on the side of Savoy and  
have reason to expect very suddenly  
ent.

Nº 60. SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 17

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*Quicquid agunt homines——*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. 8,

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 26.*

To proceed regularly in the history of my work I ought to give an account of what has passed day to day in this place; but a young fellow acquaintance has so lately been rescued out of the hands of the Knights of the Industry, that I refuse to relate the manner of his escape from prison and the uncommon way which was used to rescue him, than to go on in my intended diary.

You are to know then, that Tom Wildair is a student of the Inner Temple, and has spent his time since he left the university for that place, in the common diversions of men of fashion; that is to say, in whoring, drinking, and gaming. These were his former vices he had from his father; but was brought into the last by the conversation of a partizan of the Myrmidons who had chambers near him. His allowance from his father was a very plentiful one for a man of sense, but as scanty for a modern fine gentleman. His frequent losses had reduced him to a necessitous condition, that his lodgings were always haunted by impatient creditors; and as his thoughts employed in contriving low methods to support himself in a way of life from which



not how to retreat, and in which he wanted to proceed. There is never wanting some tured person to send a man an account of ne has no mind to hear; therefore many were conveyed to the father of this extra- nt, to inform him of the company, the plea- , the distresses, and entertainments, in which son passed his time. The old fellow received advices with all the pain of a parent, but freely consulted his pillow, to know how to be- hi If on such important occasions, as the or his son, and the safety of his fortune. ter many agitations of mind, he reflected, that ity was the usual snare which made men fall , and that a liberal fortune generally a liberal and honest mind; he resolved there- to save him from his ruin, by giving him op- e as of tasting what it is to be at ease, and t to him the following order upon Sir Cash.

‘SIR,

‘Pray pay to Mr. Thomas Wildair, or order, the of one thousand pounds, and place it to the ac- of yours,

HUMPHRY WILDAIR.’

T was so astonished with the receipt of this that though he knew it to be his father’s l that he had always large sums at Sir ; yet a thousand pounds was a trust of n conduct had always made him appear so ole, that he kept his note by him, until to his father the following letter :

‘HONOURED FATHER,

‘I have received an order under your hand for a nsand pounds, in words at length; and I think

I could swear it is your own hand. I have lo it over and over twenty thousand times. Tl in plain letters, 'T,h,o,u,s,a,n,d; and after it, letters P,o,u,n,d,s. I have it still by me, and I believe, continue reading it until I l you.'

'The old gentleman took no manner of notice the receipt of his letter; but sent him another c for three thousand pounds more. His ama on this second letter was unspeakable. He diately double-locked his door, and sat down fully to reading and comparing both his or After he had read them until he was half mad walked six or seven turns in his chamber, opens his door, then locks it again; and to amine thoroughly this matter, he locks his again, puts his table and chairs against it; goes into his closet, and, locking himself in, his notes over again about nineteen times, w did but increase his astonishment. Soon after began to recollect many stories he had forn heard of persons, who had been possessed imaginations and appearances which had no f dation in nature, but had been taken with su madness in the midst of a seeming clear and tainted reason. This made him very gravely clude he was out of his wits; and, with a d to compose himself, he immediately betakes h his night-cap, with a resolution to sleep h into his former poverty and senses. 'To bed-t fore he goes at noon-day; but soon rose again, resolved to visit Sir Tristram upon this occa He did so, and dined with the knight, expe he would mention some advice from his f about paying him money; but no such thing said, 'Look you, Sir Tristram,' said he, ' are to know that an affair has happened, whi

ok you,' says Tristram, 'I know, Mr. Wildair, you are going to desire me to advance; but the bill of the bank, where I have not yet made payment, has obliged me'— Tom interrupted him, by showing him the bill of a thousand. When he had looked at it for a convenient time, and as often surveyed Tom's looks and countenance; 'Look you Mr. Wildair, a thousand— Before he could proceed, he shows him another for three thousand more—Sir Tristram examined the orders at the light, and finding at the bottom the name, there was a certain stroke in one which the father and he had agreed should be in such directions as he desired might be more completely honoured, he forthwith pays the money. The possession of four thousand pounds gave the young gentleman a new train of thoughts: he began to reflect upon his birth, the great expectations he was born to, and the unsuitable ways he had been pursuing. Instead of that unthinking conduct he was before, he is now provident, generous, and discreet. The father and son have an established regular correspondence, with mutual and increased confidence in each other. The son looks upon his father as the best tenant he could have in the country, and the father finds the son the most agreeable partner he could have in the city.

*Will's Coffee-house, August 26.*

There is not any thing in nature so extravagant, but that you will find one man or other that shall support or maintain it; otherwise Harry Spondee would not have made so long an harangue as he did this evening, concerning the force and efficacy of well-applied nonsense. Among ladies, he has lately averred, it was the most prevailing part of coquetry: and had so little complaisance as to

say, 'a woman is never taken by her reason always by her passion.' He proceeds to 'the way to move that, was only to say, I know,' continued he, 'a very late this; for being by accident in the room Strephon, I could not help over-hearing I made love to a certain great lady's woman true method in your application to one of the second rank of understanding, is not to elevate by surprise, but rather to elevate and amuse. Strephon is a perfect master in this kind of performance. His way is to run over with a soft air a number of words, without meaning or connexion; but to do each of them apart give a pleasing idea, they have nothing to do with each other resembles them. After the common phrases of flattery, and making his entry into the room, he received he had taken the fair nymph's hand, kissing it said, 'Witness to my happy groves! be still ye rivulets! Oh! woods, fountains, trees, dales, mountains, hills, and Oh! fairest! could you love me?' To which Strephon overheard her answer, with a very pretty lisp, 'Strephon, you are a dangerous creature: why do you talk these tender things to me? but you men of wit'— 'Is it then possible,' said the enamoured Strephon, 'that she regards my sorrows! Oh! pity, thou balmy cure to a heart over-loaded! if rapture, solicitation, soft desire, and pleasing anxiety— But still I live in the most afflicting of all circumstances, doubt—Cannot my charmer name the place and moment?

"There all those joys insatiably to prove,  
With which rich beauty feeds the glutton love."

'Forgive me, madam; it is not that my heart is weary of its chain, but'— This incoherent stuff

were by a tender sigh, 'Why do you put  
 it to a weak woman?' Strephon saw he had  
 some progress in her heart, and pursued it, by  
 that, 'He would certainly wait upon her at  
 hour near Rosamond's pond; and then—  
 ivan deities, and rural powers of the place,  
 and inviolable to love, love the mover of  
 ble arts, should hear his vows repeated by the  
 ns and echoes.' The assignation was accord-  
 made, 'This style he calls the unintelligible  
 of speaking his mind; and I will engage,  
 his gallant spoken plain English, she had never  
 stood him half so readily: for we may take it  
 anted, that he will be esteemed as a very cold  
 , who discovers to his mistress that he is in his  
 l.

*From my own Apartment, August 26.*

e following letter came to my hand, with a re-  
 to have the subject recommended to our  
 rs, particularly the smart fellows; who are de-  
 to repair to Major Touch-hole, who can help  
 to firelocks that are only fit for exercise.

'Just ready for the Press,

fars Triumphant; or London's Glory: be-  
 ie whole art of encampment, with the method  
 battling armies, marching them off, posting  
 micers, forming hollow squares, and the va-  
 ways of paying the salute with the half-pike;  
 was performed by the trained-bands of London  
 year, one thousand seven hundred and nine,  
 at nursery of Bellona the Artillery-ground.  
 ein you have a new method how to form a  
 g line of foot, with large intervals between  
 platoon, very useful to prevent the breaking-

in of horse. A civil way of perform  
 litary ceremony; wherein the major :  
 his horse, and at the head of his c many  
 the lieutenant-colonel; and the lieutena eo  
 to return the compliment, courteously :  
 and after the same manner salutes l or ;  
 actly as it was performed, with abu nce of  
 plause, on the fifth of July last. Like  
 count of a new invention, made use of in  
 regiment, to quell mutineering captains; v  
 veral other things alike useful for the p l.  
 which is added, an appendix by major Touca  
 proving the method of discipline now used in  
 armies to be very defective: with an essay tow  
 an amendment. Dedicated to the l  
 lonel of the first regiment.'

\*.\* Mr. Bickerstaff has now in the press, 'A  
 defence of awkward fellows against the class of the  
 smarts: with a dissertation upon the gravity which  
 becomes weighty persons. Illustrated by way of  
 fable, and a discourse on the nature of the elephant,  
 the cow, the dray-horse, and the dromedary, which  
 have motions equally steady and grave. To this is  
 added a treatise written by an elephant, according  
 to Pliny, against receiving foreigners into the forest.  
 Adapted to some present circumstances. Together  
 with allusions to such beasts as declare against the  
 poor Palatines.'

N° 61. TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1709.

*Quicquid agunt homines——*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 29.*

Among many phrases which have crept into conversation, especially of such company as frequent this place, there is not one which misleads me more, than that of a 'Fellow of a great deal of fire.' This metaphorical term, Fire, has done much good in keeping coxcombs in awe of one another; but at the same time it has made them troublesome to every body else. You see, in the very air of 'a Fellow of Fire,' something so expressive of what he would be at, that if it were not for self-preservation, a man would laugh out.

I had last night the fate to drink a bottle with two of these Firemen, who are indeed dispersed like the Myrmidons in all quarters, and to be met with among those of the most different education. One of my companions was a scholar with Fire; and the other a soldier of the same complexion. My learned man would fall into disputes, and argue without any manner of provocation or contradiction; the other was decisive without words, and would give a shrug or an oath to express his opinion. My learned man was a mere scholar, and my man of war as mere a soldier. The particularity

of the first was ridiculous, that of the second, terrible. They were relations by blood, which some measure moderated their extravagances towards each other: I gave myself up merely as a person of no note in the company, but as if brought to be convinced that I was an inconsiderable thing any otherwise than that they would show each to me, and make me spectator of the triumph alternately enjoyed. The scholar has been conversant with books, and the other with only; which makes them both superficial: for, taste of books is necessary to our behaviour in best company, and the knowledge of men is required for a true relish of books: but they have both Fire, which makes one pass for a man of sense, and the other for a fine gentleman. I found, I could easily enough pass my time with the scholar: for if I seemed not to do justice to his parts and sentiments, he pitied me, and let me alone. But the warrior would not let it rest there; I must know all that happened within his shallow observations of the nature of the war: to all which he added an air of laziness, and contempt of those of his companions who were eminent for delighting in the exercise and knowledge of their duty. Thus it is, that all the young fellows of much animal life, and little understanding, who repair to our armies, usurp upon the conversation of reasonable men, under the notion of having Fire.

The word has not been of greater use to shallow lovers, to supply them with chat to their mistresses, than it has been to pretended men of pleasure, to support them in being pert and dull, and saying of every fool of their order, 'Such a one has Fire.' There is colonel Truncheon, who marches with divisions ready on all occasions; a hero who never doubted in his life, but is ever positively fixed in



, not out of obstinate opinion, but invincibility.

very unhappy for this latitude of London, possible for such as can learn only fashion, and a set of common phrases of salutation, with no other accomplishments, in this of freedom, for men of conversation and All these ought to pretend to is, not to but they carry it so far as to be negligent they offend or not; 'for they have Fire.' force differs from true spirit, as much as vicious from a mettlesome horse. A man of Fire is general enemy to all the waiters where you sit; is the only man affronted at the company's neglected; and makes the drawers abroad, valet de chambre and footman at home, know he is not to be provoked without danger.

is not the Fire that animates the noble Marquis, a youth of good nature, affability, and moderation. He commands his ship as an intelligence receives its orb: he is the vital life, and his officers limbs of the machine. His vivacity is seen in all the offices of life with readiness of spirit, propriety in the manner of doing them. To be alive in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing of a man of merit; while the common error of every gay coxcomb of Fire is, to be content in the wrong, and dare to persist in it.

*Will's Coffee-house, August 29.*

It is a common objection against writings of a calm mixture, that they hurt men in their reputations, and consequently in their fortunes and positions; but a gentleman who frequents this room is of opinion it ought to be so, provided such performances had their proper reductions. The greatest evils in human society are

such as no law can come at ; as in the case of gratitude, where the manner of obliging very often leaves the benefactor without means of demanding justice, though that very circumstance should be the more binding to the person who has received the benefit. On such an occasion, shall it be possible for the malefactor to escape ? and is it lawful to set marks upon persons who live within the law, and do base things ? shall not we use the same protection of those laws to punish them which they have to defend themselves ? We should therefore take it for a very moral action to give a good appellation for offenders, and to turn them into ridicule under feigned names.

I am advertised by a letter of August 25, that the name of Coppersmith has very much wanted explanation in the city, and by that means is unjustly given, by those who are conscious they deserve it themselves, to an honest and worthy citizen belonging to the Copper-office ; but that word is framed out of a moral consideration of wealth amongst men, whereby he that has gotten any part of it by injustice and extortion, is to be thought in the eye of virtuous men so much the poorer for such gain. Thus, all the gold which is torn from our neighbours, by making advantage of their wants, is Copper ; and I authorise the Lombards to distinguish themselves accordingly. All the honest, who make a reasonable profit, both for the advantage of themselves and those they deal with, are Goldsmiths ; but those who tear unjustly all they can, are Coppersmiths. At the same time, I desire him who is most guilty, to sit down satisfied with riches and contempt, and be known by the title of ' The Coppersmith ;' as being the chief of that respected, contemptible fraternity.

is the case of all others mentioned in our rations; particularly of Stentor who goes vociferations at St. Paul's with so much icy, that he has received admonition from St. for it, from a person of eminent wit and but who is by old age reduced to the infirm sleeping at a service, to which he had been years attentive; and whose death, whenever pens, may, with that of the saints, well be 'falling asleep:' for the innocence of his makes him expect it as indifferently as he does inary rest. This gives him a cheerfulness of to rally on his own weakness, and hath made rite to Stentor to hearken to my admonitions. her Stentor,' said he, 'for the repose of the, hearken to Bickertaff; and consider that, you are so devout at St. Paul's, we cannot or you at St. Peter's.'

*From my own Apartment, August 29.*

re has been lately sent me a much harder n than was ever yet put to me, since I pro-astrology; to wit, how far, and to what age, ought to make their beauty their chief con-

The regard and care of their faces and per-e as variously to be considered, as their com-is themselves differ; but if one may transgress: the careful practice of the fair sex so much ive an opinion against it, I humbly presume,

care, better applied, would increase their, and make it last as long as life. Whereas from their own example, we take our esteem ir merit from it; for it is very just that she alues herself only on her beauty, should be d by others on no other consideration.

re is certainly a liberal and a pedantic education women, as well as men; and the merit lasts

accordingly. She, therefore, that is bred w  
dom, and in good company, considers  
ing to their respective characters and au  
while she, that is locked up from such o  
will consider her father's butler, not as a  
but as a man. In like manner, when  
verse with women, the well-bred and  
are looked upon with an observation suit  
different talents and accomplishments, v  
spect to their sex; while a mere w  
served under no consideration but that of a w  
and there can be but one reason for pl  
value upon her, or losing time in her comp  
Wherefore, I am of opinion, that the rule  
pleasing long is, to obtain such qualification  
would make them so, were they not women.

Let theauteous Clomira then show us her  
face, and know that every stage of life has its  
culiar charms, and that there is no necessity  
fifty to be fifteen. That childish colouring o  
cheeks is now as ungraceful, as that shape w  
have been when her face wore its real count  
She has sense, and ought to know, that if she  
not follow nature, nature will follow her.  
then has made that person which had, wh  
sited her grandfather, an agreeable bloom, s  
air, and soft utterance, now no less gracefu  
lovely aspect, an awful manner, and maternal  
dom. But her heart was so set upon her first  
racter, that she neglects and repines at her pr  
not that she is against a more stayed condu  
others, for she recommends gravity, circumspe  
and severity of countenance to her daughter.  
against all chronology, the girl is the sage, th  
ther the fine lady.

But these great evils proceed from an unacc  
able wild method in the education of the bette

he world, the women. We have no such thing a standard for good breeding. I was the other at my lady Wealthy's, and asked one of her ters how she did? She answered, 'She ne- conversed with men.' The same day I visited lady Plantwell's, and asked her daughter the question. She answers, 'What is that to you old thief?' and gives me a slap on the

A very any man in England, except he knows the family before he enters, to be able to judge whether he shall be agreeable or not when he comes into it. You find either some odd old woman, who is permitted to rule as long as she lives, in hopes of her death, and to interrupt all things; or some imper- tinent young woman, who will talk sillily upon the strength of looking beautifully. I will not answer for it, but it may be, that I (like all other old fel- lows) have a fondness for the fashions and man- ners which prevailed when I was young and in fashion myself. But certain it is, that the taste of grace and beauty is very much lowered. The fine women they show me now-a-days are at best but pretty girls to me who have seen Sacharissa, when all the world repeated the poems she inspired; and Villaria\*, when a youthful king was her subject. The *things* you follow, and make songs on now, should be sent to knit or sit down to bobbins or bone-lace: they are indeed neat, and so are their sempstresses; they are pretty, and so are their handmaids. But that graceful motion, that awful mien, and that winning attraction, which grew upon them from the thoughts and conversations they met with in my time, are now no more seen.

\* The duchess of Cleveland.

They tell me I am old : I am glad I am so ; for I not like your present young ladies.

Those among us who set up for any thing of a name, do so mistake the matter, that they are on the other side. Five young ladies, who have no small fame for their great severity of manners and exemplary behaviour, would lately go no where with their lovers but to an organ-loft in a church where they had a cold treat, and some few hymns to their great refreshment and edification. Whether these prudent persons had not been much so if this had been done at a tavern, is not very hard to determine. It is such silly starts and incoherences as these, which *undervalue* the beautiful sex, and puzzle us in our choice of sweet temper and simplicity of manners, which are only lasting charms of woman. But I must leave this important subject, at present, for some matters which press for publication : as you will observe the following letter :

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ *London, August 26, Artillery Ground*

‘ It is natural for distant relations to claim me. I am married with a rising family ; though at this time my duty to my country, not interest, calls me out. The city-forces being shortly to take the field, all good protestants would be pleased that their arms and valour should shine with equal lustre. A council of war was lately held, the honourable colonel Moore being president. After many debates, it was unanimously resolved, That major Blunder, a most expert officer, should be detached for Birmingham, to buy arms, and to prove his firelocks on the spot well to prevent expense, as disappointment in the day of battle. The major being a person of a

te experience, was invested with a discretionary power. He knew from ancient story, that turning the rear, and making a glorious retreat, the most celebrated piece of conduct. Accordingly such measures were taken to prevent surprise in the rear of his arms, that even Pallas herself, in the shape of rust, could not invade them. They were drawn into close order, firmly embodied, and arrived securely without touch-holes. Great and national actions deserve popular applause; and as praise is no expense to the public, therefore, dearest kinsman, I communicate this to you, as well to oblige this nursery of heroes, as to do justice to my native country. I am,

Your most affectionate kinsman,

OFFSPRING TWIG.

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\*.\* A war-horse belonging to one of the colonels of the artillery, to be let or sold. He may be seen adorned with ribbands, and set forth to the best advantage, the next training day.

Nº 62. THURSDAY, SEPT. 1, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines——*

*noster est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever* ill——

By human *kind* shall this collection fill.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 31.*

THIS place being frequented by persons of condition, I am desired to recommend a dog-kennel to any who shall want a pack. It lies not far from Suffolk-street, and is kept by two who were formerly dragoons in the French service; but left plundering for the more orderly life of keeping dogs: besides that, according to their expectation, they find it more profitable, as well as more conducing to the safety of their skin, to follow this trade, than the beat of drum. Their residence is very convenient for the dogs to whelp in, and bring up a right breed to follow the scent. The most eminent of the kennel are blood-hounds, which lead the van, and are as follow:

A list of the dogs.

Jowler, of a right Irish breed, called Captain.

Rockwood, of French race, with long hair, b the courtesy of England, called also Captain.

Pompey, a tall hound, kennelled in a convent in France, and knows a rich soil.

These two last hunt in couple, and are followed by

Ringwood, a French black whelp of the same breed, a fine open-mouthed dog; and an old six



und always in kennel, but of the true blood,  
th a good nose, French breed.

There is also an Italian greyhound, with good  
gs, and knows perfectly the ground from Ghent  
Paris.

Ten setting dogs, right English.

Four Mongrels of the same nation.

And twenty whelps fit for any game.

These curs are so extremely hungry, that they  
re too keen at the sport, and worry their game be-  
ore the keepers can come in. The other day a wild  
oar from the north rushed into the kennel, and at  
rst, indeed, defended himself against the whole  
ack.; but they proved at last too many for him,  
nd tore twenty-five pounds of flesh from off his  
ack, with which they filled their bellies, and made  
great a noise in the neighbourhood, that the  
eepers are obliged to hasten the sale. That quarter  
f the town where they are kennelled is generally

bited by strangers, whose blood the hounds  
ve often sucked in such a manner, that many a  
erman count, and other virtuosi, who came from  
ie Continent, have lost the intention of their tra-  
els, and been unable to proceed on their journey.

If these hounds are not very soon disposed of to  
ome good purchaser, as also those at the kennels  
arer St. James's, it is humbly proposed, that  
ey may be altogether transported to America,  
here the dogs are few, and the wild beasts many;  
r that, during their stay in these parts, some emi-  
ent justice of the peace may have it in particular  
rection to visit their harbours; and that the  
eriff of Middlesex may allow him the assistance of  
ie common hangman to cut off their ears, or part  
f them, for distinction-sake, that we may know  
bloodhounds from the mongrels, and setters.

Until these things are regulated, you may i u  
at a house belonging to Paris, at the upper  
Snffolk-street, or a house belonging to the  
opposite to the lower end of Pall-mall, and  
further.

It were to be wished that these curs were dispos  
of; for it is a very great nuisance to have them to-  
lerated in cities. That of London takes care, that  
the 'common hunt,' assisted by the serjeants and  
bailiffs, expel them whenever they are found within  
the walls; though it is said, some private families  
keep them, to the destruction of their neighbours:  
but it is desired, that all who know of any of these  
curs, or have been bit by them, would send me  
their marks, and the houses where they are har-  
boured; and I do not doubt but I shall alarm the  
people so well, as to have them used like mad dogs  
wherever they appear. In the mean time, I advise  
all such as entertain this kind of vermin, that if  
they give me timely notice that their dogs are dis-  
missed, I shall let them go unregarded; otherwise  
am obliged to admonish my fellow-subjects in this  
behalf, and instruct them how to avoid being  
worried, when they are going about their lawful  
professions and callings. There was lately a young  
gentleman bit to the bone; who has now indeed  
recovered his health, but is as lean as a skeleton.  
It grieved my heart to see a gentleman's son run  
among the hounds; but he is, they tell me, as fleet  
and as dangerous as the best of the pack.

*Will's Coffee-house, August 31.*

This evening was spent at our table in discourse  
of propriety of words and thoughts, which is Mr.  
Dryden's definition of wit; but a very odd fellow,  
who would intrude upon us, and has a briskness of  
imagination more like madness than regular thoughts,

that 'Harry Jacks was the first who told of the taking of the citadel of Tournay; and,' he, 'Harry deserves a statue more than the who ran to the senate with a thorn in his foot; all of a victory.' We were astonished at the assertion, and Spondee asked him, 'What affinity is there between that boy and Harry, that you say merit has so near a resemblance as you just told us?' 'Why,' says he, 'Harry, you know, is in the French interest; and it was more to him to tell the story of Tournay, than to the who to run upon a thorn to relate the victory which was glad of.' The gentleman, who was in the hour upon the subject of propriety of words and thoughts, would by no means allow, that there was in his comparison; and urged, that 'to have a thing gracefully said, it must be natural; but whatsoever was introduced in common discourse with so much premeditation, was insufferable.' That critic went on: 'Had Mr. Jacks,' he, 'told him the citadel was taken, and another had answered, 'he deserves a statue as well as Roman boy, for he told it with as much pain,' might have passed for a sprightly expression; but there is a wit for discourse, and a wit for writing. The easiness and familiarity of the first is not to be found in the least of study; but the exactness of the other is to admit of something like the freedom of discourse, especially in treatises of humanity, what regards the *belles lettres*. I do not in this way, that Bickerstaff's Tatlers, or discourses of by retail, and for the penny, should come with the description of writing.' I bowed at his comment, and—But he would not let me proceed. You see in no place of conversation the perfection of speech so much as in an accomplished woman. Whether it be, that there is a partiality irresistible

when we judge of that sex, or whatever it may observe a wonderful freedom in their utterance and an easy flow of words, without being dictations and phrases. My lady Courtly is an example of this. She was talking the other day and did it with so excellent an air and gesture, you would have sworn she had learned it from our Demosthenes. Besides which, her expressions were so peculiarly well adapted to the subject she talked of, that though dress was a new subject to men, she avoided the terms of art in it, and described an unaffected garb and manner, in so plain terms, that she came up to that of Horace's *plex munditiis*; which whoever can translate two words, has as much eloquence as lady Courtly. I took the liberty to tell her, that 'all she had said with so much good grace, was spoken in two words in Horace; but would not undertake to translate them:' upon which she smiled, and told me, 'I believed me a very great scholar;' and I took my leave.

*From my own Apartment, August 31.*

I have been just now reading the introduction to the history of Catiline, by Sallust, an author who is very much in my favour; but when I reflect upon his professing himself wholly disinterested, and at the same time see how industriously he has avoided saying any thing to the praise of Cicero, to whose vigilance the common-wealth owed its safety, it very much lessens my esteem for that writer; and is one argument among others, for laughing at all who pretend to be out of the interests of the world, and profess purely to act for the service of mankind, without the least regard to themselves. I do not deny but that the rewards are different; some aim

iches, others at honour, by ther public services. ever, they are all pursuing some end to themselves, though indeed those ends differ as much as right and wrong. The most graceful way then, I should think, would be to acknowledge, that you are at serving yourselves ; but at the same time when it appear, it is for the service of others that you have these opportunities.

Of all the disinterested professors I have ever heard of, I take the boatswain of Dampier's ship to be the most impudent, but the most excusable. You are to know that, in the wild searches that navigator was making, they happened to be out at sea, far distant from any shore, in want of all the necessaries of life ; insomuch that they began to look, not without hunger, on each other. The boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. In such an extreme necessity, all forms of superiority were laid aside : the captain and lieutenant were safe only by being arrion, and the unhappy boatswain in danger only by being worth eating. To be short, the company were unanimous, and the boatswain must be cut up. He saw their intention, and desired he might speak a few words before they proceeded ; which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows :

‘ GENTLEMEN SAILORS,

‘ Far be it that I should speak it for any private interest of my own ; but I take it that I should not without a good conscience, if I did not confess to you, that I am not sound. I say, gentlemen, justice, and the testimony of a good conscience, as well as love of my country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that black Kate at Deptford has made me very unsafe to eat ; and,

I speak it with shame, I am afraid, gentlemen should poison you.'

This speech had a good effect in the boat in favour; but the surgeon of the ship protested he had cured him very well, and offered to eat steak of him himself.

The boatswain replied like an orator, with a true notion of the people, and in hopes to gain time, that 'he was heartily glad if he could be in their service;' and thanked the surgeon for information. 'However,' said he, 'I must in your favour for your own good, that I have, ever since my cure, been very thirsty and dropsical; therefore, I presume, it would be much better to tap me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no man in the ship fit to be drunk.' As he was going on with his harangue, a fresh gale arose; it gave the crew hopes of a better repast at the shore, to which they arrived next morning.

Most of the self-denials we meet with are of this sort; therefore, I think he acts fairest who owns, he hopes at least to have brother's fare, without professing that he gives himself up with pleasure to be devoured for the preservation of his fellows.

*St. James's Coffee-house, August 31.*

Letters from the Hague, of the sixth of September, N. S. say, that the governor of the citadel of Tournay having offered their Highnesses the Duke of Marlborough and the Prince of Savoy to surrender that place on the thirty-first of the month, on terms which were not allowed them by those princes, hostilities were thereupon renewed; but that on the third the place was surrendered with a seeming condition granted to the besiegers above that of being prisoners of war: for they were

with to be conducted to Condé, but were to be  
 nged for prisoners of the allies, and particu-  
 those of Warneton were mentioned in the de-  
 . Both armies having stretched towards Mons  
 the utmost diligence, that of the allies, though  
 passed the much more difficult road, arrived  
 before that town, which they have now actu-  
 ly invested; and the quarter-master-general was,  
 at the time of dispatching these letters, marking  
 the ground for the encampment of the covering  
 army.

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‘To the booksellers, or others whom this adver-  
 tisement may concern.

‘Mr. Omicron \*, the unborn poet, gives notice,  
 that he writes all treatises, as well in verse as prose,  
 being a ninth son, and translates out of all lan-  
 guages without learning or study.

‘If any bookseller will treat for his pastoral on  
 the siege and surrender of the citadel of Tournay,  
 he must send in his proposals before the news of a  
 capitulation for any other town.

‘The undertaker for either play-house may have  
 an opera written by him; or if it shall suit their  
 design a satire upon operas; both ready for next  
 winter.’

\* Mr. Oldmixon was probably here ridiculed under the  
 name of Mr. Omicron.

N<sup>o</sup> 63. SATURDAY, SEPT. 3, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines——*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. 83, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

*White's Chocolate-house, September 2.*

Of the enjoyment of life with regard to others.

I HAVE ever thought it the greatest diminution to the Roman glory imaginable, that in their institution of public triumphs, they led their enemies in chains when they were prisoners. It is to be allowed that doing all honour to the superiority of heroes above the rest of mankind must needs conduce to the glory and advantage of a nation; but what shocks the imagination to reflect upon is, that a polite people should think it reasonable, that an unhappy man who was no way inferior to the victor but by the chance of war, should be held like a slave at the wheels of his chariot. Indeed, these other circumstances of a triumph, that it was not allowed in a civil war, lest one part should be in tears, while the other was making acclamations; that it should not be granted, except such a number were slain in battle; that the general should be disgraced who made a false muster of his dead; these, I say, had great and politic ends in their being established, and tended to the apparent benefit of the common-wealth. But this behaviour to the con-



no foundation in nature or policy, only the insolence of a haughty people, who over barbarous nations, by acting what y for those very barbarians to practise. wonderful, that they who were so refined care, that, to complete the honour done rious officer, no power should be known in the empire on the day of his triumph, e consuls themselves should be but guests e that evening, could not take it into make the man of chief note among his ne of the company. This would have re gladness of the occasion; and the vic- le a much greater figure, in that no other red unhappy on his day, than because an appeared great.

will wae at pre-ent such important inci- turn our thoughts rather to the familiar man life, and we shall find, that the great e contend for is in a less degree what ans did on more solemn occasions, to ver our fellow-creatures; and there is an to be found, who would not rather be appear happy, than be really happy and serable. This men attempt by sumptuous splendid houses, numerous servants, and sand pursuits of an ambitious or fashion-

and Tabio are particularly ill-wishers to and rivals in happiness. There is no ture so good to procure the esteem of the give him little notices of certain secret rein the other is uneasy. Gnatho has f doing this, and never applauds the im- s Bromeo has been many years making, ill be making, but he adds, 'Now this was my thought when Tabio was pulling

up his underwood, yet he never would ! but now your gardens are in this posture, ready to hang himself. Well, to be sincere, situation of his can never make an agreeable he may make his house and appurtenances ~~won~~ pleases, but he cannot remove them to the ground where Bromeo's stands ; and of all under the sun, a man that is happy at second is the most monstrous.' ' It is a very strangeness,' answers Bromeo, ' if a man on these sions can think of any end but pleasing As for my part, if things are convenient, I ostentation. There is no end of the folly of ing our affairs to the imagination of others.' which, the next thing he does is to enlarge v ever he hears his rival has attempted to in ; but their misfortune is, that they are time of life, in their estates, and in their standings, equal ; so that the emulation may to the last day of their lives. As it Tabio has heard, that Bromeo has lately two hundred a year in the annuities since settled the account of their happiness, in wn thought himself to have the balance. This seem a very fantastical way of thinking in men ; but there is nothing so common, as a endeavouring rather to go farther than so o person towards an easy fortune, than to form any certain standard that would make himself happy.

*Will's Coffee-house, September 2.*

Mr. Dactyle has been this evening very profuse of his eloquence upon the talent of turning things into ridicule ; and seemed to say very justly, that ' there was generally in it something to disingenuous for the society of liberal men, except it were governed by the circumstances of persons, time, and place.

talent,' continued he, 'is to be used as a does his sword, not to be drawn but in his defence, or to bring pretenders and impostors society to a true light. But we have seen this ty so mistaken, that the burlesque of Virgil elf has passed, among men of little taste, for  
1 and the noblest thoughts that can enter into  
1 t of men levelled with ribaldry and base-  
ness: enough by the rules of justice, no man ought to be ridiculed for any imperfection, who does not set up for eminent sufficiency in that way wherein he is defective. Thus cowards, who would hide themselves by an affected terror in their mien and dress; and pedants, who would shew the depth of their knowledge by a supercilious gravity, are equally the objects of laughter. Not that they are in themselves ridiculous, for their want of courage, or weakness of understanding; but that they seem insensible of their own place in life, and unhappily rank themselves with those whose abilities, compared to their defects, make them contemptible. At the same time, it must be remarked that risibility being the effect of reason, a man ought to be expelled from sober company who laughs without it.' 'Ha! ha!' says Will Truby, who sat by, 'will any man pretend to give me laws when I should laugh, or tell me what I should laugh at?' 'Look ye,' answered Humphry Slyboots, 'you are mightily mistaken; you may, if you please, make what noise you will, and nobody can hinder an English gentleman from putting his face into what posture he thinks fit: but take my word for it, that motion which you now make with your mouth open, and the agitation of your stomach, which you relieve by holding your sides, is not laughter: laughter is a more weighty thing than you imagine; and I will tell you a secret, you never did laugh in

your life: and truly I am afraid you never will except you take great care to be cured of those convulsive fits.' Truby left us, and when he had two yards from us, 'Well,' said he, 'you strange fellows!' and was immediately taken with another fit.

The Trubies are a well-natured family, whose particular make is such, that they have the pleasure out of good-will, which other people find in that scorn which is the cause of laughter; before their bursting into the figures of men, when laughing, proceeds only from a general benevolence they are born with; as the Slyboots smile only on the greatest occasion of mirth; which difference is caused rather from a different structure of their organs, than that one is less moved than the other. I know Sourly frets inwardly, when Will Tattle laughs at him; but when I meet him, and he bursts out, I know it is out of his abundant joy to see me, which he expresses by that vociferation which is the cause of others laughter. But I shall defer considering this subject at large, until I come to my treatise of ostentation, laughter and ridicule.

*From my own Apartment, September 2.*

The following letter being a panegyric upon a quality which every man may attain, and a knowledge of his faults; I thought it for the good of my fellow-writers to publish it.

'SIR,

'It must be allowed, that Esquire Bickerstaff is of all authors the most ingenuous. There are few very few, that will own themselves in a mistake though all the world see them to be in downright nonsense. You will be pleased, sir, to pardon this expression, for the same reason for which you ordered us to excuse you, when you seemed a

dull. Most writers, like the generality of Lorraine's Saints, seem to place a peculiar vadying hard. But you, sir, to shew a good to your brethren, have not only confessed, or your own accord mended the indictment, you have been so good-natured as to discover ties in it, which I will assure you, he that it never dreamed of. And, to make your ci- the more accomplished, you have honoured with the title of your kinsman, which, though red by the left-hand, he is not a little proud of: brother, for such Obadiah is, being at present busy about nothing, has ordered me to return you his sincere thanks for all these favours ; and as a small token of his gratitude, to communicate to you the following piece of intelligence, which, he thinks, belongs more properly to you, than to any others of our modern historians.

‘ Madonella, who, as it was thought, had long since taken her flight towards the etherial mansions, till walks, it seems, in the regions of mortality ; where she has found, by deep reflections on the revolution mentioned in yours of June the twenty- bird, that where early instructions have been wanting to imprint true ideas of things on the tender souls of those of her sex, they are never after able o arrive at such a pitch of perfection, as to be bove the laws of matter and motion ; laws which re considerably enforced by the principles usually mbibed in nurseries and boarding-schools. To re-

dy this evil, she has laid the scheme of a college or young damsels ; where (instead of scissars, icedles, and samplers) pens, compasses, quadrants, ooks, manuscripts, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, re to take up their whole time. Only on holidays he students will, for moderate exercise, be allowed o divert themselves with the use of some of the

lightest and most voluble weapons : and pro-  
will be taken to give them at least a s-  
tincture of the ancient and modern A  
tactics. Of these military performances,  
rection is undertaken by Epicene\*, the wri-  
"Memoirs from the Mediterranean," who by  
help of some artificial poisons conveyed by  
has within these few weeks brought many p  
of both sexes to an untimely fate; and, w  
more surprising, has, contrary to her pro  
with the same odours, revived others who  
since been drowned in the whirlpools or :  
Another of the professors is to be a certi  
who is now publishing two of the choic :  
novels, which are said to have been in as { re-  
pute with the ladies of queen Emma's cou as  
the "Memoirs from the New Atalantis" are  
those of ours. I shall make it my business to m-  
quire into the progress of this learned institution,  
and give you the first notice of their "Philosophical  
Transactions, and Searches after Nature."

Yours, &c.

TOBIAH GREENHAT.\*

*St. James's Coffee-house, September 2.*

This day we have received advices by the way of  
Ostend, which give an account of an engagement  
between the French and the allies, on the eleventh  
instant, N. S. Marshal Boufflers arrived in the  
enemy's camp on the fifth, and acquainted marshal  
Villars, that he did not come in any character, but  
to receive his commands for the king's service and  
communicate to him his orders upon the present  
posture of affairs. On the ninth both armies ad-  
vanced towards each other, and cannonaded all the

\* Epicene means Mrs. D. Manly.

ing day, until the close of the evening, and on their arms all that night. On the day of the battle, the cannonading was renewed about seven: the duke of Argyle had orders to attack the wood on the right, which he executed so successfully, that he pierced through it, and won a considerable victory. The prince of Orange had the same good fortune in a wood on the left: after which the whole body of the confederates, joined by the forces from the siege, marched up and engaged the enemy, who were drawn up at some distance from these woods. The dispute was very warm for some time; but towards noon, the French began to give ground from one wing to the other; which advantage being observed by our generals, the whole army was urged on with fresh vigour, and in a few hours the day ended with the entire defeat of the enemy.



N<sup>o</sup> 64. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1709.



*Qua caret ora cruce nostro?*

HOR. 1. Od. ii. 36.

What coast encircled by the briny flood,  
Boasts not the glorious tribute of our blood?

*From my own Apartment, September 5.*

WHEN I lately spoke of triumphs, and the behaviour of the Romans on those occasions, I knew, by my skill in astrology, that there was a great event approaching to our advantage; but not having yet taken upon me to tell fortunes, I thought fit to defer

the mention of the battle near Mons until it opened ; which moderation was no small pain to me, but I should wrong my art, if I concealed of my aërial intelligencers had signified to me news of it even from Paris, before the arrival of lieutenant-colonel Graham in England \*. Auctioneers as well as persons, have their good and genius attending them ; but the kingdom of France has three, the last of which is neither for it against it in reality ; but has for some months acted an ambiguous part, and attempted to ward from the incursion of its powerful enemies by little subterfuges and tricks, which are more than undone, when it is reduced to practice. Thus instead of giving exact accounts and representations of things, they tell what is indeed true, but at the same time a falsehood when all the circumstances come to be related. Pacolet was at court of France, on Friday night last, when the minister of that kingdom came thither in the shape of a post-boy, and cried out, that Mons was relieved, and the duke of Marlborough marched. Pacolet was much astonished at this account, and immediately changed his form, and flew to the neighbourhood of Mons, from whence he found the allies had really marched ; and began to inquire into the reasons of this sudden change, and half feared he had heard a truth of the posture of the French affairs, even in their own country. But, upon diligent inquiry among the aërials who attend those regions, and consultation with the neighbouring peasants, he was able to bring me the following account of the motions of the armies since they re-

\* Lieut. col. Graham came express with an account of the battle of Malplaquet.



on about that place, and the action which followed thereupon.

Saturday, the seventh of September, N. S. the federate army was alarmed in their camp at day intelligence, that the enemy were marching to attack the prince of Hesse. Upon this advice the duke of Marlborough commanded that they should immediately move; which was accordingly performed, and they were all joined on the eighth at noon. On that day in the evening it appeared, that instead of being attacked, the advanced guard of the detachment, commanded by the prince of Hesse, had dispersed and taken prisoners a party of the enemy's horse, which was sent out to observe the march of the confederates. The French moved from Quiverain on Sunday in the morning, and inclined to the right from thence the next day. The ninth, the Monday following, they renewed their march, until on Tuesday, the tenth, they possessed themselves of the woods of Dour and Laugies. As soon as they came into that ground, they drew up entrenchments with all expedition. The allies arrived within few hours after the enemy was posted; but the duke of Marlborough thought it best to wait for the arrival of the reinforcement which was expected from the siege of Tournay. Upon noon the next day these troops were so advanced as to be decided on for an action the next day, it was accordingly resolved to engage the enemy.

It will be necessary for understanding the greatness of the action, and the several motions made in the course of the engagement, that you have in your mind an idea of the place. The two armies on the eighth instant, were both drawn up before the woods of Dour, Blaugies, Sart, and Jansart; the French of the prince of Savoy on the right before that laugies; the forces of Great Britain in the

centre on his left; those of the high all the wood Sart, as well as a large interval ground, and Jansart on the left of the whole enemy were entrenched in the paths of the and drawn up behind two intrenchments against them, opposite to the armies of the Marlborough and prince Eugene. There two lines entrenched in the plains over an army of the States. This was the posture French and confederate forces when the signal was given, and the whole line moved to charge.

The Dutch army, commanded by the Hesse, attacked with the most undaunted and, after a very obstinate resistance, first intrenchment of the enemy in the plain Sart and Jansart; but were repulsed in the first on the second with great slaughter on both sides. The duke of Marlborough, while this was going on the left, had with very much secrecy marched through Sart, and beaten the enemy in the several intrenchments they had thrown up. As soon as the duke had marched into the plain he observed the main body of the enemy drawn up intrenched in the front of his army. This was the posture of the enemy, in the ordinary course of war, which was not generally thought an advantage hardly to be surmounted, and might appear impracticable to any, but the Dutch army which had just overcome greater difficulties. The duke commanded the troops to forbear charging until further order. In the meantime he visited the left of our line, where the army of the States had been engaged. The slaughter on this side had been very great, and the Dutch army was not capable of making further progress, except that they were suddenly reinforced. The right of our line was attacked soon after their coming upon the plain.

rove back the enemy with such bravery, that they began to incline to the allies by the premature retreat of the French to their works, from which they were immediately beaten. The duke, observing this advantage on the right, commanded the earl of Orkney to march with a sufficient number of battalions, to force the enemy from their entrenchments on the plain between the village of Sart and Jansart; which being performed, the rest of the allies marched into the plains, supported by their own foot, and forming themselves in order, the cavalry of the enemy attempted not only to cover the foot in their retreat. The duke made so good use of the beginning of the action, that all their troops moved on with fresh vigour, until they saw the enemy fly before them towards Condé and Maubeuge; after whom several detachments were sent, who made a terrible slaughter in the pursuit.

In this action, it is said, prince Eugene was killed, as also the duke of Arensburg, and lieutenant-general Webb. The count of Oxenstern, colonel Lalo, and sir Thomas Pendergrass, were killed. This wonderful success, obtained under all the difficulties that could be opposed in the way of an army, must be acknowledged as owing to the general courage, and conduct of the duke of Marlborough, a consummate hero; who has lived not beyond the time in which Cæsar said he was content at a satiety of life and glory; but also being the subject of panegyric, that it is as hard to say any thing new in his praise, as to add to the eulogium which requires such eulogiums.

*Will's Coffee-house, September 5.*

The following letter being very explanatory of the design of our lucubrations, and at the same

time an excellent model for performing it, it is absolutely necessary, for the better understanding of the works to publish it.

‘ To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

‘ SIR,

‘ Though I have not the honour to be of the family of the Staffs, nor related to any branch of it, yet I applaud your wholesome project of making wit useful.

‘ This is what has been, or should have been, intended by the best comedies. But nobody, I think, before you, thought of a way to bring the stage, as it were into the coffee-house, and there attack those gentlemen who thought themselves out of the reach of raillery, by prudently avoiding its chief walks and districts. I smile when I see a solid citizen of three-score read the article from Will’s coffee-house, and seem to be just beginning to learn his alphabet of wit in spectacles; and to hear the attentive table sometimes stop him with pertinent queries, which he is puzzled to answer, and then join commending it the sincerest way, by freely owning he does not understand it.

‘ In pursuing this design, you will always have a large scene before you, and can never be at a loss for characters to entertain a town so plentifully stocked with them. The follies of the finest minds, which a philosophic surgeon knows how to dissect, will best employ your skill: and of this sort, I take the liberty to send you the following sketch.

‘ Cleantes is a man of good family, good learning, entertaining conversation, and acute wit. He talks well, is master of style, and writes not contemptibly in verse. Yet all this serves but to make him politely ridiculous; and he is above the rank of common characters only to have the privilege

being laughed at by the best. His family makes proud and scornful; his learning, assuming absurd; and his wit, arrogant and satirical. mixes some of the best qualities of the head the worst of the heart. Every body is entered by him, while nobody esteems him. I am, your most affectionate monitor,

‘ JOSIAH COUPLET.’

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Lost, from the Cocoa-tree, in Pall-Mall, two sh dogs, belonging to the pack of London; one all white wolf dog; the other a black nimble yhound, not very sound, and supposed to be ne to the Bath, by instinct, for cure. The man the inn from whence they ran, being now there, desired if he meets either of them, to tie them p. Several others are lost about Tunbridge and psom; which whoever will maintain may keep.

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Nº 65. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1709.

*Quirquid agunt homines—*

*nostris est farrago libelli,*

JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, whatever ill—  
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

*Will's Coffee-house, September 7.*

CAME hither this evening, and expected nothing; but mutual congratulations in the company on the late victory; but found our room, which one

would have hoped to have seen full of good and alacrity upon so glorious an occasion, sour animals, inquiring into the action, in what had happened, and fearful of the surer their countrymen. It is natural to believe what we wish heartily; and a certain rule, they are not friends to a glad occasion who they can against the truth of it, who end to ment against their happiness, that they w it wise. When I came into the room, a gen was declaiming: 'If,' says he, 'we have so and complete a victory, why have we not the of the prisoners? Why is not an exact rela the conduct of our generals laid before the w Why do we not know where and whom to ap If we are victorious, why do we not give an of our captives and our slain? But we are to tisfied with general notices we are conquerors, to believe it so. Sure this is approving the des way of treating the world, which we pretend fight against, if we sit down satisfied with s contradictory accounts, which have the words triumph, but do not bear the spirit of it.' I wh pered Mr. Greenhat, 'Pray, what can that dissatisfied man be?' 'He is,' answered he, 'a character you have not yet perhaps observed. You have heard of battle-painters, have mentioned a battle poet; but this is a battle-critic. He is a fellow that lives in a government so gentle, that, though it sees him an enemy, suffers his malice, because they know his impotence. He is to examine the weight of an advantage before the company will allow it.' Greenhat was going on in his explanation, when Sir George England thought fit to take up the discourse in the following manner:

'Gentlemen, the action you are in so great doubt to approve of, is greater than ever has be

d in any age ; and the value of it I observe our dissatisfaction : for battle-critics are like ers ; you are the more offended, the more you to be, and are convinced you ought to be l. Had this engagement happened in the f the old Romans, and such things been acted ir service, there would not be a foot of the which was pierced but had been consecrated e deity, or made memorable by the death of ho expired in it for the sake of his country. l been said on some monument at the en- ; here the duke of Argyle drew his sword, id “ march.” Here Webb, after having an plished fame for gallantry, exposed himself common soldier. Here Rivett, who was led at the beginning of the day, and carried dead, returned to the field, and received his

Medals had been struck for our general’s our when he first came into the plain. Here e fury of the action, and here the hero stood rless as if invulnerable. Such certainly had he cares of that state for their own honour, i gratitude to their heroic subjects. But the intrenched, the plain made more impassable he wood, and all the difficulties opposed to st gallant army and the most intrepid leaders ver the sun shone upon, are treated by the some in this room as objections to the merit general and our army: but,’ continued he, e all the examination of this matter, and a discourse on our sense of public actions, to and Mr. Bickerstaff ; who may let beaux and ters rest, until he has examined into the rea- of men’s being malecontents, in the only that suffers professed enemies to breath in air.’

*From my own Apartment, September 7.*

The following letters are sent to me for publication; and though I do not know who and what are intended, I publish them. I have only written nonsense, if there is nothing in them; and done good action, if they alarm any heedless men at the fraternity of the knights, whom the Greeks call Πάσκαλς.

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Bath, Aug. 30.

‘It is taken very ill by several gentlemen that you are so little vigilant, as to let the dogs run from their kennels to this place. Had you performed your duty, we should have had notice of their arrival; but the sharpers are now become so formidable here, that they have divided themselves into nobles and commons; beau Bogg, beau Pert, Rak and Tallboy, are of their upper house; brokers, captains, ignorant attorneys, and such other who erupts from industrious professions, compose the lower order. Among these two sets of men, it happened here lately some unhappy difference. Esquire Humphry came down among us with four hundred guineas; his raw appearance, and certain signals in the good-natured muscles of Humphry’s countenance, alarmed the societies; for sharpers are as skilful as beggars in physiognomy, and know as well where to hope for plunder, as the others ask for alms. Pert was the man exactly fitted for taking with Humphry, as a fine gentleman; for a raw fool is ever enamoured with his contrary coxcomb; and a coxcomb is what the booby, who wants experience, and is unused to company, regards as the first of men. He ever looks at Pert with envy, and would certainly be such, if he were not oppressed by his rusticity or bashfulness. Th



rose an entire friendship by this sympathy between Pert and Humphry, which ended in stripping the ter. We now could see this forlorn youth for some days moneyless, without sword, and one day without his hat, and with secret melancholy pining for his snuff-box; the jest of the whole town, but most of those who robbed him.

‘ At last fresh bills came down, when immediately their countenances cleared up, ancient kindnesses and familiarity renewed, and to dinner he was invited by the fraternity. Your are to know, that while he was in his days of solitude, a commoner, who was excluded from his share of the prey, had whispered the esquire, that he was bit, and cautioned him of venturing again. However, hopes of recovering his snuff-box, which was given him by his aunt, made him fall to play after dinner; yet, mindful of what he was told, he saw something that provoked him to tell them, they were a company of sharpers. Presently Tallboy fell on him, and, being too hard at fisty-cuffs, drove him out of doors. The valiant Pert followed, and kicked him in his turn; which the esquire resented as being nearer his match; so challenged him; but differing about time and place, friends interposed, for he had still money left, and persuaded him to ask pardon for provoking them to beat him, and they asked his for doing it. The house, consulting whence Humphry could have his information, concluded it must be from some malicious commoner; and, to be revenged, beau Bogg watched their haunts, and in a shop where some of them were at play with ladies, shewed dice which he found, or pretended to find, upon them; and, declaring how false they were, warned the company to take care who they played with. By his seeming candour, he cleared his reputation at least to fools and some

silly women ; but it was still blasted by the es-  
 story with thinking men : however, he g-  
 great point by it ; for the next day he got the c-  
 pany shut up with himself and fellow-men  
 and robbed them at discretion.

‘ I cannot express to you with what indignation I  
 behold the noble spirit of gentlemen degenerated  
 to that of private cut-purses. It is in vain to hope  
 a remedy, while so many of the fraternity get and  
 enjoy estates, of twenty, thirty, and fifty thousand  
 pounds with impunity, creep into the best conver-  
 sations, and spread the infectious villany through  
 the nation, while the lesser rogues, that rob for  
 hunger or nakedness, are sacrificed by the blind,  
 and, in this respect, partial and defective law.  
 Could you open men’s eyes against the occasion of  
 all this, the great corrupter of our manners and mo-  
 rality, the author of more bankrupts than the war,  
 and sure bane of all industry, frugality, and good-  
 nature ; in a word, of all virtues ; I mean, public  
 or private play at cards or dice ; how willingly would  
 I contribute my utmost, and possibly send you some  
 memoirs of the lives and politics of some of th  
 fraternity of great figure, that might be of use t  
 you in setting this in a clear light against ne-  
 session ; that all who care for their country or po-  
 terity, and see the pernicious effects of such a publ  
 vice, may endeavour its destruction by some e-  
 fectual laws. In concurrence to this good design  
 I remain your humble servant, &c.’

‘ MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Friday, Sept. 2.

‘ I heartily join with you in your laudable d  
 sign against the Myrmidons, as well as your late i  
 situations against Coxcombs of Fire ; and I ta  
 this opportunity to congratulate you on the succ  
 of your labours, which I observed yesterday in o

hottest fire-men in town ; who not only a soft smile, but was seen to be thrice content without showing any sign of impatience. I say, so happy beginnings promise fair, and account I rejoice you have undertaken to rel the curs ; a work of such use, that I admire so long escaped your vigilance ; and exhort the concern you have for the good people land, to pursue your design : and, that these may not flatter themselves that they pass overed, I desire you would acquaint Jack ty, that the whole secret of his bubbling his with the Swiss at the Thatched-house is well , as also his sweetening the knight : and I acknowledge the favour.

Your most humble servant, &c.'

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1709.

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*si quid agunt homines—*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Let'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
 as motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

*Will's Coffee-house, September 9.*

subject of the discourse this evening was eloquence and graceful action. Lysander, who is singular particular in his way of thinking and speaking, told us, ' a man could not be eloquent

mediately observe, 'that is so like him, as I see how he looked when he said it.'

of all the people on the earth, there are none like me so much as the clergy of Great Britain, who are, I believe, the most learned body now in the world; and yet this art of speaking, the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, is almost neglected among them; and I will engage, if I see a deaf man to behold the greater part of them, he would rather think they were reading the contents only of some discourse they intended to take, than actually in the body of an oration, even when they are upon matters of such a nature, as we would believe it were impossible to think of without emotion.

I own there are exceptions to this general observation, and that the Dean we heard the other day here is an orator\*. He has so much regard to his congregation, that he commits to his memory what he has to say to them; and has so soft and agreeable a behaviour, that it must attract your attention. His person, it is to be confessed, is no great recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not losing that advantage, and adding to it the propriety of speech, which might pass the censure of Longinus, an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He has a peculiar manner in his way, and has many of his audience that could not be intelligent hearers of his discourse, were there not explanation as well as grace in his action. This art of his is used with the most judicious and honest skill: he never attempts to convince your reason until he has convinced your reason. All

\* Dr. Atterbury.

† At the chapel of Bridewell Hospital, where he was twenty years minister and preacher.

the objections which he can form are laid on dispersed, before he uses the least vehemence in sermon; but when he thinks he has you, he very soon wins your heart: and never pre- shew the beauty of holiness, until he has convinced you of the truth of it.

Would every one of our clergymen be thus ful to recommend truth and virtue in their figures, and show so much concern for the give them all the additional force they were is not possible that nonsense should have so hearers as you find it has in dissenting congregations, for no reason in the world, but because is spoken *extempore*: for ordinary minds are usually governed by their eyes and ears, and there is no way to come at their hearts, but by power over their imaginations.

There is my friend and merry companion Daniel\*. He knows a great deal better than he speaks, and can form a proper discourse as well as any orthodox neighbour. But he knows very well that to bawl out 'My beloved!' and the words 'grace!' 'regeneration!' 'sanctification!' 'a new light!' 'the day! the day! ay, my beloved, the day! or rather the night! the night is coming!' and 'judgment will come, when we least think of it!' and so forth—He knows to be vehement is only way to come at his audience. Daniel, when he sees my friend Greenhat come in, can give good hint, and cry out, 'this is only for the saints! the regenerated!' By this force of action though mixed with all the incoherence and ribaldry

\* Dr. Daniel Burgess, who preached to a congregation Independents at the meeting-house in a court adjoining Carey-street, near Lincoln's Inn.

nable, Daniel can laugh at his diocesan, and grow fat by voluntary subscription, while the parson the parish goes to law for half his dues. Daniel will tell you, 'it is not the shepherd, but the sheep with the bell, which the flock follows.'

Another thing, very wonderful this learned body would omit, is, learning to read; which is a most necessary part of eloquence in one who is to serve the altar: for there is no man but must be sensible, that the lazy tone, and inarticulate sound of our common readers, depreciates the most proper use of words that were ever extant, in any nation or language, to speak our own wants, or his power from whom we ask relief.

There cannot be a greater instance of the power of action, than in little parson Dapper, who is the common relief to all the lazy pulpits in town. 'This young youth has a very good memory, a quick eye, and a clean handkerchief. Thus equipped, he opens his text, shuts his book fairly, shows he has no notes in his bible, opens both palms, and shows all fair there too. Thus, with a decisive air, my young man goes on without hesitation: and though from the beginning to the end of his pretty discourse he had not used one proper gesture, yet at the conclusion the churchwarden pulls his gloves from off his hands; 'Pray who is this extraordinary young man?' Thus the force of action is such, that it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all the reason and argument in the world without it. This gentleman concluded his discourse by saying, 'I do not doubt but if our teachers would learn to speak and our readers to listen, within six months time we should not have a sermon within a mile of a church in Great-Britain.'

*From my own Apartment, September 9.*

I have a letter from a young fellow, who complains to me that 'he was bred a mercer, and is now just out of his time; but unfortunately (for he has no manner of education suitable to his present estate) an uncle has left him one thousand pounds *per annum*.' The young man is sensible, that he is so spruce, that he fears he shall never be genteel as long as he lives; but applies himself to me to know what methods to take, to help his air, and be a fine gentleman.

He says, 'that several of those ladies who were formerly his customers, visit his mother on purpose to fall in his way, and fears he shall be obliged to marry against his will; for,' says he, 'if any of them should ask me, I shall not be able to deny her. I am,' says he further, 'utterly at a loss how to deal with them: for though I was the most pert creature in the world when I was foreman, and could hand a woman of the first quality to her coach as well as her own gentleman usher, I am now quite out of my way, and speechless in their company. They commend my modesty to my face. No one scruples to say, I certainly should make the best husband in the world, a man of my sober education. Mrs. Would-be watches all opportunities to be alone with me: therefore good Mr. Bickerstaff, here are my writings inclosed: if you can find any flaw in my title, so as it may go to the next heir, who goes to St. James's coffee-house, and White's, and could enjoy it, I should be extremely well pleased with two thousand pounds to set up my trade, and live in a way I know I should become, rather than be laughed at all my life among too good company. If you could send for my cousin, and persuade him to

the estate on these terms, and let nobody know you would extremely oblige me.'

Upon first sight, I thought this a very whimsical proposal; however, upon more mature consideration, I could not but admire the young gentleman's sense and good sense; for there is nothing so absurd as living in a way a man knows he does not choose. I consulted Mr. Obadiah Greenhat\* on occasion, and he is so well pleased with the matter, that he has half a mind to take the estate himself; but, upon second thoughts, he proposed expedient; 'I should be very willing,' said he, 'to keep the estate where it is, if we could make the young man any way easy; therefore I humbly propose, he should take to drinking for one half year, and make a sloven of him, and from thence begin his education a-new: for it is a maxim, that one who is ill-taught is in a worse condition than he who is wholly ignorant; therefore a spruce mercer is farther off the air of a fine gentleman than a down-right clown. To make our patient any thing better, we must unmake him what he is.' I indeed, proposed to flux him; but Greenhat answered, 'that if he recovered, he would be as brisk and feat as ever he was.' Therefore he would leave it his way, and our friend is to drink until he is carbuncled and tun-bellied; after which we will send him down to smoke and be buried with his ancestors in Derbyshire. I am indeed, desirous he should have his life in the estate, because he has such a just sense of himself and his abilities, as to know that it is an unhappiness to him to be a man of fortune.

This youth seems to understand, that a gentleman's life is that of all others the hardest to pass

\* Mr. Obadiah Greenhat means Addison.



through with propriety of behaviour ; for tho  
has a support without art or labour, yet  
of enjoying that circumstance is a thing to be  
sidered ; and you see, among men, who  
noured with the common appellation of g  
so many contradictions to that character, K N  
the utmost ill fortune to bear it : for which  
am obliged to change the circumstances of  
about this town. Harry Lacker is so very e  
his dress, that I shall give his estate to his y  
brother, and make him a dancing-ma r. K N  
Lightfoot is so nimble, and values hi f so  
upon it, that I have thoughts of making  
man to a pack of beagles, and giving  
somebody that will stay upon it.

Now I am upon the topic of becoming w we  
enjoy, I forbid all persons who are not of the  
quality, or who do not bear some important  
that requires so much distinction, to go to H  
Park with six horses ; for I cannot but e  
the highest insolence. Therefore hereafter  
shall do it merely because he is able, w out  
other pretension. But, what may serve all p  
poses quite as well, it shall be allowed all such  
think riches the chief distinction, to appear  
the ring with two horses only, and a r -ro  
hanging out of each side of their coach.  
a thought of Mr. Greenhat's who de  
soon to publish a sumptuary discourse upon the su  
ject of equipage, wherein he will give us rules o  
that subject, and assign the proper duties and q  
fications of masters and servants, as well as  
husbands and wives ; with a treatise of ec  
without doors, or the complete art of app ng  
the world. This will be very useful to all who a  
suddenly rich, or ashamed of being poor.

—*Sunt certa piacula, qua te  
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.*

HOR. 1. Ep. i. 36.

And like a charm to th' upright mind and pure,  
If thrice read o'er, will yield a certain cure.

I have notice of a new pack of dogs, of quite  
r sort than hitherto mentioned. I have not  
exact account of their way of hunting, the fol-  
letter giving only a bare notice of them.

SIR,

September 7.

'There are another pack of dogs to be disposed  
of, who kennel about Charing Cross, at the old Fat  
Dog's, at the corner of Buckingham Court, near  
Spring Garden: two of them are said to be whelped  
in Alsatia \*, now in ruins; but they, with the rest  
of the pack, are as pernicious, as if the old kennel  
had never been broken down. The ancients distin-  
guished this sort of curs by the name of *Haredi-  
petes*, the most pernicious of all biters, for seizing  
young heirs; especially when their estates are en-  
tailed; whom they reduce by one good bite to such  
a condition, that they cannot ever after come to the  
use of their teeth, or get a smelling of a crust. You  
are desired to dispose of these as soon as you can, that  
the breed may not increase; and your care in tying  
them up will be acknowledged by, sir,

Your humble servant,

PHILANTHROPOS.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, September 9.*

We have received letters from the duke of Marl-  
borough's camp, which bring us farther particulars  
of the great and glorious victory obtained over the  
enemy on the eleventh instant, N. S. The number

\* White Friars.

of the wounded and prisoners is much greater than was expected from our first account. The battle was doubtful until after twelve of the clock; but our enemy made little resistance after their first defeat, and the left began to give way. An exact narrative of the whole affair is expected next post. The French have had two days allowed them to bury and carry off their wounded men, upon which the British have ordered the regiments of great Britain which are most ordered into garrison, and fresh troops commanded to march into the field. The French have also directed troops to march out of the town to relieve those who lost so many men in the second intrenchment of the French in the battle between Sart and Jansart.

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## Nº 67. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1704

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*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*nostrum est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

*From my own Apartment, September 12.*

No man can conceive, until he come to try it, how great a pain it is to be a public-spirited person. I am sure I am unable to express to the world the great anxiety I have suffered, to see of how little benefit my Lucubrations have been to my fellow subjects. Men will go on in their own way

of all my labour. I gave Mr. Didapper a pre-  
reprimand for wearing red-heeled shoes, and  
the same time was so indulgent as to connive at  
for fourteen days, because I would give him  
wearing of them out; but after all this, I am  
rmed he appeared yesterday with a new pair of  
same sort. I have no better success with Mr.

d'ye-call, as to his buttons; Stentor still  
n ; and box and dice rattle as loud as they did  
before I writ against them. Partridge walks about  
at noon day, and Æsculapius thinks of adding a  
new lace to his livery. However, I must still go  
on in laying these enormities before men's eyes, and  
let them answer for going on in their practice.

My province is much larger than at first sight  
men would imagine, and I shall lose no part of my  
jurisdiction, which extends not only to futurity,  
but also is retrospect to things past; and the be-  
haviour of persons who have long ago acted their  
parts is as much liable to my examination, as that  
of my own contemporaries.

In order to put the whole race of mankind in their  
proper distinctions, according to the opinion their  
cohabitants conceived of them, I have with very  
much care and depth of meditation, thought fit to  
erect a chamber of Fame, and established certain  
rules, which are to be observed in admitting mem-  
bers into this illustrious society.

In this chamber of Fame, there are to be three  
tables, but of different lengths; the first is to con-  
tain exactly twelve persons; the second twenty;  
and the third an hundred. This is reckoned to be  
the full number of those who have any competent  
share of fame. At the first of these tables are to  
be placed in their order the twelve most famous  
persons in the world; not with regard to the things  
they are famous for, but according to the degree of

their fame, whether in valour, wit, or |  
Thus, if a scholar be more famous than a s  
he is to sit above him. Neither must  
ence be given to virtue, if the person be  
famous.

When the first table is filled, the next in renew  
must be seated at the second, and so on in like man  
ner to the number of twenty; as also in the same  
order at the third, which is to hold a hundred. At  
these tables, no regard is to be had to seniority: for  
if Julius Cæsar shall be judged more famous than  
Romulus and Scipio, he must have the precedence.  
No person who has not been dead a hundred years  
must be offered to a place at any of these tables:  
and because this is altogether a lay-society, and that  
sacred persons move upon greater motives than that  
of fame, no persons celebrated in holy writ, or any  
ecclesiastical men whatsoever, are to be introduced  
here.

At the lower end of the room is to be a s  
for persons of great fame, but dubious  
such as Hercules, Theseus, Æneas, Ach s,  
tor, and others. But because it is appreh  
that there may be great contention about prece  
the proposer humbly desires the opinion of m  
learned towards his assistance in placing every per  
son according to his rank, that none may have j  
occasion of offence.

The merits of the cause shall be judged by plu  
rality of voices.

For the more impartial execution of th  
tant affair, it is desired, that no man w  
favourite hero, scholar, or poet; and  
ed will be pleased to send to Mr. Bickers  
Morphew's, near Stationer's-hall, their se  
for the first table only, and in the ori  
have them placed; after which t pro

re the several lists, and make another for the  
, wherein every name shall be ranked ac-  
g to the voices it has had. Under this cham-  
to be a dark vault for the same number of  
ns of evil fame.

is humbly submitted to consideration, whether  
project would not be better if the persons of thue  
meet in a middle room, those of dubious ex-  
ace in an upper room, and those of evil fame in  
ower dark room.

It is to be noted, that no historians are to be ad-  
tted at any of these tables ; because they are ap-  
ted to conduct the several persons to their  
, and are to be made use of as ushers to the  
mbles.

a call upon the learned world to send me their as-  
istance towards this design, it being a matter of too  
great moment for any one person to determine. But  
I do assure them, their lists shall be examined with  
great fidelity, and those that are exposed to the  
public, made with all the caution imaginable.

In the mean time, while I wait for these lists, I  
am employed in keeping people in a right way, to  
avoid the contrary to fame and applause, to wit,  
blame and derision. For this end I work upon  
that useful project of the penny-post, by the benefit  
of which it is proposed, that a charitable society be  
established : from which society there shall go every  
day, circular letters to all parts within the bills of  
mortality, to tell people of their faults in a friendly  
and private manner, whereby they may know what  
the world thinks of them, before it is declared to  
the world that they are thus faulty. This method  
cannot fail of universal good consequences : for it is  
further added, that they who will not be reformed  
by it, must be contented to see the several letters  
printed, which were not regarded by them, that

when they will not take private reprehension, may be tried further by a public one. I am sorry I am obliged to print the following letter that kind to some persons, and the more so they are of the fair sex.

'This went on Friday last to a very fine lady.

'MADAM.

'I am highly sensible, that there is nothing of so tender a nature as the reputation and conduct of ladies; and that when there is the least stain got into their fame, it is hardly ever to be washed out. When I have said this, you will believe I am extremely concerned to hear, at every visit I make, that your manner of wearing your hair is a mere affectation of beauty, as well as that of your neglect of powder has been a common evil to your sex. It is to you an advantage to show that abundance of fine tresses: but I beseech you to consider, that the force of your beauty, and the imitation of you, costs Eleonora great sums of money to her tire-woman for false locks, besides what is allowed to her maid for keeping the secret, that she is grey. I must take leave to add to this admonition, that you are not to reign above four months and odd days longer. Therefore, I must desire you to raise and friz your hair a little, for it is downright insolence to be thus handsome without art; and you will forgive me for intreating you to do now out of compassion, what you must soon do out of necessity. I am, madam,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant.'

This person dresses just as she did before I writ; as does also the lady to whom I addressed the following billet the same day:

'MADAM,

'Let me beg of you to take off the patches at the lower end of your left cheek, and I will allow two

under your left eye, which will contribute to the symmetry of your face; except you please to remove the ten black atoms on your p's chin, and wear one large patch instead of If so, you may properly enough retain the patches above mentioned. I am, &c.'

This, I thought had all the civility and reason in the world in it; but whether my letters are intercepted, or whatever it is, the lady patches as she used to do. It is to be observed by all the charitable society, as an instruction in their epistles, that they tell people of nothing but what is in their power to mend. I shall give another instance of this way of writing: two sisters in Essex-street are eternally gaping out of the window, as if they knew not the value of time, or would call in companions. Upon which I writ the following line:

'DEAR CREATURES,

'On the receipt of this shut your casements.'

But I went by yesterday, and found them still at the window. What can a man do in this case, but go on and wrap himself up in his own integrity, with satisfaction only in this melancholy truth, that virtue is its own reward; and that if no one is the better for his admonitions, yet he is himself the more virtuous in that he gave those advices?

*St. James's Coffee-house, September 12.*

Letters of the thirteenth instant from the duke of Marlborough's camp at Havre advise, that the necessary dispositions were made for opening the trenches before Mons. The direction of the siege is to be committed to the Prince of Orange, who designed to take his post accordingly with thirty battalions and thirty squadrons on the day following.



On the seventeenth lieutenant-general Cad set out for Brussels, to hasten the an ni artillery which is to be employed in this and the confederate army was extended i Haisne to the Trouille, in order to cover the The loss of the confederates in the late battle is exactly known ; but it appears by a list transmitted to the States-general, that the number of the killed and wounded in their service amounts to above eight thousand. If is computed, that the English have lost fifteen hundred men, and the rest of the allies above five thousand, including the wounded. The States-general have taken the most speedy and effectual measures for reinforcing their troops ; it is expected, that in eight or ten days the army be as numerous as before the battle. The Italy afford us nothing remarkable ; only it is hoped the difference between the courts of and Turin will be speedily accommodated. ] from Poland present us with a near prospect of ing king Augustus re-established on the throne all parties being very industrious to reconcile themselves to his interests.

*Will's Coffee-house, September 12.*

Of all the pretty arts in which our modern writ excel, there is not any which is more to be recommended to the imitation of beginners, than the skill of transition from one subject to another. I know not whether I make myself well understood ; but it is certain, that the way of stringing a discourse used in the *Mercure Gallant*, the *Gentleman's Journal*\*, and other learned writings ; not to mention how naturally things present themselves to such as harangue in pulpits, and other occasion

\* Published about the end of the seventeenth century in 4to.

to occur to the learned ; are methods worthy  
 foundation. I shall attempt this style myself in  
 lines. Suppose I was discoursing upon the  
 of Sweden's passing the Boristhenes. The  
 enes is a great river, and puts me in mind of  
 the Danube and the Rhine. The Danube I cannot  
 for, without reflection on that unhappy prince  
 had such fair territories on the banks of it ; I  
 the duke of Bavaria, who by our last letters  
 ired from Mons. Mons is as strong a fortifi-  
 n as any which has no citadel : and places  
 h are not completely fortified, are, methinks,  
 ns to princes, that they are not omnipotent,  
 iable to the strokes of fortune. But as all  
 es are subject to such calamities, it is the part  
 en of letters to guard them from the obser-  
 ns of all small writers : for which reason I  
 conclude my present remarks, by publishing  
 following advertisement to be taken notice of  
 ll who dwell in the suburbs of learning :

Whereas the king of Sweden has been so un-  
 fortunate as to receive a wound in his heel ; we do  
 by prohibit all epigrammatists in either language  
 both Universities, as well as all other poets, of  
 denomination soever, to make any mention of  
 his death's wound in the  
 part.

We do likewise forbid all comparisons in coffee-  
 s between Alexander the Great and the said  
 of Sweden, and from making any parallels be-  
 the death of Patkul and Philotas ; we being  
 apprehensive of the reflections that several po-  
 s have ready by them to produce on this oc-  
 on, and being willing, as much as in us lies,  
 free the town of all impertinences of this na-

Nº 68. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 17

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*Quicquid agunt homines*  
*nostrum est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. 8, 84.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
 Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

R.

*From my own Apartment, September 14.*

THE progress of our endeavours will of  
 be very much interrupted, except the l  
 will please to send their lists to t  
 Fame with all expedition. There is no  
 much contribute to create a noble em  
 youth, as the honourable mention of such w  
 actions have outlived the injuries of time, and re  
 commended themselves so far to the world that i  
 is become learning to know the least circumstanc  
 of their affairs. It is a great incentive to see, tha  
 some men have raised themselves so highly abov  
 their fellow-creatures, that the lives of o  
 men are spent in inquiries after the p  
 actions of the most illustrious. True it is,  
 without this impulse to fame and reputation, ou  
 industry would stagnate, and that lively desire  
 pleasing each other die away. This opinion was  
 established in the heathen world, that their  
 living appeared insipid, except their being  
 livened with a consciousness that they were  
 by the rest of the world.

Upon examining the proportion of men's f  
 for my table of twelve, I thought it no ill w

ice I had laid it down for a rule, that they were be ranked simply as they were famous, without rd to their virtue) to ask my sister Jenny's ad-; and particularly mention to her the name Aristotle. She immediately told me, he was a ry great scholar, and that she had read him at the arding-school. She certainly means a trifle, sold the hawkers called 'Aristotle's Problems.' But is raised a great scruple in me, whether a fame eared by imposition of others is to be added to s account, or that these excrescences, which grow ut of his real reputation, and give encouragement others to pass things under the covert of his name, ould be considered in giving him his seat in the er? This punctilio is referred to the learned. ne mean time, so ill-natured are mankind, that believe I have names already sent me sufficient to l up my list for the dark room, and every one is t enough to send in their accounts of ill deservers. his malevolence does not proceed from a real dis- ke of virtue, but diabolical prejudice against it, hich makes men willing to destroy what they care ot to imitate. Thus you see the greatest characters ng your acquaintance, and those you live with, re traduced by all below them in virtue, who never ention them but with an exception. However, I elieve I shall not give the world much trouble bout filling my tables for those of evil fame; for I ave some thoughts of clapping up the sharpeners there s fast as I can lay hold of them.

At present, I am employed in looking over the se- eral notices which I have received of their manner f dexterity, and the way at dice of making all *rugg*, the cant is. The whole art of securing a die has arely been sent me, by a person who was of the ternity, but is disabled by the loss of a finger; by hich means he cannot practise that trick as he used

to do. But I am very much at a loss how to some of the fair, who are accomplices with Knights of Industry; for my metaphorical dog is easily enough understood; but the feminine of dogs has so harsh a sound, that we know not how to name it. But I am credibly informed, that there are female dogs as voracious as the males, and make advances to young fellows, without any other design but coming to a familiarity with their purses. I have also long lists of persons of condition, who are certainly of the same regiment with these banditti, and instrumental to their cheats upon undiscerning men of their own rank. These add their good reputation to carry on the impostures of others, whose very names would else be defence enough against falling into their hands. But, for the honour of our nation, these shall be unmentioned; provided we hear no more of such practices, and that they shall not from henceforward suffer the society of such as they know to be the common enemies of order, discipline, and virtue. If it appear that they go on in encouraging them, they must be proceeded against according to the severest rules of history, where all is to be laid before the world with impartiality, and without respect to persons,

‘ So let the stricken deer go weep.’

*Will's Coffee-house, September 14.*

I find here for me the following epistle :

‘ SIR,

‘ Having lately read your discourse about the family of the Trubies, wherein you observe, that there are some who fall into laughter out of a certain benevolence in their temper, and not out of the ordinary motive, viz. contempt, and triumph over the

fections of others ; I have conceived a good of your knowledge of mankind. And, as you a tragi-comic genius, I beg the favour of you give us your thoughts of a quite different effect, which also is caused by other motives than what commonly taken notice of. What I would have treat of, is the cause of shedding tears. I desire you would discuss it a little, with observations on the various occasions which provoke us to that passion of our concern, &c.'

To obey this complaisant gentleman, I know no so short as examining the various touches of my bosom, on several occurrences in a long life, to evening of which I am arrived, after as many various incidents as any body has met with. I have reflected, that there is a great similitude in the motions of the heart in mirth and in sorrow ; and I think the usual occasion of the latter, as well as the former, is something which is sudden and unexpected. The mind has not a sufficient time to reflect its force, and immediately gushes into tears before we can utter ourselves by speech or commit it. The most notorious causes of these drops in our eyes are, pity, sorrow, joy, and reconciliation.

The fair sex, who are made of man and not of horse, have a more delicate humanity than we ; and pity is the most common cause of their tears : for as we are inwardly composed of an aptitude to every circumstance of life, and every thing that befalls any one person might have happened to another of human race ; self-love, and a sense of pain we ourselves should suffer in the circumstances of any whom we pity, is the cause of that passion. Such a reflection in the breast of a woman, immediately inclines her to tears ; but in a

man, it makes him think how such a one ought to act on that occasion suitably to the dignity of nature. Thus a woman is ever moved for whom she hears lament, and a man for whom he observes to suffer in silence. It is a man's behaviour in the circumstances he is in, that procures him the esteem of others, and not the affliction itself which demands our pity; we never give a man that passion which he has for himself. He that commends himself to our pity, chases our applause; nor he who bewails his misfortune, our pity.

Going through an alley the other day, I observed a noisy, impudent beggar bawl out, 'that he was wounded in a merchant-man; that he had lost his poor limbs;' and shewed a leg clouted up. All that passed by, made what haste they could out of his sight and hearing; but a poor fellow at the end of the passage, with a rusty coat, a melancholy air, and soft voice, desired them 'to look upon a man not used to beg.' The latter received the charity of almost every one that went by. The strings of the heart, which are to be touched to give us compassion, are not so played on but by the finest hand. We see in tragical representations, it is not the pomp of language, nor the magnificence of dress, in which the passion is wrought, that touches sensible spirits; but something of a plain and simple nature, which breaks in upon our souls, by that sympathy which is given us for our natural good-will and service.

In the tragedy of 'Macbeth,' where Wilks plays the part of a man whose family has been murdered in his absence, the wildness of his passion, which is run over in a torrent of calamitous circumstances, does but raise my spirits, and give me the alarm; but when he skilfully seems to be out of breath,

brought too low to say more : and upon a section cries only, wiping his eyes, ‘ What men ! Both, both my children gone ! ’ s no resisting a sorrow which seems to have out for all the reasons possible for its consolation but has no resource. ‘ There is not one out both, both are murdered ! ’ such sudden from the thread of the discourse, and a plaint expressed in an artless way, are the irre-strokes of eloquence and poetry. The same master, Shakspeare, can afford us instances of places where our souls are accessible ; and commands our tears. But it is to be observed, draws them from some unexpected source, seems not wholly of a piece with the dis-

Thus, when Brutus and Cassius had a death the tragedy of ‘ Cæsar,’ and rose to warm against each other, insomuch that it had come to something that might be fatal, until collected themselves ; Brutus does more than an apology for the heat he had been in, by ‘ Portia is dead.’ Here Cassius is all ten-  
 , and ready to dissolve, when he considers the mind of his friend had been employed on greatest affliction imaginable, when he had adding to it by a debate on trifles ; which him, in the anguish of his heart, cry out, escaped I killing, when I thus provoked

‘ This is an incident which moves the soul its sentiments ; and Cassius’s heart was at touched with all the soft pangs of pity, reconciliation. It is said, indeed, by , ‘ If you would have me weep, you must weep yourself.’ This is not literally true ; for it would have been as rightly said, if we observe , That I shall certainly weep, if you do not : what is intended by that expression is, that it



is not possible to give passion, except you show you suffer yourself. Therefore, the true art to be, that when you would have the person you represent pitied, you must show him at once in highest grief; and struggling to bear it with decency and patience. In this case, we sigh for him, and give him every groan he suppresses.

I remember, when I was young enough to follow the sports of the field, I have more than once red off at the death of a deer, when I have seen the animal, in an affliction which appeared human, without the least noise, let fall tears when he was reduced to extremity; and I have thought of the sorrow I saw him in, when his haunch came to the table. But our tears are not given only to objects of pity, but the mind has recourse to that relief in all occasions which gives us great emotion. Thus, to be apt to shed tears is a sign of a great as well as little spirit. I have heard say, the present pope\* never passes through the people, who always kneel in crowds, and ask his benediction, but the tears are seen to flow from his eyes. This must proceed from an imagination that he is the father of all those people: and that he is touched with so extensive a benevolence, that it breaks out into passion of tears. You see friends, who have been long absent, transported in the same manner: thousand little images crowd upon them at the meeting, as all the joys and griefs they have known during their separation; and in one hurry of thought they conceive how they should have participated in those occasions; and weep, because the minds are too full to wait the slow expression of words.

\* Pope Clement XI.

*His lacrymis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultro.*

VIRG. ÆN. ii. 145.

With tears the wretch confirm'd his tale of woe :  
And soft-ey'd pity pleaded for the foe.

R. WYNNE.

\* \* There is lately broke loose from the London pack, a very tall, dangerous biter. He is now at the Bath, and it is feared will make a damnable havoc amongst the game. His manner of biting is new, and he is called the Top. He secures one die betwixt his two fingers : the other is fixed, by the help of a famous wax, invented by an apothecary, since a gamester ; a little of which he puts upon his fore-finger, and that holds the die in the box at his devotion. Great sums have been lately won by these ways ; but it is hoped, that this hint of his manner of cheating will open the eyes of many who are every day imposed upon.

††† There is now in the press, and will be suddenly published, a book, entitled, ‘ An Appendix to the Contempt of the Clergy \* ;’ wherein will be set forth at large, that all our dissensions are owing to the laziness of persons in the sacred ministry, and that none of the present schisms could have crept into the flock, but by the negligence of the pastors. There is a digression in this treatise, proving, that the pretences made by the priesthood, from time to time, that the church was in danger, is only a trick to make the laity passionate for that of which they themselves have been negligent. The whole concludes with an exhortation to the clergy, to the study of eloquence, and practice of piety, as the only method to support the highest of all honours, that of a priest who lives and acts according to his character.

\* A celebrated book, written by Dr. John Eachard, and published in 1670.

N<sup>o</sup> 69. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 17

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— *Quid oportet*  
*Nos facere, à vulgo longè latèque remotos ?*  
 HOR. l. Sat. vi. 17.

But how shall we, who differ far and wide  
 From the mere vulgar, this great point decide ?  
 FRANCIS.

*From my own Apartment, September 16.*

It is, as far as it relates to our present being, great end of education to raise ourselves above vulgar ; but what is intended by the vulgar is methinks, enough understood. In me, it that word raises a quite different idea from what usually does in others ; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the lish of such satisfactions as are the ordinary entertainment of men. However, such as my opinion is in this case, I will speak it ; because it is possible that turn of thought may be received by others, may reap as much satisfaction from it as I myself.

It is to me a very great meanness, and so far below a philosopher, which is what I desire by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts, and sentiments in that condition. For if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer ; is he such an artificer, who within his power is good

ends, moderate in his demands for his labour, cheerful in his occupation, very much superior who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and to those who act their part with much more than himself? Epictetus has made use of the idea of a stage-play to human life with much

‘It is not,’ says he, ‘to be considered, the actors, who is prince, or who is beggar, who acts prince or beggar best.’ The circumstance of life should not be that which gives us but our behaviour in that circumstance is what be our solid distinction. Thus, a wise man think no man above him or below him, any more than it regards the outward order or disorder of the world; for if we conceive too great an idea of the eminence of our superiors, or subordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect on our behaviour to both. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming to those below him, and pity those above him.

The sense of mankind is so far from a levelling principle, that it only sets us upon a true basis of merit, and doubles the merit of such as behave well in their condition. A man in power, who can, without the ordinary prepossessions which stop the view, see the true knowledge and service of mankind, and look through the little distinctions of fortune, raise oblation, and discountenance successful industry, in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man; and is above the men in the highest character he can be, even to be their benefactor.

During my thoughts, as I was taking my pipe smoking, after this manner, it was no small de-



, contracted a more sincere and constant friendship than their adversaries, the men, will allow tent with the frailty of female nature ; and, from a long acquaintance convinced of the agreement of their tempers, have thought an expedient to prevent their separation, and not think any so effectual (since it is common love to destroy friendship) as to give up both liberties to the same person in marriage. The man they have pitched upon is neither well nor agreeable, his understanding moderate, his person never designed to charm women ; having so much self-interest in his nature, as to be satisfied with making double contracts, upon condition of receiving double fortunes : and most being so far sensible of the uneasiness that one man occasions ; they think him, for these reasons, the most likely person of their acquaintance to receive these proposals. Upon all other accounts, he is the last man either of them would chuse, yet for this is preferable to all the rest. They desire to know your opinion the next post, resolving to defer farther proceeding, until they have received it.

I am, Sir,

your unknown, unthought of,  
humble servant,

BRIDGET EITHERSIDE.'

This is very extraordinary ; and much might be objected by me, who am something of a civilian, in the case of two marrying the same man : but these ladies are, I perceive, free-thinkers ; and therefore I shall speak only to the prudential part of the design, merely as a philosopher, without entering into the merit of it in the ecclesiastical or civil way. These constant friends, Piladea and Orestes, are at a loss to preserve their friendship from the

encroachments of love: for which end they resolved upon a fellow who cannot be the object of affection or esteem to either, and consequently not rob one of the place each has in her heart. But in all my reading (and I have read that the sages of love have writ) I have found the greatest danger in jealousy. The ladies, indeed, avoid this passion, chuse a sad fellow; but if they would be advised by me, they had better chuse her worthless man; otherwise, he that was valuable, while he was indifferent to them, will become valuable when he seems to prefer one to the other.

I remember in the history of *Don Quixote la Manca*, there is a memorable passage, which opens to us the weakness of our nature in such particulars. The Don falls into discourse with a gentleman, whom he calls 'the Knight of the Green Cassock,' and is invited to his house. When he comes there, he runs into discourse and panegyric upon the economy, the government, and order of his family, the education of his children, &c. &c. on the singular wisdom of him who directed all with that exactness. The gentleman, in answer, makes a monologue to himself, 'O irresistible power of flattery! Though I know this is a madman, I cannot help being taken with his applause.' The ladies will find this much more true in the case of the lover, and the woman he most likes will certainly be more pleased, she whom he slights more than she can imagine before she has tried. And I humbly propose, that they both marry each other, whom they are sure they cannot like, and they may be pretty secure against the change of affection which they fear; and, by that means, preserve the temperature under which they now write, joy, during life, 'Equal day and night.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, September 18.*

There is no manner of news ; but people now  
 spend their time in coffee-houses in reflecting  
 on the particulars of the late glorious day, and  
 reviewing the several parts of the action, as they are  
 related in letters from private hands, or not  
 given to us by accounts in public papers. A  
 young gentleman, alluding to the great fences  
 through which we pierced, said this evening, ' the  
 French thought themselves on the right side of the  
 matter, but it proved otherwise.' Mr. Kidney, who  
 long conversed with, and filled tea for, the  
 consummate politicians, was pleased to give  
 an account of this piece of ribaldry ; and de-  
 termined on that occasion to write a whole paper on  
 the subject of valour, and explain how that quality,  
 which must be possessed by whole armies, is so  
 very preferable in one man rather than another ;  
 how the same actions are but mere acts of duty  
 to one, and instances of the most heroic virtue in  
 another. He advises me not to fail, in this discourse,  
 to mention the gallantry of the prince of Nassau in  
 his last engagement ; who, when a battalion made  
 its way in the face of the enemy, snatched the co-  
 lour out of the hands of the ensign, and planted  
 it just before the line of the enemy, calling to  
 the battalion to take care of their colours, if they  
 had regard to him. Mr. Kidney has my promise  
 to give him in this particular, on the first occasion  
 possible.

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\* Mr. Bickerstaff is now compiling exact ac-  
 counts of the pay of the militia, and the com-  
 missions of officers under the respective lieutenanties  
 great Britain ; in the first place, of those of  
 London and Westminster ; and in regard that there

L. II. X



are no common soldiers, but all house-keepers representatives of house-keepers, in these the sums raised by the officers shall be looked and their fellow-soldiers, or rather fellow-travellers from one part of the town to the other, not defrauded of the ten pounds allowed for the subsistence of the troops.

††† Whereas, not very long since, at a meeting between Fleet-bridge and Charing-cross, certain polite gentlemen thought fit to perform in chancery exercises of devotion by dancing with their clothes on, after the manner of the Præ-Adversaries, this is to certify those persons, that there is no manner of wit or humour in the said practice; and that the beadle of the parish are to be at their next meeting, where it is to be examined, whether they have arrived at want of feeling, as well as want of sense.

‡‡‡ Whereas a chapel-clerk was lately taken into a garret, on a flock-bed, with two of the fellows who are usually employed in sifting cinders: this is to let him know, that if he persists in being a dunce both to laity and clergy, as being as it were neither, the names of the nymphs who have been with him shall be printed; therefore he is desired to take care as he tends the reputation of his ladies, to be careful not to be so taken.

§§§ Mr. Bickerstaff has received information that an eminent and noble preacher\* in the congregation of Great-Britain, for fear of being thought guilty of presbyterian fervency and prophanity, lately read his sermon before his congregation, but the same advices acknowledging that he must amend by the shortness of his discourse, it is thought fit to make no further observation upon it.

\* The author seems here to allude to the chapel-roy James's, where Robert Booth, D. D. dean of Bristol at that time the only 'honourable' chaplain.

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Nº 70. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill—*  
By human kind shall this collection fill.

*From my own Apartment, September 19.*

THE following letter, in prosecution of what I have lately asserted, has urged that matter so much better than I had, that I insert it as I received it. These testimonials are customary with us learned men, and sometimes are suspected to be written by the author; but I fear no one will suspect me of this.

‘SIR,

London, Sept. 15, 1709.

‘Having read your lucubrations of the tenth instant, I cannot but entirely agree with you in your notion of the scarcity of men who can either read or speak. For my part, I have lived these thirty years in the world, and yet have observed but very few who could do either in any tolerable manner; among which few, you must understand that I reckon myself. How far eloquence, set off with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, will prevail over the passions, and how cold and unaffecting the best oration in the world would be without them, there are two remarkable instances, in the case of Ligarius, and that of Milo. Cæsar had condemned Ligarius. He came indeed to hear what might be said; but, thinking himself his own

master, resolved not to be biassed by any Cicero could say in his behalf : but in t mistaken ; for when the orator began to s hero is moved, he is vanquished, and at leng criminal is absolved. It must be observed, th famous orator was less renowned for his c than his eloquence ; for though he came : other time prepared to defend Milo with one best orations that antiquity has produced ; ye seized with a sudden fear, by seeing some men surrounding the Forum, he faltered speech and became unable to exert that irre force and beauty of action which would hav his client, and for want of which he was cond to banishment. As the success of the former c orations met with appears chiefly owing to t and graceful manner with which it was recit some there are who think it may be read v transport) so the latter seems to have failed cess for no other reason, but because the orat not in a condition to set it off with those or It must be confessed, that artful sound will w crowd prevail even more than sense ; but tho are masters of both, will ever gain the adm of all their hearers ; and there is, I think, natural account to be given of this matter : sensation of the head and heart are caused i of these parts by the outward organs of the ear : that, therefore, which is conveyed to t derstanding and passions by only one of th gans will not affect us so much as that w transmitted through both. I cannot but thin charge is just against a great part of the clergy of Great Britain, who deliver the most lent discourses with such coldness and indiff that it is no great wonder the unintelligent m their congregations fall asleep. Thus it h

their orations meet with a quite contrary fate to of Demosthenes you mentioned ; for as that much of its beauty and force, by being repeated the magistrates of Rhodes without the winning n of that great orator ; so the performances of gentlemen never appear with so little grace, to so much disadvantage, as when delivered by elves from the pulpit. Hippocrates, being sent or to a patient in this city, and having felt his inquired into the symptoms of his distemper : nnding that it proceeded in great measure from of sleep, advises his patient, with an air of ity, to be carried to church to hear a sermon, donbtng but that it would dispose him for the he wanted. If some of the rules Horace gives or the theatre were (not improperly) applied to pulpits, we should not hear a sermon prescribed a good opiate.

— *Si vis me flere, dolendum est  
Primum ipse tibi* —

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 103.

If you would have me weep, begin the strain.  
FRANCIS.

“ A man must himself express some concern and ction in delivering his discourse, if he expects auditory should interest themselves in what he n ses. For otherwise, notwithstanding the dig- ty and importance of the subject he treats of ; otwithstanding the weight and argument of the urse itself ; yet too many will say,

— *Male si mandata loqueris,  
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo* —

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 104.

But if, unmov'd you act not what you say,  
I'll sleep or laugh the lifeless theme away.

‘ If there be a deficiency in the speech will not be a sufficient attention and regard to the thing spoken : but, Mr. Bickerstaff, y that as too little action is cold, so too much some. Some indeed may think themselves polished speakers, for no other reason than they can be loud and noisy ; for surely St have some design in his vociferations.

Mr. Bickerstaff, convince them, that as irregular sound is not harmony ; so neither is a cushion, oratory : and, therefore, in my opinion, a certain divine of the kind to whom I allow otherwise to be a great man do well to leave this off ; for I think he would be more persuasive, if he gave himself less disturbance. Though I cannot say that action would be wholly improper to a religious oration ; yet I think in a religious assembly gives a man too warlike, or perhaps too tall figure to be suitable to a Christian conference.

‘ I am, sir, your humbleservant,

The most learned and ingenious Mr. B. is also pleased to write to me on this subject

‘ SIR,

‘ I read with great pleasure in the Tatler of Saturday last the conversation upon eloquence which he gave me to hint to you one thing the Great orator observes upon this subject ; *Caput trabatur oratoris* (he quotes Menedemus, the Ciceronian), *ut ipsis apud quos ageret talis quæ optaret videretur ; id fieri vitæ dignitatis* (de Orat.) It is the first rule in oratory, that he must appear such as he would persuade others to be, and that can be accomplished only by the consistency of his life. I believe it might be of great use to let our public orators know, that an unna-

, or an unbecoming levity in their behaviour of the pulpit, will take very much from the of their eloquence in it. Excuse another scrap in latin ; it is from one of the fathers : I think it appear a just observation to all, and it may authority with some ; *Qui autem docent tantum, faciunt, ipsi præceptis suis, detrahunt pondus ; enim obtemperet, cum ipsi præceptores doceant non obtemperare ?* Those who teach, but do not act agreeably to the instructions they give to others, take away all weight from their doctrine : for who will obey the precepts they inculcate, if they themselves teach us by their practice to disobey them ?

‘ I am, sir, your most humble servant,

JONATHAN ROSEHAT.’

‘ P.S.—You were complaining in that paper, that : clergy of Great Britain had not yet learned to ask : a very great defect indeed : and therefore I will think myself a well-deserver of the church, in recommending all the dumb clergy to the famous speaking doctor at Kensington. This ingenious gentleman, out of compassion to those of a bad utterance, has placed his whole study in the new modelling the organs of voice : which art he has so far advanced, as to be able even to make a good orator of a pair of bellows. He lately exhibited a specimen of his skill in this way, of which I was informed by the worthy gentlemen then present ; who were at once delighted and amazed to hear an instrument of so simple an organization use an exact articulation of words, a just cadency in its sentences, and a wonderful pathos in its pronunciation ; not that he designs to expatiate in this practice ; because he cannot, as he says, apprehend what use it may be of to mankind, whose benefit he aims at in a more particular manner : and for the same reason, he

will never more instruct the feathered kind, parrot having been his last scholar in that way. has a wonderful faculty in making and men echoes : and this he will perform at any time the use of the solitary in the country ; being a man born for universal good, and for that reason recommended to your patronage, by sir, yours, &c.'

Another learned gentleman, gives me also this comium :

'SIR,

September

'You are now got into an useful and noble subject ; take care to handle it with judgment and delicacy. I wish every young divine would peruse yours of Saturday last a serious perusal ; and when you are entered upon the action of an orator, if you would proceed to favour the world with some marks on the mystical enchantments of pronunciation, what a secret force there is in the accent of a tunable voice, and wherefore the works of very great men of the profession could never please so well when read as heard, I shall trouble you no more scribble. You are now in the method being truly profitable and delightful. If you keep up to such great and sublime subjects, pursue them with a suitable genius, go on and prosper. Farewell.'

*White's Chocolate-house, September 19.*

This was left for me here, for the use of the company of the house :

'To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

'SIR,

September

'The account you gave lately of a certain kennel in or near Suffolk-street was not so punctual as to the list of the dogs, as might have been

from a person of Mr. Bickerstaff's intelligence; for if you will dispatch Pacolet thither evening, it is ten to one but he finds, be-  
those you mentioned,

lowzer, a large French mongrel, that was not ago in a tattered condition, but has now got w nair; is not fleet, but, when he grapples, bites to the marrow.

• Spring, a little French greyhound, that lately made a false trip to Tunbridge.

• Sly, an old battered fox-hound that began the same in France.

• Lightfoot, a fine-skinned Flanders dog, that belonged to a pack at Ghent; but having lost flesh, gone to Paris for the benefit of the air.

• With several others, that in time may be worth notice.

• Your familiar will see also, how anxious the keepers are about the prey, and indeed, not without very good reason, for they have their share of every thing: nay, not so much as a poor rabbit can be run down, but these carnivorous curs swallow a quarter of it. Some mechanics in the neighbourhood that have entered into this civil society, and furnish part of the carrion and oatmeal for the , have the skin; and the bones are picked an by a little French shock that belongs to the family, &c. I am, sir,

Your humble servant, &c.'

• I had almost forgot to tell you, that Ringwood is at Hampstead with false teeth\*.'

\* False dice.



N<sup>o</sup> 71. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22,

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*Quicquid agunt homines——*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. i.

Whatever good is done, ~~whatever~~ ill——

By human kind shall this collection fill.

*From my own Apartment, September 2*

I HAVE long been, against my inclination, en in satire, and that in prosecution of such who are below the dignity of the true spir such who, I fear, are not to be reclaimed by them only ridiculous. The sharpeners shall fore, have a month's time to themselves, fr the observation of this paper ; but I must n a truce without letting them know, tha same time I am preparing for a a more vigoro for a friend of mine has promised me, he ploy his time in compiling such a tract, b session of the ensuing parliament, as shall lay home to the bosoms of all who love their co their families ; and he doubts not but it wi an act, that shall make these rogues as scand those less mischievous ones on the high road

I have received private intimations to take my walks, and remember there are such t stabs and blows : but as there never was a in this design which ought to displease a ma nour, or which was not designed to offend cals, I shall give myself very little concern : ing what I expected, that they would be

I at these lucubrations. But though I ut-  
pise the pack, I must confess I am at a  
the receipt of the following letter, which  
be written by a man of sense and worth,  
mistaken some passage that I am sure was  
led at him. This gentleman's complaints  
compunction, when I neglect the threats of  
Is. I cannot be in jest with the rogues any  
since they pretend to threaten. I do not  
hether I shall allow them the favour of  
tation.

R. BICKERSTAFF,

Sept. 13.

ving you are not content with lashing the  
ses of the age without illustrating each with  
r characters, it is thought nothing would  
ntribute to the impression you design by  
n always having regard to truth. In your  
this day, I observe you allow, that nothing  
ler as a lady's reputation; that a stain once  
eir fame is hardly ever to be washed out.  
a grant, even when you give yourself leave

If so, what caution is necessary in  
the reputation of a man, whose well-being  
e perhaps entirely depends on preserving it  
g wound, which, once there received, too  
o s fatal and incurable? Suppose some  
mand, through personal prejudice, trans-  
s for this purpose, which you publish  
vord, and afterwards become fully con-  
ou were imposed on; as by this time you  
f a character you have sent into the world;  
upposing this, I would be glad to know,  
aration you think ought to be made the  
o injured, admitting you stood in his place.  
ays been held, that a generous education  
est mark of a generous mind. The former

is indeed perspicuous in all your papers : and persuaded, though you affect often to show tender, yet you would not keep any measures, even Christianity, with those who should handle the manner you do others. The application of this is from your having very lately glanced at a man, under a character, which were he content to deserve, he would be the first to rid the world of himself ; and would be more justifiable in it than you in your committing a violence on his reputation, which perhaps you will be convinced of in another manner than you deserve from him.

‘ A man of your capacity, Mr. Bickerstaff, I have more noble views, and pursue the true method of satire ; but I will conclude, lest I grow impatient, and will only beg you, for your own preservation, to remember the proverb of the pitcher that carries water.

I am yours,

A.

The proverb of the pitcher I have no regard to, but it would be an insensibility not to be particular if a man could be untouched at so warm an application, and that laid with so much seeming modesty. All I can say to it is, that if the writer, by the method whereby he conveyed this letter, can give me an instance wherein I have injured a man, or pointed at any thing which is not the proper object of raillery, I shall acknowledge the fault in as open a manner as the press can do it, and lay down this paper for ever.

There is something very terrible in unjustly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune : but when men of too much sense of themselves will think they are touched, it is impossible to prevent ill consequences from

innocent and general! discoveries. This I have seen happen in circumstances the most foreign to those who have taken offence at them. An advertisement lately published, relating to Omicron, mentioned a gentleman of good sense, integrity, honour, and industry, who is, in every particular, distant from the trifling pretenders pointed at in the advertisement. When the modesty of some is excessive as the vanity of others, what defence is there against misinterpretation? However, giving offence, though not intended, to men of virtuous characters, has so sincerely troubled me, that I will break from this satirical vein; and, to shew I value myself very little upon it, shall for this month ensuing leave the sharper, the fop, the peacock, the proud man, the insolent; in a word, all the train of knaves and fools, to their own devices, and touch on nothing but panegyric. This way is suitable to the true genius of the Staffs, who are much more inclined to reward than punish. If, therefore, the author of the above-mentioned letter does not command my silence wholly, as he shall if I do not give him satisfaction, I shall for the above-mentioned space turn my thoughts to raising merit from its obscurity, celebrating virtue in its distress, and attacking vice by no other method, but setting innocence in a proper light.

*Will's Coffee-house, September 20.*

I find here for me the following letter :

‘ ESQUIRE BICKERSTAEF,

‘ Finding your advice and censure to have a good effect, I desire your admonition to our vicar and schoolmaster, who, in his preaching to his auditors, stretches his jaws so wide, that, instead of instructing youth, it rather frightens them: likewise in

reading prayers, he has such a careless look, that people are justly offended at his irreverent posture, besides the extraordinary charge they are putting on sending their children to dance, to bring the money to those ill gestures. Another evil faculty he has, making the bowling-green his daily residence, instead of his church, where his curate reads every day. If the weather is fair, his time is spent in visiting; if cold, or wet, in bed, or at home, though within a hundred yards of the church. These, out of many such irregular practices, I put before his reclamation: but two or three things more before I conclude: to wit, that generally when the curate preaches in the afternoon, he sleeps in the desk on a hassock. With all this he is extremely proud, that he will go but once sick, except they return his visit.'

I was going on in reading my letter, when I was interrupted by Mr. Greenhat, who has been at evening at the play of Hamlet. 'Mr. Greenhat,' said he, 'had you been to-night at the play-house, you had seen the force of action and declamation: your admired Mr. Betterton behaved himself so well, that, though now about seventy, he acted youth; and by the prevalent power of his manner, gesture, and voice, appeared throughout the whole drama a young man of great expectation, and enterprize. The soliloquy, when he began the celebrated sentence of, "To be, or not to be!" the expostulation, where he explains his mother in her closet; the noble ardour, after his father's ghost; and his generous distress at the death of Ophelia, are each of them circumstances which dwell strongly upon the minds of the audience, and would certainly affect their behaviour on any parallel occasions in their own lives.'

ckerstaff, let us have virtue thus represented  
stage with its proper ornaments, or let these  
s be added to her in places more sacred.

my part,' said he, 'I carried my cousin  
this little boy, with me; and shall always  
e child for his partiality in all that concerned  
tune of Hamlet. This is entering youth into  
ctions and passions of manhood before-hand,  
s it were, antedating the effects we hope  
long and liberal education.'

annot, in the midst of many other things  
press, hide the comfort that this letter from  
enious kinsman gives me.

My honoured kinsman, ISAAC BICKERSTAFF,  
Esquire.

DEAR COUSIN,

Oxford, Sept. 18.

am sorry, though not surprised, to find that  
we rallied the men of dress in vain; that the  
headed cane still maintains its unstable post;  
ckets are but a few inches shortened; and a

still a beau, from the crown of his night-  
the heels of his shoes. For your comfort I  
are you, that your endeavours succeed better

famous seat of learning. By them, the  
s of our young gentlemen are in a fair way  
ndment, and their very language is mightily

To them it is owing, that not a servitor  
ig a catch, nor a senior fellow make a pun,  
letermining bachelor drink a bumper; and I  
a gentleman-comamoner would as soon have  
of his shoes red, as his stockings. When

ig stands at a coffee-house door, and sneers  
who pass by, to the great improvement of  
eful audience, he is no longer surnamed 'a

but 'a man of fire' is the word. A beauty  
ealth is drunk from Heddington to Hinksey;

who has been the theme of the Muses, her painted with roses, and her bosom planted with orange boughs; has no more the title of "lady," reigns an undisputed "toast." When to the garb of gown and band a spark adds an inconsistent long wig, we do not say now "he boshes," but "there goes a smart fellow." If a virgin blushes, we no longer cry "she blues." He that drinks until he stares is no more "tow-row," but "honest." "A youngster in a scrape," is a word out of date; and what bright man says, "I was joaked by the Dean?" "Bambouzing" is exploded; "a shaf" is "a tatler;" and if the muscular motion of a man's face be violent, no mortal says, "he raises a horse," but "he is a merry fellow."

'I congratulate you, my dear kinsman, upon these conquests; such as Roman emperors lamented they could not gain; and in which you rival your correspondent Louis le Grand, and his dictating academy.

'Be yours the glory to perform, mine to record, as Mr. Dryden has said before me to his kinsman; and while you enter triumphant into the temple of the Muses, I, as my office requires, will, with my staff on my shoulder, attend and conduct you.

I am, dear cousin,

Your most affectionate kinsman,

BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF.

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\* \* Upon the humble application of certain persons who have made heroic figures in Mr. Bickerstaff's narrations, notice is hereby given, that no such shall ever be mentioned for the future, except those who have sent menaces, and not submitted to admonition.

72. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*nostrum est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. i. 25, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

*White's Chocolate-house, September 23.*

HAVE taken upon me no very easy task in turning  
my thoughts on panegyric, when most of the  
voices I receive tend to the quite contrary purpose;  
and I have few notices but such as regard follies  
and vices. But the properest way for me to treat is,  
to keep in general upon the passions and affections  
of the human mind, with as little regard to particulars as the  
nature of the thing will admit. However, I think  
there is something so passionate in the circumstances  
of the lovers mentioned in the following letter, that  
I am willing to go out of my way to obey what is  
commanded in it:

'SIR,

London, Sept. 17.

'Your design of entertaining the town with the  
characters of the ancient heroes, as persons shall  
send an account to Mr. Morpew's, encourages me  
and others to beg of you, that, in the mean time, if  
it is not contrary to the method you have proposed,  
you would give us one paper upon the subject of  
the death of Pætus and his wife, when Nero sent  
an order to kill himself: his wife, setting him  
an example, died with these words: "Pætus, it is



not painful." You must know the story, and observations upon it will oblige, Sir,  
Your most humble se

When the worst of men that ever lived world had the highest station in it, human li the object of his diversion ; and he sent ord quently out of mere wantonness, to take and such, without so much as being ang them. Nay, frequently his tyranny was morous, that he put men to death because h not but approve of them. It came one de ear, that a certain married couple, Pætus and lived in a more happy tranquillity and mut than any other persons who were then in beir listened with great attention to the account manner of spending their time together, of t stant pleasure they were to each other in a words and actions ; and found by exact infor that they were so treasonable as to be mu happy than his imperial majesty himself. which he writ Pætus the following billet :

‘ Pætus, you are hereby desired to dispat self. I have heard a very good character and therefore leave it to yourself, whether die by dagger, sword or poison. If you this order above an hour, I have given direc put you to death by torture.

This familiar epistle was delivered to Arria, who opened it.

One must have a soul very well turned t pity, and indignation, to comprehend the this unhappy lady was thrown into upon casion. The passion of love is no more to b stood by some tempers, than a problem in a by an ignorant man : but he that knows ffection is, will have, upon considering t

n of Arria, ten thousand thoughts flowing from him, which the tongue was not formed to press; but the charming statue is now before my eyes, and Arria, in her unutterable sorrow, has more beauty than ever appeared in youth, in mirth, in triumph. These are the great and noble incidents which speak the dignity of our nature, in our sufferings and distresses. Behold, her tender affection for her husband sinks her features into a countenance which appears more helpless than that of an infant: but again, her indignation shows in her visage and her bosom a resentment as strong as that of the bravest man. Long she stood in this agony of alternate rage and love; but at last composed herself for her dissolution, rather than survive her beloved Pætus. When he came into her presence, he found her with the tyrant's letter in one hand, and a dagger in the other. Upon his approach to her, she gave him the order: and at the same time stabbing herself, 'Pætus,' says she, 'it is not painful;' and expired. Pætus immediately followed her example. The passion of these memorable lovers was such, that it eluded the rigour of their fortune, and baffled the force of a blow, which neither felt, because each received it for the sake of the other. The woman's part in this story is by much the more heroic, and has occasioned one of the best epigrams transmitted to us from antiquity\*.

\* *Casta suo gladium cum traderet ARRIA PÆTO,  
 Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis;  
 Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci, non dolet, inquit,  
 Sed quod tu facies hoc mihi, PÆTE dolet.*  
 MARTIAL. Epig. l. 14.

When the chaste ARRIA reached the reeking sword,  
 Drawn from her bowels, to her honour'd lord,  
 'Trust me, she said, for *this* I do not grieve,  
 I die by *that* which PÆTUS must receive.

*From my own Apartment, September 23.*

The boy says, one in a black hat left the following letter :

‘ FRIEND, 19th of the seventh mo

‘ Being of that part of Christians whom men Quakers, and being a seeker of the right way was persuaded yesterday to hear one of your noted teachers ; the matter he treated was the necessity of well living grounded upon a future I was attentive ; but the man did not appear earnest. He read his discourse, notwithstanding thy rebukes, so heavily, and with so little being convinced himself, that I thought he have slept, as I observed many of his hearers did came home unedified, and troubled in mind. into the Lamentations, and from thence turn to the 34th chapter of Ezekiel, I found these words “ Woe be to the shepherds of Israel, that do themselves ! should not the shepherds feed the flock ? Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with wool : ye kill them that are fed ; but ye feed not the flock. The diseased have ye not strengthened neither have ye healed that which was sick ; neither have ye bound up that which was broken ; have ye brought again that which was away ; neither have ye sought that which was lost but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled the flock. &c. Now, I pray thee, friend, as thou art so skilled in many things, tell me who is meant by the diseased, the sick, the broken, the driven and the lost ? and whether the prophecy in that chapter be accomplished, or yet to come to pass and thou wilt oblige thy friend, though unknown.”

This matter is too sacred for this paper ; I cannot see what injury it would do to any

live it in his eye, and believe all that are  
 m him by his want of industry are to be  
 l of him. I dare say, Favonius \* has very  
 ese losses. Favonius, in the midst of a  
 impertinent assailants of the divine truths,  
 sturbed defender of them. He protects all  
 care, by the clearness of his understand-  
 the example of his life: he visits dying  
 the air of a man who hopes for his own  
 n, and enforces in others a contempt of  
 by his own expectation of the next. His  
 behaviour are the lively images of a com-  
 l well-governed zeal. None can leave him  
 frivolous jargon uttered by the ordinary  
 among dissenters, but such who cannot  
 h vociferation from eloquence, and argu-  
 m ailing. He is so great a judge of man-  
 l touches our passions with so superior a  
 , that he who deserts his congregation  
 a stranger to the dictates of nature as well  
 e of grace.

must proceed to other matters, and resolve  
 tious of other inquirers; as in the fol-

Heddington, Sept. 19.

i reading that part of the Tatler, N<sup>o</sup> 69,  
 ention is made of a certain chapel-clerk,  
 se a dispute, and that produced a wager,  
 by the words chapel-clerk was meant a  
 n or layman? by a clergyman I mean one  
 orders. It was not that any body in the  
 pretended to guess who the person was;  
 asserted, that by Mr. Bickerstaff's words  
 meant a clergyman only: others said,

\* Dr. Smalridge.

that those words might have been said clerk of a parish ; and some of them more of a layman. The wager is half a dozen of wine : in which, if you please to deter your health, and all the family of the Staff certainly be drunk : and you will singularly another very considerable family ; I mean your humble servants,

THE TRENCHER

It is very customary with us learned men, perplexities where no one else can see any honest gentlemen, who wrote this, are much loss to understand what I thought very plain in return, their epistle is so plain, that I understand it. This, perhaps, is at first : like nonsense : but I desire all persons to read these writings with an eye to my being far from the occult sciences ; and remember, that it is the privilege of the learned and the great to be understood when they please : for as a man of much business may be allowed to leave company when he pleases, so one of high learning may be above your company when he thinks fit. But, without further saying or fooling, I must inform my friends, the Tricots, in plain words, that I meant, in the terms they speak of, a drunken clerk of a church ; who will return their civility among my relations, and drink their healths as they do ours.

73. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

*White's Chocolate-house, September 26.*

I CANNOT express the confusion the following letter gave me, which I received by Sir Thomas this morning. There cannot be a greater surprise than to meet with sudden enmity in the midst of a familiar and friendly correspondence; which is my case in relation to this epistle: and I have no way to surmise myself to the world, but by publishing both it and my answer:

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘You are a very impudent fellow to put me into the Tatler. Rot you, Sir, I have more wit than you; and rot me, I have more money than most. As I have bubbled. All persons of quality admire; though, rot me if I value a blue garter any more than I do a blue apron. Every body knows I am brave; therefore have a care how you provoke  
MONOCULUS.’

The Answer.

‘SIR,

‘Did I not very well know your hand, as well by the spelling as the character, I should not have believed yours of to-day had come from you. But

when all men are acquainted that I have had intelligence from you, relating to your fraud, let them pronounce who is the more confess. I have had a peculiar tender for you by reason of that luxuriant eloquence or you are master, and have treated you accordingly; which you have turned your florid violence upon your ancient friend and school-fellow. You in your own conscience you gave me leave to upon your vein of speaking, provided I had other talents; in which I believed you sin, because, like the ancient Sinon, you have suffered yourself to be *defaced* to carry on a. Besides, Sir, *rot me*, language for a on your present station! Fy, fy, I am really you, and shall no more depend upon your grace. Keep your temper, *wash your face*, to bed.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

For aught I know, this fellow may have abused the description of the pack, on purpose to ensnare the game, while I have all along benevolently been destroying them as well as myself; but because they pretend to bark more than ordinary, I will let them see that I will not throw away the whip. They know better how to behave themselves. I must not, at the same time, omit the praise of their economy, expressed in the following:

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Sept. 17.

‘Though your thoughts are at present employed upon the tables of fame, and marshalling your illustrious dead, it is hoped the living may not be neglected, nor defrauded of their just honours; and since you have begun to publish to the world the great sagacity and vigilance of the Knights of the

stry, it will be expected you shall proceed to  
ce to all the societies of them you can be in-  
of; especially since their own great industry  
s their actions as much as possible from that  
ic notice which is their due.

*" Paulum sepulchra distat inertia  
Celata virtus.*

HOR. iv. Od. ix. 29.

" Hidden vice and concealed virtue are much alike.

' Be pleased, therefore, to let the following me-  
irs have a place in their history.

' In a certain part of the town, famous for the  
freshest oysters, and the plainest English, there is a  
house or rather a college, sacred to hospitality and  
the industrious arts. At the entrance is hierogly-  
phically drawn a cavalier contending with a monster,  
with jaws expanded, just ready to devour him.

' Hither the brethren of the industry resort;  
but to avoid ostentation, they wear no habits of  
distinction, and perform their exercises with as little  
noise and shew as possible. Here are no under-  
graduates, but each is master of his art. They  
are distributed according to their various talents,  
and detached abroad in parties, to divide the labours  
of the day. They have dogs as well-nosed and as  
fleet as any, and no sportsmen show greater acti-  
vity. Some beat for the game, some hunt it, others  
come in at the death; and my honest landlord makes  
very good venison sauce, and eats his share of the  
dinner.

' I would fain pursue my metaphors; but a ve-  
nerable person who stands by me, and waits to  
bring you this letter, and whom, by a certain bene-  
volence in his look, I suspect to be Pacolet, reproves  
me, and obliges me to write in plainer terms, that  
the society had fixed their eyes on a gay young gen.



tleman, who has lately succeeded to a title and estate; the latter of which they judged would very convenient for them. Therefore, after attempts to get into his acquaintance, my finds an opportunity to make his court to a the young spark, in the following manner :

“ Sir, as I take you to be a lover of ingenuity and plain dealing, I shall speak very freely to you. In few words, then, you are acquainted with Sir Liberal Brisk. Providence has, for our emolument, sent him a fair estate; for men are not born for themselves. Therefore, if you will bring him to my house, we will take care of him, and you shall have half the profits. There is Ace and Cutter will do his business to a hair. You will tell me, perhaps, he is your friend : I grant it, and it is for that I propose it, to prevent his falling into ill hands.

“ We'll carve him like a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him like a carcase fit for hounds.”

“ In short there are, to my certain knowledge, a hundred mouths open for him. Now if we can secure him to ourselves, we shall disappoint all those rascals that do not deserve him. Nay, you need not start at it. Sir, it is for your own advantage. Besides, Partridge has cast me his nativity, and I find by certain destiny, *his oaks must be felled.*”

“ The gentleman, to whom this honest proposal was made, made little answer; but said he would consider of it, and immediately took coach to find out the young baronet, and told him all that had passed, together with the new salvo to satisfy a man's conscience in sacrificing his friend. Sir Brisk was fired, swore a dozen oaths, drew his sword, put it up again, called for his man, beat him, and bid him fetch a coach. His friend asked him what he designed, and whither he was going? He an-

ered, to find out the villains, and fight them. which his friend agreed, and promised to be his second, on condition he would first divide his estate among them, and reserve only a proportion to himself, so that he might have the justice of fighting his equals. His next resolution was to play with them, and let them see he was not the bubble they took upon him for. But he soon quitted that, and resolved at last to tell Bickerstaff of them, and get them enrolled in the order of the Industry; with this caution to all young landed knights and esquires, that whenever they are drawn to play, they would consider it is calling them down to a sentence already pronounced upon them, and think of the sound of these words: *His oaks must be felled.* I am, Sir, your faithful humble servant,

WILL. TRUSTY.

*From my own Apartment, September 26.*

It is wonderful to consider what a pitch of confidence this world is arrived at. Do people believe I am made up of patience? I have long told them, that I will suffer no enormity to pass, without I have an understanding with the offenders by way of cash-money; and yet the candidates at Queen-Hithe send coals to all the town but me. All the public papers have had this advertisement:

‘London, September 24, 1709.

To the electors of an alderman for the ward of Queen-Hithe.

‘Whereas an evil and pernicious custom has of late very much prevailed at the election of aldermen in this city, by treating at taverns and alehouses, thereby engaging many unwarily to give their votes: such practice appearing to Sir Arthur de Bradley to be of dangerous consequence to the freedom of

elections, he hath avoided the excess thereof. I vertheless, to make an acknowledgment to ward for their intended favour, he hath depos in the hands of Mr. —, one of the present c mon-council, four hundred and fifty pounds, to disposed of as follows, provided the said Sir Ar de Bradly be the alderman, viz.

‘ All such that shall poll for Sir Ar Bradly shall have one chaldron of good coals g

‘ And half a chaldron to every one that shall poll against him.

‘ And the remainder to be laid out in a cl dial, or otherwise, as the common-council-men the said ward shall think fit.

‘ And if any person shall refuse to take the coals to himself, he may assign the same to poor electors in the ward.

‘ I do acknowledge to have received the four hundred and fifty pounds, for the poses above mentioned, for which I given a receipt.

‘ Witness, J—s H—T  
J—y G—H,  
E—D D—s. \*

J—N M—

‘ N. B.—Whereas several persons have alr engaged to poll for Sir Humphry Greenhat, hereby further declared, that every such perso doth poll for Sir Humphry Greenhat, and doth poll for Sir Arthur de Bradly, shall each of then ceive a chaldron of coals *gratis*, on the pro above mentioned.’

\* Crowley’s agent and the names of the witnesses, Medgley, James Hallet, Jeremy Gough, and Edward I The candidates were Sir Ambrose Crowley and Sir Benj Green.

is certainly the most plain dealing that ever I, except that the just quantity which an may drink without excess, and the difference between an acknowledgment and a bribe, explanation. Another difficulty with me is, a man who is bargained with for a chaldron of his vote shall be said to have that chaldron

If my kinsman Greenhat had given me the intimation of his design, I should have precluded his publishing nonsense; nor should any man in England have put my relation at the bottom of the leaf as a postscript, when after all it

Greenhat has been the more popular man. There is here such open contradiction, and clumsy alliance of the matter, and prove to the people, that freedom of election is safer when laid out than strong drink, that I can turn this only to religious use, and admire the dispensation of God for if these fellows were as wise as they are, there would be our liberty? This reminds me of a memorable speech made to a city almost in the neighbourhood with Westminster; 'When I think of your wisdom, I admire your wealth; when I think of your wealth, I admire your wisdom.'

N<sup>o</sup> 74. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 17*Quicquid agunt homines——**nastri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. 63, 64.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

*White's Chocolate-house, September 28.*

THE writer of the following letter has made an use of me, which I did not foresee I should fall into. But the gentleman having assured me that he has a most tender passion for the fair one, and speaking his intention with so much sincerity, I am willing to let them contrive an interview by my means.

' SIR,

' I earnestly entreat you to publish the enclosed; for I have no other way to come at her, or return to myself. A. L.

' P. S. Mr. Bickerstaff,

' You cannot imagine how handsome she is: superscription of my letter will make her re the man that gazed at her. Pray put it in.'

I can assure the young lady, the gentleman is in the trammels of love: how else would he make his superscription so much longer than his billet? He subscribes;

' To the younger of the two ladies in (who sat in the hindmost seat of the mid)

Mr. Winstanley's water-works \* on Tuesday was  
 fortnight, and had with them a brother, or some  
 acquaintance that was as careless of that pretty crea-  
 ture as a brother; which seeming brother ushered  
 them to their coach) with great respect, Present.<sup>1</sup>

'MADAM,

'I have a very good estate, and wish myself  
 your husband: let me know by this way where you  
 live; for I shall be miserable until we live together.

ALEXANDER LANDLORD.<sup>2</sup>

This is the modern way of bargain and sale; a  
 certain short-hand writing, in which laconic elder  
 brothers are very successful. All my fear is, that  
 the nymph's elder sister is unmarried; if she is we  
 are undone: but perhaps the careless fellow was her  
 husband, and then she will let us go on.

*From my own Apartment, September 28.*

The following letter has given me a new sense of  
 the nature of my writings. I have the deepest re-  
 gard to conviction, and shall never act against it.  
 However, I do not yet understand what good man  
 he thinks I have injured; but his epistle has such  
 weight in it, that I shall always have respect for his  
 admonition, and desire the continuance of it. I am  
 not conscious that I have spoke any faults a man  
 may not mend if he pleases.

\* Winstanley's mathematical water theatre stood at the  
 lower end of Piccadilly, distinguishable by a windmill at top.  
 The exhibitions here, between five and six in the evening,  
 were diversified to suit the seasons, and the humours of the  
 company; and the prices, except that of the six-penny gallery,  
 varied accordingly. Boxes from four shillings to half a crown,  
 pit from three to two shillings, and a seat in the shilling gallery  
 sometimes cost eighteen pence. The quantity of water used  
 on extraordinary occasions was from 300 to 800 tons.

‘ MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Sept. 24.

‘ When I read your paper of Thursday, I surprised to find mine of the thirteenth inserted large; I never intended myself or you a second trouble of this kind, believing I had sufficiently pointed out the man you had injured, and that by this time you were convinced that silence would be the best answer: but finding your reflections such as naturally call for a reply, I take this way or doing it; and in the first place, return you thanks for the compliment made me of my seeming sense and worth. I do assure you, I shall always endeavour to convince mankind of the latter, though I have no pretence to the former. But to come a little nearer, I observe you put yourself under a very severe restriction, even the laying down the *Tatler* for ever, if I can give you an instance, wherein you have injured any good man, or pointed out any thing which is not the true object of raillery.

‘ I must confess, Mr. Bickerstaff, if the making a man guilty of vices that would shame the gallows, be the best method to point at the true object of raillery, I have until this time been very ignorant; but if it be so, I will venture to assert one thing, and lay it down as a maxim, even to the *Staffian* race, viz. That that method of pointing ought no more to be pursued, than those people ought to cut your throat who suffer by it; because I take both to be murder, and the law is not in every private man’s hands to execute: but indeed, Sir, were you the only person would suffer by the *Tatler’s* discontinuance, I have malice enough to punish you in the manner you prescribe; but I am not so great an enemy to the town or my own pleasures as to wish it; nor that you would lay aside lashing the reigning vices, so long as you keep to the true spirit of satire,

hout descending to rake into characters below its nity; for, as you well observe, there is something very terrible in unjustly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune; and indeed where crimes are enormous, the delinquent deserves little pity, yet the reporter may deserve less: and here I am naturally led to that celebrated author of "The whole Duty of Man," who hath set this matter in a true light in his treatise *Of the Government of the Tongue;* where, speaking of uncharitable truths, he says, "a discovery of this kind serves not to reclaim, but enrage an offender, and precipitate him into further degrees of ill. Modesty and fear of shame is one of those natural restraints which the wisdom of Heaven has put upon mankind; and he that once stumbles, may yet by a check of that bridle recover again: but when by a public detection he has fallen under that infamy he feared, he will then be apt to discard all caution, and to think he owes himself the utmost pleasures of vice, as the price of his reputation. Nay, perhaps he advances farther, and sets up for a reversed sort of fame, by being eminently wicked,

he who before was but a clandestine disciple becomes a doctor of impiety, &c." This sort of reasoning, Sir, most certainly induced our wise legislators very lately to repeal that law which put a stamp of infamy in the face of felons: therefore, you had better give an act of oblivion to your delinquents, at least for transportation, than to continue to mark them in so notorious a manner. I cannot but applaud your designed attempt of raising merit from obscurity, celebrating virtue in dress, and attacking vice in another method, by bringing innocence in a proper light." Your pursuing these noble themes will make a greater advance to the reformation you seem to aim at, than the



method you have hitherto taken, by putting kind beyond the power of retrieving themselves indeed to think it possible. But if, after all endeavours in this new way; there should remain any hardened impenitents, you must exalt them up to the rigour of the law, as delinquents within the benefit of their clergy. Pardon me, good Mr. Bickerstaff, for the tediousness of epistle, and believe it is not from any self-conceit. I have taken up so much of your time, or my own; but supposing you mean all your lucubrations should tend to the good of mankind, I may consider hope your pardon, being, Sir, yours, &c.

*Grecian Coffee-house, September 29.*

This evening I thought fit to notify to the literati of this house, and by that means to all the world, that on Saturday the fifteenth of October next ensuing, I design to fix my first table of fame; and desire that such as are acquainted with the characters of the twelve most famous men that have ever appeared in the world would send in their lists, or name any one man for that table, assigning also his place at it before that time, upon pain of having such his man of fame postponed, or placed too high for ever. I shall not, upon any application whatever, alter the place which upon that day I shall give to any of these worthies. But whereas there are many who take upon them to admire this hero, or that author, upon second hand, I expect each subscriber should underwrite his reason for the place he allots his candidate.

The thing is of the last consequence; for we are about settling the greatest point that ever has been debated in any age; and I shall take precautions accordingly. Let every man who votes, consider, that he is now going to give away that, for which

soldier gave up his rest, his pleasure, and his the scholar resigned his whole series of night, his midnight repose, and his morning labours. In a word, he is, as I may say, to be of that after-life, which noble spirits prefer to very real beings. I hope I shall be forgiven, before, if I make some objections against their, as they shall occur to me. The whole of the per by whom they are to be tried, are to be Mars. I am persuaded also, that Aristotle will put up by all of that class of men. However, in self of others, such as wear the livery of Aristotle, the two famous universities are called upon, this occasion; but I except the men of Queen's, per, and Jesus colleges, in Oxford, who are not be electors, because he shall not be crowned in an implicit faith in his writings, but receive honour from such judges as shall allow him to be censured. Upon this election, as I was just going to say, I banish all who think and speak or others to concern themselves in it. For which on all illiterate distant admirers are forbidden to interrupt the voices, by sending, according to the mode, any poor students, coals and candles for their votes in behalf of such worthies as they pretend to esteem. All news-writers are also excluded, because they consider fame as it is a report which gives foundation to the filling up their rhapsodies, and not as it is the emanation or consequence of good and evil actions. These are excluded against as justly as butchers in case of sickness and death: their familiarity with the greatest takes of the delicacy of their regard, as it is in blood makes the *Lanii* less tender of giving it.

*St. James's Coffee-house, Septe 28.*

Letters from Lisbon, of the twenty-fifth N. S. speak of a battle which has been fought on the river Cinca, in which general S. overthrown the army of the duke of Anjou. Persons who send this, excuse their not giving particulars, because they believed an account would have arrived here before we could hear further. They had advices from different parts, which occurred in the circumstances of which the army of his catholic majesty was defeated as far as Fraga, and the enemy retreated to Saragossa. There are reports, that the duke of Anjou was killed in the engagement; but letters of good authority say, that prince was on the road towards Saragossa when he received the news of the defeat of his troops. We promise ourselves great advantage from such an advantage obtained by so able a general as Staremberg; who, among the heroes of this present age, is esteemed the third in fame and reputation.

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N<sup>o</sup> 75. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. 1. 63, 64.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

*From my own Apartment, September 30.*

I AM called off from public dissertations by a domestic affair of great importance, which is no

the disposal of my sister Jenny for life. There is a girl of great merit, and pleasing conversation; but I being born of my father's first wife, she of his third, she converses with me rather a daughter than a sister. I have indeed told that if she kept her honour, and behaved herein such a manner as became the Bickerstaffs, I could get her an agreeable man for her husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a piece in Pliny's 'Epistles.' That polite author had been employed to find out a consort for his friend's daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon. *Aciliano plurimum vigoris & industriæ quanquam in maxima recundia: est illi facies liberalis, multo sanguine, alto rubore, suffusa: est ingenua totius corporis chritudo & quidam senatorius decor, quæ ego aquam arbitror negligenda: debet enim hoc tituli puellarum quasi præmium dari.* "Acilius (for that was the gentleman's name) is a man of extraordinary vigour and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty: he has very much of the gentleman, with a lively colour, and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is finely turned, and speaks him a man of quality: which are qualifications that, I think, ought by no means to be overlooked; and should be bestowed on a daughter as the reward of her chastity."

A woman that will give herself liberties, need not trouble her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not possess these ornaments in a husband, she can supply herself elsewhere. But this is not the case of my sister Jenny, who, I may say without vanity, is unspotted a spinster as any in Great Britain. I

take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have in the genealogy of our house, the de-

scriptions and pictures of our ancestors for time of king Arthur; in whose days there was of my own name, a knight of his round table, known by the name of Sir Isaac Bickers. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a Portugeze Jew. He was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends the sign of lengthening and whitening his posture. His eldest son Ralph, for that was his name, for this reason married to a lady who had a nose to recommend her, but that she was very tall and very fair. The issue of this match, with the help of high shoes, made a tolerable figure in the age; though the complexion of the family was obscure until the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, until the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our house were famous for their needlework and fine skins. In the next line, there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of Richard III. the eldest son of Philip, chief of the family, being born with a hump and very high nose. This was the more astonishing because none of his forefathers ever had a blemish; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the butler, who was noted for round shoulders, and a Roman nose; what made the nose the less excusable, was the remarkable smallness of his eyes.

These several defects were mended by succeeding matches; the eyes were open in the next generation, and the hump fell in a century and a half\*:

\* Perhaps it is scarcely worth while to mention, that this century and a half of time is all a fiction, and that the wit of the paper, and the truth of the history, are here at variance, as Henry VII. defeated Richard III. in Bosworth field, was his immediate successor in 1485, and died in 1509.

the greatest difficulty was how to reduce the nose : which I do not find was accomplished until about the middle of the reign of Henry VII. or rather the beginning of that of Henry VIII.

But while our ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and nose, the face of the Bickerstaffs fell down insensibly into a chin ; which was not taken notice of, their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features, until it became almost too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this also, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval, which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe, that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of our heiresses with an eminent courtier, who gave us spindleshanks, and cramps in our bones ; insomuch that we did not recover our health and legs until Sir Walter Bickerstaff married Maud the milk-maid, of whom the then Garter King at Arms, a facetious person, said pleasantly enough, “ that she had spoiled our blood, but mended our constitutions.”

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our persons and features, I cannot but observe, that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon men’s minds and humours. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skilful gardeners blot a colour out of a tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a shrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric ; or raise a jack-pudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy. It is for want of care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into a house and see such

different complexions and humours in and family. But to me it is as plain as a from what mixture it is, that this day hours, the other steals a kind look at you exactly well behaved, a fourth a spite, and fifth a coquette.

In this disposal of my sister, I have closed an eye to her being a wit, and provided a bridegroom be a man of a sound and exact judgment, who will seldom mind what when she begins to harangue: for Jenny's only perfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into observation, what we think most excellent in ourselves, or most capable of improvement. Thus, my sister, instead of consulting her glass and her toilet for an hour and a half after her private devotions, sits with her head full of snuff, and a man's night-cap on her head reading plays and romances. Her wit she thinks her distinction: therefore knows nothing of the skill of dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh to see me often, with my spectacles on, lacing her stays, for she is so very a wit, that she understands no ordinary thing in the world.

For this reason I have disposed of her to a man of business, who will soon let her see, that to be well-dressed, in good humour, and cheerful in the command of her family, are the arts and sciences of female life. I could have bestowed her upon a gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a coach and six: but I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain; for had they met, they had entirely been rivals in discourse and in continual contention for the superiority of

standing, and brought forth critics, pedants, petty good poets. As it is, I expect an offspring from the habitation of the city, town, or country ; men that are docile and tractable in whatever is put them to.

To convince men of the necessity of taking this method, let any one, even below the skill of an astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes Cheapside Conduit, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is very apparent, when I see a citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woollen, silks, iron, sugar, digo, or stocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a person of a vast estate, who is the immediate descendant of a fine gentleman, and the great grandson of a broker, in whom his ancestor is now revived. He is a very honest gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood look fairly : he is heartily sorry for it ; but he cheats his constitution, and over-reaches by instinct.

The happiness of the man who marries my sister will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little bias of fancy, or particularity of humours which grew in herself, and can be amended by her. From such an untainted couple, we can expect to have our family rise to its ancient splendour of face, air, countenance, manner, and shape, without discovering the product of ten nations in one use. Obadiah Greenhat says, ' he never comes to any company in England, but he distinguishes the different nations of which we are composed.' There is scarce such a living creature as a true Briton. We sit down indeed all friends, ac-



quaintance, and neighbours ; but after two  
 you see a Dane start up and swear, ' The  
 is his own.' A Saxon drinks up the whole  
 and swears, ' He will dispute that with h  
 Norman tells them both, ' He will assert  
 berty : ' and a Welchman cries, ' They are a  
 reigners and intruders of yesterday,' and l  
 out of the room. Such accidents happen ir  
 among neighbours' children, and cousin  
 For which reason I say, study your race ; or  
 soil of your family will dwindle into cits or  
 or run up into wits or madmen.

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Nº 76. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines——*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. 85, st.

Whatever good is done, whatever ill——

By human kind, shall this collection fill.

*From my own Apartment, October 3.*

It is a thing very much to be lamented, that a man  
 must use a certain cunning to caution people against  
 what it is their interest to avoid. All men will al-  
 low, that it is a great and heroic work to correct  
 men's errors, and at the price of being called a com-  
 mon enemy, to go on in being a common friend to  
 my fellow subjects and citizens. But I am forced  
 in this work to revolve the same thing in ten thou-

lights, and cast them in as many forms, to  
at men's minds and affections, in order to lead  
innocent in safety, as well as disappoint the  
slices of betrayers. Since, therefore, I can make  
impression upon the offending side, I shall turn  
my observations upon the offended; that is to say,  
I must whip my children for going into bad com-  
pany, instead of railing at bad company for ensnaring  
my children.

The greatest misfortunes men fall into, arise from  
themselves; and that temper, which is called very  
often, though with great injustice, good nature, is  
the source of a numberless train of evils. For which  
reason we are to take this as a rule, that no action is  
commendable which is not voluntary; and we have  
made this a maxim: 'That a man, who is com-  
monly called good-natured, is hardly to be thanked  
for any thing he does, because half that is acted  
about him is done rather by his sufferance than ap-  
probation.' It is generally laziness of disposition,  
which chuses rather to let things pass the worst way,  
than to go through the pain of examination. It  
must be confessed, such a one has so great a bene-  
volence in him, that he bears a thousand uneasi-  
nesses rather than he will incommode others: nay  
often, when he has just reason to be offended,  
chuses rather to sit down with a small injury, than  
bring it into reprehension, out of pure compassion  
to the offender. Such a person has it usually said  
of him, 'He is no man's enemy but his own;'  
which is in effect saying, he is a friend to every man  
but himself and his friends: for, by a natural con-  
sequence of his neglecting himself, he either inca-  
pacitates himself to be another's friend, or makes  
others cease to be his. If I take no care of my own  
affairs, no man that is my friend can take it ill if I  
am negligent also of his. This soft disposition, if it

continues uncorrected, throws men into a sea of difficulties.

There is Euphusius, with all the good qualities in the world, deserves well of nobody: that universal good-will, which is so strong in him, exposes him to the assault of every invader upon his time, his conversation, and his property. His diet is butcher's-meat, his wenches are in *plain pinnets* and Norwich crapes, his dress like other people, his income great; and yet has he seldom a guinea at command. From these easy gentlemen, are collected estates by servants or gamesters; which latter fraternity are excuseable, when we think of this clan who seem born to be their prey. All, therefore, of the family of Actæon are to take notice, that they are hereby given up to the brethren of the Industry, with this reserve only, that they are to be marked as stricken deer, not for their own sakes, but to preserve the herd from following them, and coming within the scent.

I am obliged to leave this important subject, without telling whose quarters are severed, who has the hump, who the haunch, and who the sides, of the last stag that was pulled down; but this is only deferred in hopes my deer will make their escape without more admonitions or examples, of which they have had, in mine and the town's opinion, too great a plenty. I must, I say, at present go to other matters of moment.

*White's Chocolate-house, October 9.*

The lady has answered the letter of Mr. Alexander Landlord, which was published on Thursday last, but in such a manner as I do not think fit to proceed in the affair; for she has plainly told him, that love is her design, but marriage her aversion. Bless

what is this age come to, that people can think make a pimp of an astronomer!

I shall not promote such designs, but shall leave to find out her admirer, while I speak to another case sent to me by a letter of September the tieth, subscribed Lovewell Barebones, where author desires me to suspend my care of the until I have done something for the dying. case is, that the lady he loves is ever accompanied by a kinswoman, one of those gay cunning n, who prevent all the love which is not addressed to themselves. This creature takes upon her in his mistress's presence to ask him, 'Whether Mrs. Florimel' (that is the cruel one's name) is not very handsome?' upon which he looks

; then they both laugh out, and she will tell 'That Mrs. Florimel had an equal passion for him, but desired him not to expect the first time to be admitted in private; but that now he was at liberty before her only, who was her friend, to speak his mind, and that his mistress expected it.' Upon which Florimel acts a virgin confusion, and with some disorder waits his speech. Here ever follows a deep silence; after which a loud laugh.

r. Barebones applies himself to me on this occasion. All the advice I can give him is to find a bribe for the confidant, for there is no other bribe will prevail: and I see by her carriage, that it is no hard matter, for she is too gay to have a particular one, or to want a general one.

Some days ago the town had a full charge laid at my essays, and printed at large. I altered not one word of what he of the contrary opinion said, but have blotted out some warm things said of me: therefore, please to hear the counsel for the defendant, though I shall be so no otherwise as to take a middle way, and, if possible, keep

commendations from being insipid to men's taste, raillery pernicious to to their characters.

' MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Sept. 30.

' As I always looked upon satire as the best to reformation, whilst its lashes were gene ; that gentleman must excuse me, if I do not see inconvenience of a method he is so much c at. The errors he assigns in it, I think, i prised in " the desperation men are generally dn to, when by a public detection they fall u infamy they feared, who otherwise by ene their bridle, might have recovered their ; and through a self-conviction become their own reformers: so he that was before but a c disciple, (to use his own quotation) is now a doctor in impiety." The little suc i be expected by these methods from a nar i fender, is too evident to insist on; yet it t there is a great deal of charity in this sort of soning, whilst the effects of those crimes not beyond themselves. But what relation nas un to your proceedings? It is not a circui guessing will serve the turn, for there are n than one to pretend to any of your characters; i there must at least be something that must i to a nominal description, before even common can separate me from the rest of mankind to dart a A general representation of an action, either ridiculous or enormous, may make those win wh find too much similitude in the character with selves to plead not guilty; but none but a to the crime can charge them with the guilt, wann the indictment is general, and the offender has asylum of the whole world to protect him. I can then be no injustice, where no one is injur

lives must appropriate the saddle, be-  
can ride them.

our method then, in my opinion, is no way  
to the charge brought against it: but, on  
strary, I believe this advantage is too often  
from it, that whilst we laugh at, or detest;  
certain subject of the satire, we often find  
ing in the error a parallel to ourselves; and  
sensibly drawn to the comparison we would  
of, we plunge deeper into the mire, and  
produces that which advice has been too  
for; and you, Sir, get converts you never  
t of.

for descending to characters below the dig-  
satire; what men think are not beneath  
sion, I must assure him, I think are not be-  
eproof: for as there is as much folly in a ri-  
s deportment, as there is enormity in a cri-  
ne, so neither the one nor the other ought to  
xemption. The kennel of curs are as much  
to the state, as Gregg\* for his confede-  
for as this betrayed our government, so the  
oes our property, and one without the other  
lly useless. As for the act of oblivion he so  
usly insists on, *Le Roy s'avisera* is a fashion-  
swer; and for his modus of panegyric, the  
is unnecessary, where virtue need never ask  
or her laurel. But as for his reformation by  
s, I again must ask his pardon, if I think  
acts of these sort of reasonings, by the pan-  
converts, are too great an argument, both of  
ecility and unsuccessfulness, to believe it

William Gregg, was an under-clerk to Mr. Secretary  
in 1708, and was detected in a treasonable correspon-  
He discovered to the court of France the design on  
and was executed for that crime.

will be any better than mispending of suspending a method that will turn more tage, and which has no other danger ground, but by discontinuance. And tain of what he supposes, that your are intended for the public benefit; so I hope will not give them so great an interruption, by ing aside the only method that can render you neficial to mankind, and among others, agree to, Sir, your humble servant, &c.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, October 3.*

Letters from the camp at Havre, of the seventh instant, N. S. advise, that the trenches were opened before Mons on the twenty-seventh of the last month, and the approaches were carried on at two attacks with great application and success, notwithstanding the rains which had fallen; that the besiegers had made themselves masters of several redoubts and other out-works, and had advanced the approaches within ten paces of the counterscarps of the horn work. Lieutenant-general Cadogan received a slight wound in the neck soon after opening the trenches.

The enemy were throwing up entrenchments between Quesnoy and Valenciennes, a valier de Luxemburg was encamped with a body of ten thousand men. Caralonia, by the way of Genoa, import, Staremborg having passed the Segre, advances towards Balaguier, which place he took after hours' resistance, and made the garrison, composed of three Spanish battalions, prisoners of war. Letters from Bern say, that the army under command of Count Thaurin had begun to re-mountains, and would shortly evacuate Savoy.

\* \* Whereas Mr. Bickerstaff has received intelligence, that a young gentleman, who has taken discourses upon John Partridge and others in too rational a sense, and is suing an elder brother to an agreement; the aforesaid young gentleman is hereby desired to drop his action, no man being esteemed in law, who eats and drinks, and receives his

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Nº 77. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines——*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. 65, 66.

Whatever good is done, *whatever* ill——

By human kind shall this collection fill.

*From my own Apartment, October 5.*

As bad as the world is, I find by very strict observation upon virtue and vice, that if men appeared worse than they really are, I should have less work than at present I am obliged to undertake for reformation. They have generally taken up a sort of inverted ambition, and affect even faults and imperfections of which they are innocent. The other day in a coffee-house I stood by a young heir, with a fresh, sanguine and healthy look, who entertained us with an account of his claps and diet-drink; though, to my knowledge, he is as sound as any of his tenants.



This worthy youth put me into reflecting that subject; and I observed the fantast to be so general, that there is hardly a not more or less tainted with it. The first order of men are the valetudinarians, who never in health; but complain of want of strength, and rest every day until noon, and then devour comes before them. Lady Dainty is conscious that it is necessary for a gentlewoman to be out of order; and, to preserve that character, she dines every day in her closet at twelve, that she may become her table at two, and be unable to eat in public. About five years ago, I remember it was the fashion to be short-sighted. A man would not own an acquaintance until he had first examined him with his glass. At a lady's entrance into the play-house, you might see tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and side-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered its sight: but the blind seem to be succeeded by the lame, and a janty limp is the present beauty. I think I have formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought have an occasion for it, or be esteemed really, not genteelly a cripple. I have considered, could never find out the bottom of this vanity. I indeed have heard of a Gascon general, who, by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his stocking, took occasion to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable cripples, I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be supposed that, in this warlike age, some think a cane the next honour to a wooden leg. This sort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another. Before the limpers came in, I remember a race of lispers, fine persons, who took an

ersion to particular letters in our language. Some utter the letter H; and others had as mor- an aversion to S. Others have had their fashion- defect in their ears, and would make you re- at all you said twice over. I know an ancient friend of mine, whose table is every day surrounded with flatterers, that makes use of this, sometimes a piece of grandeur, and at others as an art, to ke them repeat their commendations. Such af- fectations have been indeed in the world in ancient times; but they fell into them out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a wry neck, which made it the fashion in his court to carry their heads on one side when they came into the presence. One who thought to outshine the whole court, carried his head so over complaisantly, that this martial prince gave him so great a box on the ear, as set all the heads of the court upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well as bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman, who talks atheistically all day in coffee-houses, and in his degrees of understanding sets up for a free- thinker; though it can be proved upon him, he says his prayers every morning and evening. But his class of modern wits I shall reserve for a chap- by itself.

Of the like turn are all your marriage-haters, who rail at the noose, at the words 'for ever and ever,' and at the same time are secretly pining for a young thing or other that makes their hearts by her refusal. The next to these, are such as pretend to govern their wives, and boast how ill y use them; when at the same time, go to their rooms, and you shall see them step as if they feared making a noise, and as fond as an alderman\*. I

\* As fawning as lap-dogs. O. F.

do not know but sometimes these pretences arise from a desire to conceal a contrary defect that they set up for. I remember, when I was a young fellow, we had a companion of a pale complexion, who, when we sat down, would desire us to take his sword from him; he grew fuddled, for it was his misfortune to quarrelsome.

There are many, many of these evils, which command my observation; but because I have often been thought somewhat too satirical, I give them warning, and declare to the whole, that they are not true, but false hypocrites; make it out that they are good men in their. The motive of this monstrous affectation, in the above mentioned and the like particulars, I take to proceed from that noble thirst of fame and emulation which is planted in the hearts of all men. As this produces elegant writings and gallant actions in men of great abilities, it also brings forth spurious productions in men who are not capable of distinguishing themselves by things which are really praise-worthy. As the desire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry shows itself in proper instances, the same desire in men who have the ambition without proper faculties, runs wild and discovers itself in a thousand extravagances, by which they would signalize themselves from others, and gain a set of admirers. When I was a middle-aged man, there were many societies of ambitious young men in England, who, in their pursuits after fame, were every night employed in roasting porters, smoaking coblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning constables, breaking windows, blackening sign-posts, and the like immortal enterprizes, that dispersed their reputation throughout the whole kingdom. One could hardly find a knocker at a

in a whole street after a midnight expedition these *Beaux esprits*. I was lately very much sed by an account of my maid, who entered bed-chamber this morning in a very great fright, told me, she was afraid my parlour was ted; for that she had found several panes of windows broken, and the floor strewed with pence. I have not yet a full light into this way, but am apt to think, that it is a generous of wit that some of my contemporaries make of, to break windows, and leave money to pay them.

*St. James's Coffee-house, October 5.*

I have no manner of news more than what the sole town had the other day; except that I have a original letter of the Marshal Boufflers to the French king, after the late battle in the woods, h I translate for the benefit of the English er:

‘SIRE,

‘This is to let your Majesty understand, that to ur immortal honour, and the destruction of the confederates, your troops have lost another battle, tagnan did wonders, Rohan performed miracles, tiche did wonders, Gattion performed miracles, whole army distinguished themselves, and every did wonders. And to conclude the wonders the day, I can assure your Majesty, that though have lost the field of battle, you have not lost oh of ground. The enemy marched behind us in respect, and we ran away from them as bold lions.’

.\* Letters have been sent to Mr. Bickerstaff, ating to the present state of the town of Bath,

wherein the people of that place have desired to call home the physicians. All gentlemen of that profession, are hereby directed to turn forthwith to their places of practice; and stage coaches are required to take them in with other passengers, until there shall be a certificate signed by the mayor, or Mr. Powel, that but two doctors to one patient left in town.

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N<sup>o</sup> 78. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1704

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*Quicquid agunt homines——*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. 85.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill——*

By human *kind*, shall this collection fill.

*From my own Apartment, October 7.*

As your painters, who deal in history pieces, entertain themselves upon broken sketches, smaller flourishes of the pencil; so I find some relief in striking out miscellaneous hints, and sudden starts of fancy, without any order or connection after having spent myself on more regular and laborate dissertations. I am at present in this state of mind sat down to my scrutoir; where the better disposition of my correspondence, I writ upon every drawer the proper title of its contents; as hypocrisy, dice, patches, politics, duels, and so forth. My various advices are re-

r such several heads, saving only that I have a peculiar box for Pacolet, and another for Monodis. I cannot but observe, that my duel-box, which is filled by the lettered men of honour, is so very ill spelt, that it is hard to decypher their writings. My love box, though on a quite contrary subject, filled with the works of the fairest wits in Great-Britain, is almost as unintelligible. The private drawer, which is sacred to politics, has in it some of the most refined panegyrics and satires that any age has produced.

I have now before me several recommendations for places at my Table of Fame. Three of them are of an extraordinary nature, in which I find I am misunderstood, and shall, therefore, beg leave to produce them. They are from a quaker, a courtier and a citizen.

‘ISAAC,

‘Thy lucubrations, as thou lovest to call them, have been perused by several of our friends, who have taken offence: forasmuch as thou excludest out of the brotherhood all persons who are praise-worthy for religion, we are afraid that thou wilt fill thy table with none but heathens, and cannot hope to spy a brother there; for there are none of us who can be placed among murdering heroes, or ungodly knights; since we do not assail our enemies with the sword of flesh, nor our gainsayers with the vanity of human wisdom. If, therefore, thou wilt demean thyself on this occasion with a right judgment, according to the gifts that are in thee, we desire thou wilt place James Nayler at the upper end of thy table.

‘EZEKIEL STIFFRUMP.’

In answer to my good friend Ezekiel, I must add to it that I cannot break my rule for the sake

of James Nayler ; not knowing, whether Alexander the Great, who is a choleric hero, would not be sitting at the upper end of the table with hat on.

But to my courtier.

‘ SIR,

‘ I am surprised that you lose your time in complimenting the dead, when you may make your court to the living. Let me only tell you in time, Alexander and Cæsar, as generous as they were formerly, have not now a groat to dispose of. Fill your table with good company: I know a person of quality that shall give you one hundred pounds for a place at it. Be secret, and be rich. Yours,  
You know my name

This gentleman seems to have the true spirit without the formality, of an under courtier; therefore, I shall be plain with him, and let him leave the name of his courtier and one hundred pounds to Morpheus’s hands: if I can take it, I will.

My citizen writes the following:

‘ MR. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

‘ SIR,

‘ Your Tatler, of the thirteenth of September, am now reading, and in your list of famous persons desire you not to forget Alderman Whitting who began the world with a cat, and died worth three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling which he left to an only daughter three years after his mayoralty. If you want any further particulars of ditto alderman, daughter, or cat, let me know and per first will advise the needful: which concludes, your loving friend,

LEMUEL LEGG

ll have all due regard to this gentleman's reputation : but cannot forbear observing how rully this sort of style is adapted for the dis- of business, by leaving out insignificant par- besides that, the dropping of the first person an artful way to disengage a man from the guilt h words or promises. But I am to consider, a citizen's reputation is credit, not fame ; and so leave these lofty subjects for a matter of pri- concern in the next letter before me.

'SIR,

'I am just recovered out of a languishing sickness the care of Hippocrates, who visited me through- my whole illness, and was so far from taking fee, that he inquired into my circumstances, would have relieved me also that way. But I did want it. I know no method of thanking him, recommending it to you to celebrate so great nity in the manner you think fit, and to do it in the spirit and sentiments of a man just relieved om grief, misery, and pain, to joy, satisfaction, ease ; in which you will represent the grateful e of your obedient servant,

T. B.

I think the writer of this letter has put the mat- in as good a dress as I can for him ; yet I can- but add my applause, to what this distressed has said. There is not a more useful man in a nwealth than a good physician ; and by con- euce no worthier a person than he that uses his with generosity even to persons of condition, compassion to those who are in want : which behaviour of Hippocrates, who shews as much uerality in his practice, as he does wit in his con- tion and skill in his profession. A wealthy or, who can help a poor man, and will not



without a fee, has less sense of honour than a poor ruffian, who kills a rich man to supply his necessities. It is something monstrous, to see a man of a liberal education tearing out the nose of a poor family, by taking for a visit what would support them a week. Hippocrates needs not the excuse of such extortion to set off his generosity; I mention his generosity to add shame to his extortion.

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\* \* This is to give notice to all ingenious gentlemen in and about the cities of London and Westminster, who have a mind to be instructed in the noble sciences of music, poetry, and politics, that they repair to the Smyrna coffee-house in Pall-mall, betwixt the hours of eight and ten at night, where they may be instructed gratis, with elaborate essays *by word of mouth* on all or any of the above-mentioned arts. The disciples are to prepare their bodies with three dishes of bohea, and purge their brains with two pinches of snuff. If any young student gives indications of parts, by listening attentively, or asking a pertinent question, one of the professors shall distinguish him, by taking snuff out of his box in the presence of the whole audience.

N. B.—The seat of learning is now removed from the corner of the chimney on the left-hand towards the window, to the round table in the middle of the floor over-against the fire; a revolution much lamented by the porters and chairmen, who were much edified through a pane of glass that remained broken all the last summer.

†† I cannot forbear advertising my correspondents, that I think myself treated by some of them after too familiar a manner, and in phrases that neither become them to give, nor me to take. I shall therefore desire for the future, that if any one returns

an answer to a letter, he will not tell me he has received the favour of my letter; but if he does think fit to say he has received the honour of it, that he tells me in plain English he has received my letter of such a date. I must likewise insist, that he would conclude with, *I am with great respect*, or plainly, *I am*, without farther addition; and not tilt me, by an assurance of his being *with great truth and esteem my humble servant*. There is likewise another mark of superiority which I cannot bear; and therefore must inform my correspondents, that I discard all *faithful humble servants*, and am resolved to read no letters that are not subscribed, *your most obedient*, or *most humble servant*, or both. These may appear niceties to vulgar minds, but they are such as men of honour and distinction must have regard to. And I very well remember a famous duel in France, where four were killed of one side, and three of the other, occasioned by a gentleman's subscribing himself *a most affectionate friend*.

One in the Morning of the 8th of October, 1709.

I was this night looking on the moon, and find by certain signs in that luminary, that a certain person under her dominion, who has been for many years distempered, will within a few hours publish a pamphlet, wherein he will pretend to give my lubrications to a wrong person; and I require all sober-disposed persons to avoid meeting the said lunatic, or giving him any credence any farther than necessity demands; and to lock up the said person wherever they find him, keeping him from pen, ink, and paper. And I hereby prohibit any person to take upon him my writings, on pain of being sent by me into Lethe with the said lunatic and all his works.

N<sup>o</sup> 79. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1702.

*Felices ter, & amplius,  
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis  
Divulsus querimoniis,  
Supremâ citius solvet amor die.*

HOR. 1. Od. xii. 17.

Thrice happy they, in pure delights  
Whom love in mutual bonds unites,  
Unbroken by complaints or strife  
Even to the latest hours of life.

FRANCIS.

*From my own Apartment, October 10.*

MY sister Jenny's lover, the honest Tranquillus, for that shall be his name, has been impatient with me to dispatch the necessary directions for his marriage; that while I am taken up with imaginary schemes, as he calls them, he might not burn with real desire and the torture of expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the ardour wherein he expressed himself, which I thought had not enough of that veneration with which the marriage-bed is to be ascended, I told him, 'the day of his nuptials should be on the Saturday following, which was the eighth instant.' On the seventh in the evening, poor Jenny came into my chamber, and, having her heart full of the great change of life from a virgin condition to that of a wife, she long sat silent. I saw she expected me to entertain her on this important subject, which was too delicate a circumstance for herself to touch upon; whereupon I relieved her modesty in the following manner: 'Sister,' said I, 'you are now going from me: and be con-

hat you leave the company of a talkative  
for that of a sober young one: but take  
g with you, that there is no mean in the  
are entering into, but you are to be ex-  
happy or miserable, and your fortune in  
of life will be wholly of your own making.  
marriages I have ever seen, most of which  
unhappy ones, the great cause of evil has  
d from slight occasions; and I take it to be  
naxim in a married condition, that you are  
ve trifles. When two persons have so good  
on of each other as to come together for  
will not differ in matters of importance,  
hey think of each other with respect; and  
l to all things of consideration that may  
m, they are prepared for mutual assistance  
f in such occurrences. For less occasions,  
a no resolutions, but leave their minds un-

, dear Jenny, is the reason that the quarrel  
Sir Harry Willet and his lady, which be-  
at her squirrel, is irreconcilable. Sir Harry  
ing a grave author; she runs into his study,  
a playing humour, claps the squirrel upon  
: he threw the animal in a rage on the  
; snatches it up again, calls Sir Harry a  
t, without good-nature or good-manners.  
nim into such a rage, that he threw down  
before him, kicked the book round the  
hen recollected himself: "Lord, Madam,"  
"why did you run into such expressions?"  
said he, "in the highest delight with that  
when you clapped your squirrel upon my  
and, smiling, added upon recollection, "I  
reat respect for your favourite, and pray  
l be friends." My lady was so far from ac-  
this apology, that she immediately conceived

a resolution to keep him under for ever ; a serious air, replied, " There is no regard to what a man says, who can fall into so rage, and such an abject submission in moment, for which I absolutely despise you which she rushed out of the room. Sir I stayed some minutes behind, to think and of himself ; after which he followed her into her chamber, where she was prostrate upon the tearing her hair, and naming twenty coxcombs who would have used her otherwise. This provoked him to so high a degree, that he forbore not but beating her ; and all the servants in the family at their several stations listening, whi man and woman, the best master and m famed each other in a way that is not to even at Billingsgate. You know this en immediate separation : she longs to retu but knows not how to do it : he invi ner every day, and lies with every woman ne ret. Her husband requires no submission of I she thinks her very return will argue she is to which she is resolved to be for ever, rather to knowledge it. Thus, dear Jenny, my great advice to you is, be guarded against giving or receiving little provocations. Great matters of offence I have no reason to fear either from you or your husband."

After this, we turned our discourse into a more gay style, and parted ; but before we did so, I made her resign her snuff-box for ever, and half drown herself with washing away the stench of the musty.

But the wedding morning arrived, and our family being very numerous, there was no avoiding the inconvenience of making the ceremony and festival more public, than the modern way of celebrating them makes me approve of. The bride next

ning came out of her chamber, dressed with all art and care that Mrs. Toilet, the tire-woman, could bestow on her. She was on her wedding-day three-and-twenty; her person is far from what we call a regular beauty; but a certain sweetness in her countenance, an ease in her shape and motion, with an unaffected modesty in her looks, had attractions beyond what symmetry and exactness can inspire, without the addition of these endowments. When her lover entered the room, her features flushed with shame and joy; and the ingenuous manner, so full of passion and of awe, with which Tranquillus approached to salute her, gave me good omens of his future behaviour towards her. The wedding was wholly under my care. After the ceremony at church, I was resolved to entertain the company with a dinner suitable to the occasion, and pitched upon the Apollo, at the Old Devil at Temple-bar, as a place sacred to mirth tempered with discretion, where Ben Jonson and his sons used to make their liberal meetings. Here the chief of the Staffian race appeared; and as soon as the company were come into that ample room, Lepidus Wagstaff began to make me compliments for choosing that place, and fell into a discourse upon the subject of pleasure and entertainment, drawn from the rules of Ben's club, which are in gold letters over the chimney. Lepidus has a way very uncommon, and speaks on subjects on which any man else would certainly offend, with great dexterity. He gave us a large account of the public meetings of all the well turned minds who had passed through this life in ages past, and closed his pleasing narrative with a discourse on marriage, and a repetition of the following verses out of Milton.

' Hail, wedded love! mysterious law! true source,  
 Of human offspring, sole propriety  
 In paradise, of all things common else.  
 By thee adult'rous lust was driven from men  
 Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,  
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
 Relations dear, and all the charities  
 Of father, son, and brother first were known.  
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,  
 Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,  
 Present or past, as saints or patriarchs us'd.  
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings:  
 Reigns here, and revels not in the bought smile  
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,  
 Casual fruition; nor in court amours,  
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
 Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.'

In these verses, all the images that can come  
 into a young woman's head on such an occasion are  
 raised; but that in so chaste and elegant a manner,  
 that the bride thanked him for his agreeable talk,  
 and we sat down to dinner.

Among the rest of the company, there was got in  
 a fellow you call a Wag. This ingenious person is  
 the usual life of all feasts and merriments, by speak-  
 ing absurdities, and putting every body of breeding  
 and modesty out of countenance. As soon as we  
 sat down, he drank to the bride's diversion that  
 night; and then made twenty double meanings on  
 the word *thing*. We are the best-bred family, for  
 one so numerous, in this kingdom; and indeed we  
 should all of us have been as much out of coun-  
 tenance as the bride, but that we were relieved by  
 an honest rough relation of ours at the lower end of  
 the table, who is a lieutenant of marines. The  
 soldier and sailor had good plain sense, and saw  
 what was wrong as well as another; he had a way

Of looking at his plate, and spsaking aloud in an inward manner; and whenever the wag mentioned the word *thing* or the words *that same*, the lieutenant in that voice cried, 'Knock him down.' The merry man, wondering, angry, and looking round, was the diversion of the table. When he offered to recover, and say, 'To the bride's best thoughts,' 'Knock him down,' says the lieutenant, and so on. This silly humour diverted and saved us from the fulsome entertainment of an ill-bred coxcomb; and the bride drank the lieutenant's health. We returned to my lodging, and Tranquillus led his wife to her apartment, without the ceremony of throwing the stocking.

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Nº 80. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill—*

By human kind shall this collection fill.

*Grecian Coffee-house, October 12.*

THIS learned board has complained to me of the exorbitant price of late years put upon books, and consequently on learning, which has raised the reward demanded by learned men for their advice and labour. In order to regulate and fix a standard in these matters; divines, physicians, and lawyers,



have sent in large proposals, which are of light and instruction. From the perusal of memorials, I am come to this immediate resolution until I have leisure to treat the matter at large, In divinity, *fathers* shall be valued according to their antiquity; *schoolmen* by the pound weight and *sermons* by their goodness. In my own profession, which is mostly physic, authors shall be rated according to their language. The Greek rarely understood, and the English so well, I esteem them of no value; so that only Latin shall be in price, and that too according to its purity, and serves best for prescription. In law the value shall be set according to the intricacy and obscurity of the author and blackness of the letter; provided in such ways that the binding be of calves-skin. The method I shall settle also with relation to all writings; insomuch that even these our lucubrations, though hereafter printed by Aldus, Elzevir, or Stephens, shall not advance above one penny.

*White's Chocolate-house, October 12.*

It will be allowed me, that I have all along shewed great respect in matters which concern the fair sex: but the inhumanity with which the author of the following letter has been used is not to be suffered.

‘SIR,

Octob

‘Yesterday I had the misfortune to drop my lady Haughty’s, upon her visiting-day. I entered the room where she receives company, they all stood up indeed; but they stood as if they were to stare at rather than to receive me. After a long pause, a servant brought a round stool which I sat down at the lower end of the room

presence of no less than twelve persons, gentlemen and ladies, lolled in elbow-chairs. And, to complete my disgrace, my mistress was of the society. I tried to compose myself in vain, not knowing how to dispose of either my legs or arms, nor how to shape my countenance; the eyes of the whole room being still upon me in a profound silence. My confusion at last was so great, that, without speaking, or being spoken to, I fled for it, and left the assembly to treat me at their discretion. A lecture from you upon these inhuman distinctions of a free nation, will, I doubt not, prevent the like evils for the future, and make it, as we say, as easy sitting as standing.

I am, with the greatest respect, Sir,  
 Your most humble, and  
 most obedient servant,  
 J. R.

‘P. S.—I had almost forgot to inform you, that a fair young lady sat in an armless chair upon my right hand, with manifest discontent in her looks.’

Soon after the receipt of this epistle, I heard a very gentle knock at my door: my maid went down, and brought up word, ‘that a tall, lean, black man, well dressed, who said he had not the honour to be acquainted with me, desired to be admitted.’ I bid her show him up, met him at my chamber-door, and then fell back a few paces. He approached me with great respect, and told me, with a low voice, ‘he was the gentleman that had been seduced upon the round stool.’ I immediately remembered that there was a joint-stool in my chamber, which I was afraid he might take for an instrument of distinction, and therefore winked at my boy to carry it into my closet. I then took him by

the hand, and led him to the upper end of my room where I placed him in my great elbow-chair; at the same time drawing another without arms to it, myself to sit by him. I then asked him, 'at what time this misfortune befel him?' He replied, 'between the hours of seven and eight in the evening.' I further demanded of him, whether he had eat or drunk that day? he replied, 'no; only a dish of water-gruel with a few plums in it.' In the next place, I felt his pulse, which was very low and languishing. These circumstances confirmed me in an opinion, which I had entertained upon the first reading of his letter, that the gentleman was far gone in the spleen. I, therefore, advised him to rise the next morning, and plunge into the cold-bath, there to remain under water until he was almost drowned. This I ordered him to repeat six days successively; and on the seventh to repair at the wonted hour to my lady Haughty's, and to acquaint me afterwards with what he shall meet with there: and particularly to tell me, whether he shall think they stared upon him so much as the time before. The gentleman smiled; and by his way of talking to me, shewed himself a man of excellent sense in all particulars, unless when a cane-chair, a round or a joint-stool, were spoken of. He opened his heart to me at the same time concerning several other grievances; such as, being overlooked in public assemblies, having his bows unanswered, being helped last at table, and placed at the back part of a coach; with many other distresses, which have withered his countenance, and wore him to a skeleton. Finding him a man of reason, I entered into the bottom of his distemper. 'Sir,' said I, 'there are more of your constitution in this island of Great-Britain than

any other part of the world; and I beg the favour of you to tell me, whether you do not observe that you meet with most affronts in rainy days?' He answered candidly, 'that he had long observed, that people were less saucy in sunshine than in cloudy weather.' Upon which I told him plainly, 'his distemper was the spleen; and that though the world was very ill-natured, it was not so bad as he believed it.' I further assured

'that his use of the cold-bath, with a course of steel which I should prescribe him, would certainly cure most of his acquaintance of their sickness, ill-behaviour, and impertinence.' My patient smiled, and promised to observe my prescriptions, not forgetting to give me an account of their operation. This distemper being pretty epimical, I shall, for the benefit of mankind, give the public an account of the progress I make in the cure of it.

*From my own Apartment, October 12.*

The author of the following letter behaves himself so ingenuously, that I cannot defer answering him any longer.

'HONOURED SIR,

October 6.

'I have lately contracted a very honest and unfeigned claudication in my left, foot, which will be a double affliction to me, if, according to your Tatler of this day, it must pass upon the world for a piece of singularity and affectation. I must, therefore, humbly beg leave to limp along the streets after my own way, or I shall be inevitably ruined in coach-hire. As soon as I am tolerably recovered, I promise to walk as upright as a ghost in a tragedy, being not of a stature to spare an

inch of height that I can any way pretend to. I honour your lucubrations, and am, with the most profound submission,

Honoured Sir,  
your most dutiful and  
most obedient servant, &c.

Not doubting but the case is as the gentleman represents, I do hereby order Mr. Morphew to deliver him out a licence, upon paying his fees, which shall empower him to wear a cane until the thirteenth of March next; five months being the most I can allow for a sprain.

*St. James's Coffee-house, October 12.*

We received this morning a mail from Holland, which brings advice that the siege of Mons is carried on with so great vigour and bravery, that we hope very suddenly to be masters of the place: all things necessary being prepared for making the assault on the horn-work and ravelin of the attack of Bertamont, the charge began with the fire of bombs and grenadoes, which was so hot, that the enemy quitted their post, and we lodged ourselves on those works without opposition. During this storm, one of our bombs fell into a magazine of the enemy, and blew it up. There are advices, which say the court of France had made new offers of peace to the Confederates; but this intelligence wants confirmation.

81. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1709.

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*Tic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,—  
 ique pii vates, & Phæbo digna locuti;  
 nventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,  
 uique sui memores alios fecere merendo.*

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 660.

Here patriots live, who for their country's good,  
 In fighting fields were prodigal of blood;—  
 Here poets worthy their inspiring god,  
 And of unblemish'd life, make their abode:  
 And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,  
 Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts:  
 Those who to worth their bounty did extend;  
 And those who knew that bounty to commend.  
 DRYDEN.

*From my own Apartment, October 14.*

THE are two kinds of immortality; that which  
 soul really enjoys after this life, and that imagi-  
 existence by which men live in their fame and  
 tation. The best and greatest actions have pro-  
 ed from the prospect of the one or the other of  
 ; but my design is to treat only of those who  
 chiefly proposed to themselves the latter, as  
 principal reward of their labours. It was for  
 reason that I excluded from my *Tables of Fame*  
 the great founders and votaries of religion; and  
 for this reason also, that I am more than ordi-  
 narily anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I  
 now going to speak; for, since fame was the  
 end of all their enterprizes and studies, a man  
 not be too scrupulous in allotting them their due  
 portion of it. It was this consideration which

made me call the whole body of the learned to assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable vision, which I beg leave to describe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a vast boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its top above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep and of such a particular structure, that no creature which was not made in a human figure could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who hear it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few of that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear, or relish this music with pleasure: but my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I found most of them attentive to three Syrens, clothed like Goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and grovelling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages were listening to these dissipated deities, those of a more erect aspect, and a morealted spirit, separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain.

e they heard the sound, which still grew  
r, the more they listened to it.

a sudden methought this select band sprang  
ward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and  
w the call of that heavenly music. Every one  
something with him that he thought might be  
assistance to him in his march. Several had their  
ords drawn, some carried rolls of paper in their  
some had compasses, others quadrants, others  
telescopes, and others pencils. Some had laurels on  
heads, and others buskins on their legs; in  
rt, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanic  
or liberal science, which was not made use of  
tl occasion. My good dæmon, who stood at  
t hand during this course of the whole vision,  
ving in me a burning desire to join that glorious  
pany, told me, ' he highly approved that gener-  
ous ardour with which I seemed transported; but  
at the same time advised me to cover my face with a  
sk all the while I was to labour on the ascent.'  
took his council, without inquiring into his reasons.

whole body now broke into different parties,  
began to climb the precipice by ten thousand  
ent paths. Several got into little alleys, which  
not reach far up the hill, before they ended, and  
farther; and I observed, that most of the ar-  
s, which considerably diminished our number,  
into these paths.

left another considerable body of adventurers  
us, who thought they had discovered by-ways  
hill, which proved so very intricate and per-  
that, after having advanced in them a little,  
were quite lost among the several turns and  
lings; and though they were as active as any in  
r motions, they made but little progress in the  
it. These, as my guide informed me, were men  
subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would



supply the place of real wisdom with cunning artifice. Among those who were far advanced their way, there were some that by one false backward, and lost more ground in a moment they had gained for many hours, or could be able to recover. We were now advanced very and observed that all the different paths v a i about the sides of the mountain began to meet in great roads; which insensibly gathered wh multitude of travellers into two great bodies. A little distance from the entrance of each road stood a hideous phantom, that opposed our further passage. One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way. Crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out Death. The specter that guarded the other road was Envy. She was armed with weapons of destruction, like the first; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more fearful than Death itself, insomuch, that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any further, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess, my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances; but, on a sudden the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company, who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers

It on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at top of the mountain. They here began to breathe delicious kind of æther, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils; and infused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which shewed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields there stood a palace of a very glorious structure. It had four great folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the Goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them on, and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions; a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden, the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or a point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation. The whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward was a beautiful and blooming hero, and as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a crowd of historians. The person who immediately walked before him was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who, not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this place, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good friend, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might receive all that passed, without being seen myself.

The next who entered was a charming virgin in a venerable old man that was blind. her left arm she bore a harp, and on her head a laurel. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed his right hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the nine sisters that attended on the God of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at them, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward, though most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and had no conductor but himself.

The next who advanced was a man of a cheerful aspect, and attended by a person of greater figure than any that appeared on the occasion. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenocrates on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down next him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master Socrates: but suddenly there was heard a great clamour of dissent at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher, with some rusticity but great strength of reason, convinced the assembly, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and he took it accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same virgin that had introduced Homer brought in a young man who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overruled by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude he was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took his place. He had inquired at the door for one Luceius, to introduce him; but, not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many

ers, who all, except Sallust, appeared highly  
sed with the office.

He waited some time in expectation of the next  
thy, who came in with a great retinue of histo-  
whose names I could not learn, most of them  
ives of Carthage. The person thus con-  
who was Hannibal, seemed much disturbed,  
could not forbear complaining to the board, of  
affronts he had met with among the Roman his-  
, 'who attempted,' says he, 'to carry me  
the subterraneous apartment; and, perhaps,  
aid have done it, had it not been for the impar-  
of this gentleman,' pointing to Polybius,  
who was the only person, except my own coun-  
n, that was willing to conduct me hither.

The Carthaginian took his seat, and Pompey en-  
ed with great dignity in his own person, and pre-  
d by several historians. Lucan the poet was at  
of them, who observing Homer and Virgil  
the table, was going to sit down himself, had not  
latter whispered him, that whatever pretence he  
otherwise have had; he forfeited his claim to  
y coming in as one of the historians. Lucan  
so exasperated with the repulse, that he mutter-  
a something to himself; and was heard to say,  
it since he could not have a seat among them  
f, he would bring in one who alone had more  
it than their whole assembly: upon which he  
to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica.  
great man approached the company with such  
r, that shewed he contemned the honour which  
aid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to  
was vacant, he took possession of it, and spoke  
or three smart sentences upon the nature of pre-  
ency, which, according to him, consisted not in  
ace, but in intrinsic merit: to which he added,  
that the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated,

was always at the upper end of the  
crates who had a great spirit of ri ry  
wisdom, could not forbear smiling at  
took so little pains to make itself ag  
took the occasion to make a long  
of Cato, which he uttered with  
Caesar answered him with a gr  
temper; but, as I stood at a gr co  
I was not able to hear one word of v t  
But I could not forbear taking n z,  
discourse which passed at the table, n  
from Homer decided the controversy.

After a short pause, Augustus ap  
round him with a serene and al ue. ci  
upon all the writers of his age, who e  
themselves which of them should  
est marks of gratitude and resp v u  
the table to meet him; and though he s  
able guest to all, he appeared more su  
ed, than the military worthies.

The next man astonished the whole table with his  
appearance. He was slow, solemn, and silent in his  
behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought  
with hieroglyphics. As he came into the mid-  
dle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and  
discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight  
of it, declared against keeping company with any  
who were not made of flesh and blood; and, there-  
fore, desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to  
the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes, and wor-  
thies of dubious existence. At his going out, he told  
them, 'that they did not know whom they dismiss-  
ed; that he was now Pythagoras, the first of phi-  
losophers, and that formerly he had been a very  
brave man at the siege of Troy.'—'That may be  
very true,' said Socrates; 'but you forget that you  
have likewise been a very great harlot in your time.'

his exclusion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of mathematical figures in his hand; among which I observed a cone and a cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide, for variety, to lead me to the fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimæras, and centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first table was almost full; at the upper end sat Hercules, leaning an arm upon his club; on his right hand were Achilles and Ulysses, and between them Æneas; on his left were Hector, Theseus, and Jason: the lower end had Orpheus, Æsop, Calypso, and Musæus. The ushers seemed at a loss for a twelfth man, when, methought, to my great joy and surprise, I heard some at the lower end of the table mention Isaac Bickerstaff; but those of the upper end received it with disdain; and said, 'if they must have a British worthy, they would have Robin Hood.'

While I was transported with the honour that was done me, and burning with envy against my competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the cannon which were then fired for the taking of Mons. I could have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other occasion; but I thought it an agreeable change, to have my thoughts diverted from the greatest among the dead and fabulous heroes, to the most famous among the real and the living.

Nº 82. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1709.

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*ibi idem & maximus & honestissimus amor est, aliquando præter  
mortem jungi, quàm vitam distrabi. VAL. MAX.*

Where there is the greatest and most honourable love, it is  
sometimes better to be joined in death, than separated in life.

*From my own Apartment, October 17.*

AFTER the mind has been employed on contempla-  
tions suitable to its greatness, it is unnatural to run  
into sudden mirth or levity; but we must let the soul  
subside, as it rose, by proper degrees. My late con-  
siderations of the ancient heroes impressed a certain  
gravity upon my mind, which is much above the  
little gratifications received from starts of humour and  
fancy, and threw me into a pleasing sadness. In this  
state of thought I have been looking at the fire, and  
in a pensive manner reflecting upon the great mis-  
fortunes and calamities incident to human life;  
among which there are none that touch so sensibly  
as those which befall persons who eminently love, and  
meet with fatal interruptions of their happiness when  
they least expect it. The piety of children to parents,  
and the affection of parents to their children, are the  
effects of instinct; but the affection between lovers  
and friends is founded on reason and choice, which  
has always made me think the sorrows of the latter  
much more to be pitied than those of the former.  
The contemplation of distresses of this sort softens  
the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It  
extinguishes the seed of envy and ill-will towards  
mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats

fierceness and insolence which are apt to enter the minds of the daring and fortunate. In the case of the wise Athenians, in their calamities, laid before the eyes of the people, the greatest afflictions which could befall human beings sensibly polished their tempers by such examples. Among the moderns, indeed, there is a chimerical method of disposing the fortunes of persons represented, according to what is thought to be a strict justice; and letting none be unhappy who deserve it. In such cases, an intelligent person, if he is concerned, knows he ought to be so, and can learn nothing from such a lesson, but that he is a weak creature, whose passions must follow the dictates of his understanding. It is natural when one is got into such a way

to recollect these examples of sorrow, and that they have made the strongest impression upon our minds.

An instance or two of such you will be glad to communicate.

A gentleman and lady of ancient and honest families in Cornwall had from their childhood for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, on account of the inequality of their fortunes; but they were true to each other, and obedience to those who opposed them depended, wrought so much upon them, that these celebrated lovers were at length united in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the gentleman was obliged to go into a foreign country in the care of a considerable fortune, which he carried off by a relation, and came very opportunely to see them in their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion, and I remember it was a common saying in one's mouth, 'You see how faithful they have been.'



He took this agreeable voyage, and : every post fresh accounts of his success in : abroad ; but at last though he design : to : with the next ship, he lamented in his ' business would detain him some time to home,' because he would give himself t : of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, w : every evening on the sea-shore, near which : with a familiar friend, her husband's k : and diverted herself with what objects they : or upon discourses of the future methods of : the happy change of their circumstances. : stood one evening on the shore together in a : tranquillity, observing the setting of t : calm face of the deep, and the sil : waves, which gently rolled towards : , and o : at their feet ; when at a distance her kinswoman : something float on the waters, which she sa : was a chest ; and with a smile told her, ' she : first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she sa : right to it.' They both fixed their eyes upon it, : entertained themselves with the subject of : wrec : the cousin still asserting her right ; but pr : ' if it was a prize, to give her a very rich co : the child of which she was then big, provide : might be god-mother.' Their mirth soon : when they observed upon the nearer appr : n, : it was a human body. The young lady, who : heart naturally filled with pity and compassion : many melancholy reflections on the occasion. ' w : knows,' said she, ' but this man may be the : hope and heir of a wealthy house ; the darling : indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent : and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of : ing him a bride they had got ready for him : may he not be the master of a family that who

ended upon his life? There may, for aught we know, be half a dozen fatherless children, and a mother wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. At pleasure might he have promised himself in different welcome he was to have from her and a son! But let us go away; it is a dreadful sight!

The best office we can do, is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried. He was turned away, when a wave threw the carcass on shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked, 'Oh, my cousin!' and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropped in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies to supper, and found her husband, as she always called him, dead on the shore, his mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Loud lamentations, and calling her young master life, soon awaked the friend from her trance; but her wife was gone for ever.

When the family and neighbourhood got together to view the bodies, no one asked any question, but the objects before them told the story.

Incidents of this nature are the more moving when they are drawn by persons concerned in the catastrophe, notwithstanding they are often oppressed beyond the power of giving them in a distinct light, except we gather their sorrow from their inability to speak it.

I have two original letters, written both on the same day, which are to me exquisite in their different uses. The occasion was this. A gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young woman, and had won her heart, obtained also the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they should be married in the same



before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement; you shall die you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair'—

'Give fire!' said she, laughing. He did so; and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition? but he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. 'Will,' said he, 'did you charge these pistols?' He answered, 'Yes.' Upon which, he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he writ the following letter to his father of his dead mistress.

'SIR,

'I, who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. Him have I murdered for it. Such is my wedding day.—I will immediately follow my wife to her grave: but, before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together until I have stabbed it. Poor, good old man!—Remember, he that killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me.'

N<sup>o</sup> 83. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1709.

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*Senilis stultitia, quæ deliratio appellari solet, sensum levium est,  
non omnium.*

M. T. G.

That which is usually called dotage is not the foible of all old men, but only of such as are remarkable for their levity and inconstancy.

*From my own Apartment, October 19.*

IT is my frequent practice to visit places of resort in this town where I am least known, to observe what reception my works meet with in the world, and what good effects I may promise myself from my labours: and it being a privilege asserted by Monsieur Montaigne, and others, of vain glorious memory, that we writers of essays may talk of ourselves; I take the liberty to give an account of the remarks which I find are made by some of my gentle readers upon these my dissertations.

I happened this evening to fall into a coffee-house near the Exchange, where two persons were reading my account of the 'Table of Fame.'

The one of these was commenting as he read, and explaining who was meant by this and the other worthy as he passed on. I observed the person over-against him wonderfully intent and satisfied with his explanation. When he came to Julius Cæsar, who is said to have refused any conductor to the Table; 'No, no,' said he, 'he is in the right of it, he has money enough to be welcome wherever he comes:' and then whispered, 'he means a certain colonel of the train bands.' Upon reading that

ristotle made his claim with some rudeness, but great strength of reason; 'who can that be, so strong and so reasonable? It must be some whig, warrant you. There is nothing but party in these public papers.' Where Pythagoras is said to have a golden thigh, 'Ay, ay, said he, 'he has money enough in his breeches; that is the alderman of our ward, you must know.' Whatever he read, I found it interpreted from his own way of life and acquaintance. I am glad my readers can construe for themselves these difficult points; but, for the benefit of posterity, I design, when I come to write my last paper of this kind, to make it an explanation of all my former. In that piece, you shall have all I have commended with their proper names. The faulty characters must be left as they are, because we live in an age wherein vice is very general, and virtue very particular; for which reason the latter only wants explanation.

But I must turn my present discourse to what is yet greater regard to me than the care of my writings; that is to say, the preservation of a lady's heart. Little did I think I should ever have business of this kind on my hands more; but, as little as any one who knows me would believe it, there is a lady at this time who professes love to me. Her passion and good humour you shall have in her own words.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'I had formerly a very good opinion of myself; but it is now withdrawn, and I have placed it upon you, Mr, Bickerstaff, for whom I am not ashamed to declare I have a very great passion and tenderness. It is not for your face, for that I never saw; your shape and height I am equally a stranger to; but your understanding charms me, and I am lost if you do not dissemble a little love for me. I am not

without hopes; because I am not like the tawdry gay things that are fit only to make bone-lace. I am neither childish-young, nor bedlam-old, but the world says, a good agreeable woman.

‘Speak peace to a troubled heart, troubled only for you; and in your next paper let me find your thoughts of me.

‘Do not think of finding out who I am, for, notwithstanding your interest in dæmons, they cannot help you either to my name, or a sight of my face; therefore, do not let them deceive you.

‘I can bear no discourse, if you are not the subject; and believe me, I know more of love than you do of astronomy.

‘Pray, say some civil things in return to my generosity, and you shall have my very best pen employed to thank you, and I will confirm it.

I am your admirer,

MARIA.’

There is something wonderfully pleasing in the favour of women; and this letter has put me in so good a humour, that nothing could displease me since I received it. My boy breaks glasses and pipes; and instead of giving him a knock on the pate, as my way is, for I hate scolding at servants. I only say, ‘Ay, Jack! thou hast a head, and so has a pin,’ or some such merry expression. But, alas! how am I mortified when he is putting on my fourth pair of stockings on these poor spindles of mine! ‘The fair one understands love better than I astronomy;’ I am sure without the help of that art, this poor meagre trunk of mine is a very ill habitation for love. She is pleased to speak civilly of my sense, but *Ingenium malè habitat* is an invincible difficulty in cases of this nature. I had always, indeed, from a passion to please the eyes of the fair,

pleasure in dress. Add to this, that I have  
 ags since I was sixty, and have lived with  
 circumspection of an old beau, as I am.  
 friend Horace has very well said, 'Every  
 kes something from us;' and instructed me  
 my pursuits and desires according to the  
 my life: therefore, I have no more to value  
 upon, than that I can converse with young  
 without peevishness, or wishing myself a  
 younger. For which reason, when I am  
 t them, I rather moderate than interrupt  
 versions. But though I have this compla-  
 I must not pretend to write to a lady civil  
 as Maria desires. Time was, when I could  
 old her, 'I had received a letter from her  
 ids: and that if this paper trembled as she  
 it then best expressed its author,' or some  
 ay conceit. Though I never saw her, I  
 have told her, 'that good sense and good  
 smiled in her eyes: that constancy and  
 ature dwelt in her heart: that beauty and  
 reeding appeared in all her actions.' When  
 ve-and-twenty, upon sight of one syllable,  
 rong spelt, by a lady I never saw, I could  
 , 'that her height was that which was fit  
 ting our approach, and commanding our re-  
 that a smile sat on her lips, which prefaced  
 ressions before she uttered them, and her as-  
 evented her speech. All she could say,  
 she had an infinite deal of wit, was but a  
 on of what was expressed by her form; her  
 which struck her beholders with ideas more  
 and forcible than ever were inspired by  
 painting, or eloquence.' At this rate I  
 in those days; but, ah! sixty-three! I am  
 rry I can only return the agreeable Maria a  
 expressed rather from the head than the heart.



‘DEAR MADAM,

‘You have already seen the best of me, and I so passionately love you, that I desire we may never meet. If you will examine your heart, you will find that you join the man with the philosopher: and if you have that kind opinion of my sense as you pretend, I question not but you add to it complexion, air, and shape: but, dear Molly, a man in his grand climacteric is of no sex. Be a good girl; and conduct yourself with honour and virtue, when you love one younger than myself. I am, with the greatest tenderness, your innocent lover, I. B.’

*Will's Coffee-house, October 19.*

There is nothing more common than the weakness mentioned in the following epistle; and I believe there hardly is a man living who has not been more or less injured by it.

‘SIR,

Land's End, October 22.

‘I have left the town some time; and much the sooner, for not having had the advantage, when I lived there, of so good a pilot as you are to this present age. Your cautions to the young men against the vices of the town are very well: but there is one not less needful, which I think you have omitted. I had from the Rough Diamond (a gentleman so called from an honest blunt wit he had) not long since dead, this observation, that a young man must be at least three or four years in London before he dares say NO.

‘You will easily see the truth and force of observation; for I believe more people are away against their inclinations, than with. A young man is afraid to deny any body goes to a tavern to dinner; or, after being gorged there, to repeat the same with another company at supper, or to drink excessively, if desired, or go to a

place, or commit any other extravagancy proposed. The fear of being thought covetous, to have no money, or to be under the dominion or fear of his parents and friends, hinder him from the free exercise of his understanding, and affirming boldly the true reason, which is, his real dislike of what is desired. If you could cure this slavish facility, it would save abundance at their first entrance into the world. I am, Sir, yours,

SOLOMON AFTERWIT.<sup>s</sup>

This epistle has given an occasion to a treatise on this subject, wherein I shall lay down rules when a young stripling is to say NO; and a young virgin YES.

N.B. For the publication of this discourse, I wait only for subscriptions from the under-graduates of each university, and the young ladies in the boarding-schools of Hackney and Chelsea.

*St. James's Coffee-house, October 19.*

Letters from the Hague, of the twenty-fifth of October, N.S. advise, that the garrison of Mons marched out on the twenty-third instant, and a garrison of the allies marched into the town. All the forces in the field, both of the enemy and the confederates, are preparing to withdraw into winter-quarters.

N<sup>o</sup> 84. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1709.

*From my own Apartment, October 21.*

I HAVE received a letter subscribed A. B. wherein it has been represented to me as an enormity, that there are more than ordinary crowds of women at

mentions, they being the only persons liable to insults. Nor, indeed, do I think it more reasonable that they should be inquisitive on such occasions than men of honour, when one is t'other killing another in a duel. It is very natural to enquire how the fatal pass was made, that we may better defend ourselves when we come to be attacked. Several eminent ladies appeared before the court of justice on such an occasion, and with great patience and attention staid the whole trial of two persons for the abovesaid crime. The law, indeed, seems a little defective in this respect, and it is a very great hardship, that this trial, which is committed by men only, should have only men in their jury. I humbly therefore propose that on future trials of this sort, half of the jury may be women; and those such whose families are well known to have taken notes, or may be supposed to remember what happened in former trials in the same place. There is the learned Androgynus, who would make a good fore-woman of the pannage; by long attendance, understands as much of human anatomy as is necessary in this case. Until better care be taken of, I am humbly of opinion, it will be much more expedient that the fair were who

universal flutter of fans, that one would think the whole female audience were falling into fits. Nor, indeed, can I see how men themselves can be fully unmoved at such tragical relations.

In short, I must tell my female readers, and they may take an old man's word for it, that there is nothing in woman so graceful and becoming as modesty. It adds charms to their beauty, and gives a new softness to their sex. Without it simplicity and innocence appear rude; reading and good sense, masculine; wit and humour, lascivious. This is so necessary a qualification for pleasing, that the loosest sort of womankind, whose study it is to ensnare men's hearts, never fail to support the appearance of what they know is so essential to that end; and I have heard it reported by the young fellows in my time as a maxim of the celebrated Madam Bennet\*, that a young wench, though never so beautiful, was not worth her board when she was past her blushing. This discourse naturally brings into my thoughts a letter I have received from the virtuous dy Whittlestick, on the subject of Lucretia.

From my tea-table, Oct. 17.

\* COUSIN ISAAC,

' I read your Tatler of Saturday last, and was surprised to see you so partial to your own sex, as to think none of ours worthy to sit at your first table; for sure you cannot but own Lucretia as famous as any you have placed there, who first parted with her virtue, and afterwards with her life, to reserve her fame.'

Mrs. Biddy Twigg has written me a letter to the same purpose; but in answer to both my pretty correspondents and kinswomen, I must tell them

\* A notorious bawd in the reign of K. Charles II. called Mistress, and Madam, and Master Bennet.

that although I know Lucretia would be a very graceful figure at the upper end or did not think it proper to place her there, we knew she would not care for being in of so many men without her husband. At time, I must own, that Tarquin himself a greater lover and admirer of Lucretia self am in an honest way. When my was in her sampler, I made her get the without book, and tell it me in needle work. illustrious lady stands up in history as her own sex, and the reproach of circumstances under which she fell were so particular, that they seem to make ad murder meritorious. She was a woman of transcendent virtue, that her beauty, the greatest of the age and country in lived, and is generally celebrated as the praise in other women, is never men of her character. But it would be to dwell upon so celebrated a story, which I only in respect to my kinswomen; and to make amends for the omission they committed, I promise them, that if they can furnish instances to fill it, there shall be a small set apart in my Palace of Fame for the reception of all of her character.

*Grecian Coffee-house, October 21.*

I was this evening communicating my desire of producing obscure merit into public view; and proposed to the learned, that they would please to assist me in the work. For the same end I put in my intention to the world, that all men of merit and thoughts may know they have an opportunity of doing justice to such worthy persons as have been within their respective observation, and who by misfortune, modesty, or want of proper writers to recommend them, have escaped the notice of the

mankind. If, therefore, any one can bring news or tidings of illustrious persons, or glorious actions, that are not commonly known, he is desired to send an account thereof to me, at J. Mordaunt's, and they shall have justice done them. At the same time that I have this concern for men and women that deserve reputation and have it not, I am desirous to examine into the claims of such ancient and moderns as are in possession of it, with a design to place them, in case I find their titles defective. The first whose merits I shall inquire into, are the merry gentlemen of the French nation, who have written very advantageous histories of their exploits in war, love, and politics, under the name of Memoirs. I am afraid I shall find several of these gentlemen *tardy*, because I hear of them in their writings but their own. To read the narrative of these authors, you would fancy that there was not an action in a whole campaign which he could not contrive or execute; yet if you consult the histories or gazettes of those times, you do not find so much as at the head of a party from one end of the country to the other, summer to the other. But it is the way of great men, when they lie behind their lines, to be idle in a time of inaction, as they call it, to pass their time in writing their exploits. By this means, several who are either unknown or despised in the present age, will be famous in the next, unless a sudden stop be put to such pernicious practices. There are others of that gay people, who, as I am informed, will live half a year together in a garret, to write a history of their intrigues in the court of France. As for politicians, they do not abound in that species of men so much as we; but as they are not so famous for writing, as for extempore dissertations in coffee-houses, they are more supplied with memoirs of this nature also than we are. The most immediate remedy that I can apply to prevent

this growing evil, is, That I do hereby give n  
all booksellers and translators whatsoever, that  
word Memoir is French for a *novel*; and to re  
of them that they sell and translate it accor

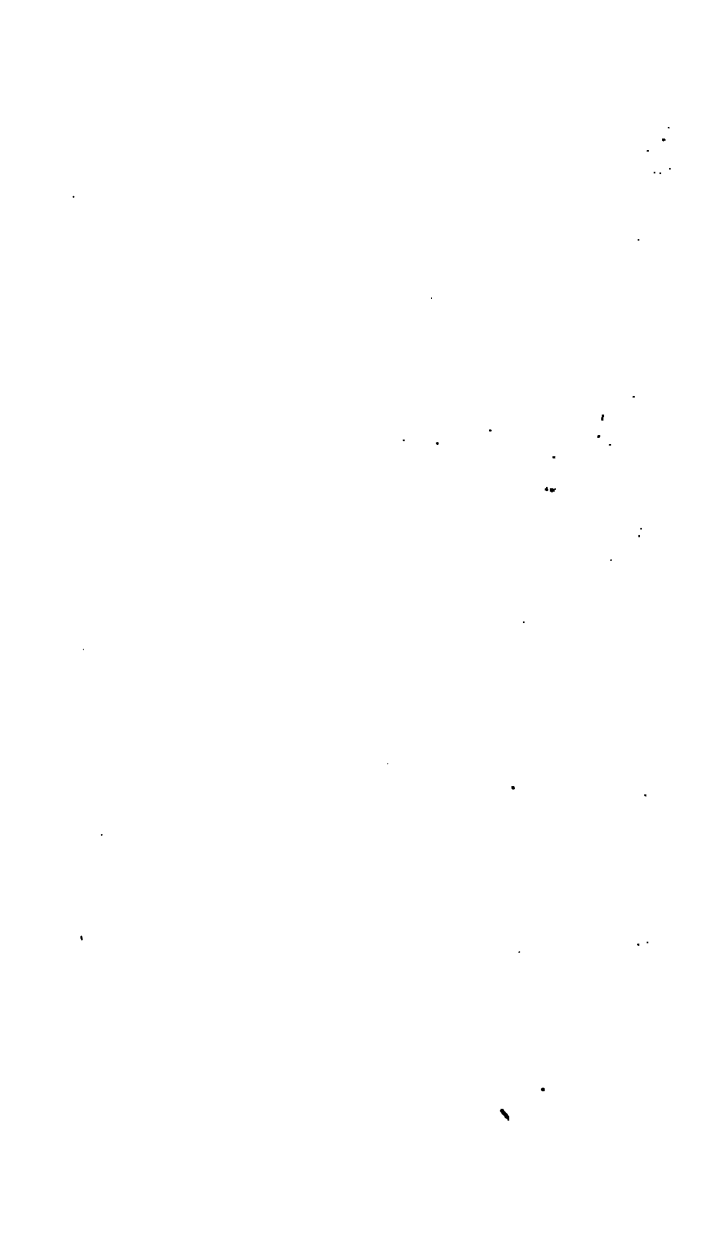
*Will's Coffee-house, October 21.*

Coming into this place to-night, I met an old friend of mine, who a little after the restoration writ an epigram with some applause, which he has lived upon ever since; and by virtue of it, has been a constant frequenter of this coffee-house for forty years. He took me aside, and with a great deal of friendship told me he was glad to see me alive, 'for,' says he, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, I am sorry to find you have raised many enemies by your lucubrations. There are indeed some,' says he, 'whose enmity is the greatest honour they can shew a man; but have you lived to these years, and do not know that the ready way to disoblige is to give advice? you may endeavour to guard your children, as you call them; but'—— He was going on; but I found the disagreeableness of giving advice without being asked, by my own impatience of what he was about to say; in a word, I begged him to give me the hearing of a short fable.

'A gentleman,' says I, 'who was one day slumbering in an arbour, was on a sudden awakened by the gentle biting of a lizard, a little animal remarkable for its love to mankind. He threw it from his hand with some indignation, and was rising up to kill it, when he saw a huge venomous serpent sliding towards him on the other side, which he soon destroyed; reflecting afterwards with gratitude upon his friend that saved him, and with anger against himself, that had shewn so little sense of a good office.'

END OF VOL. II.

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